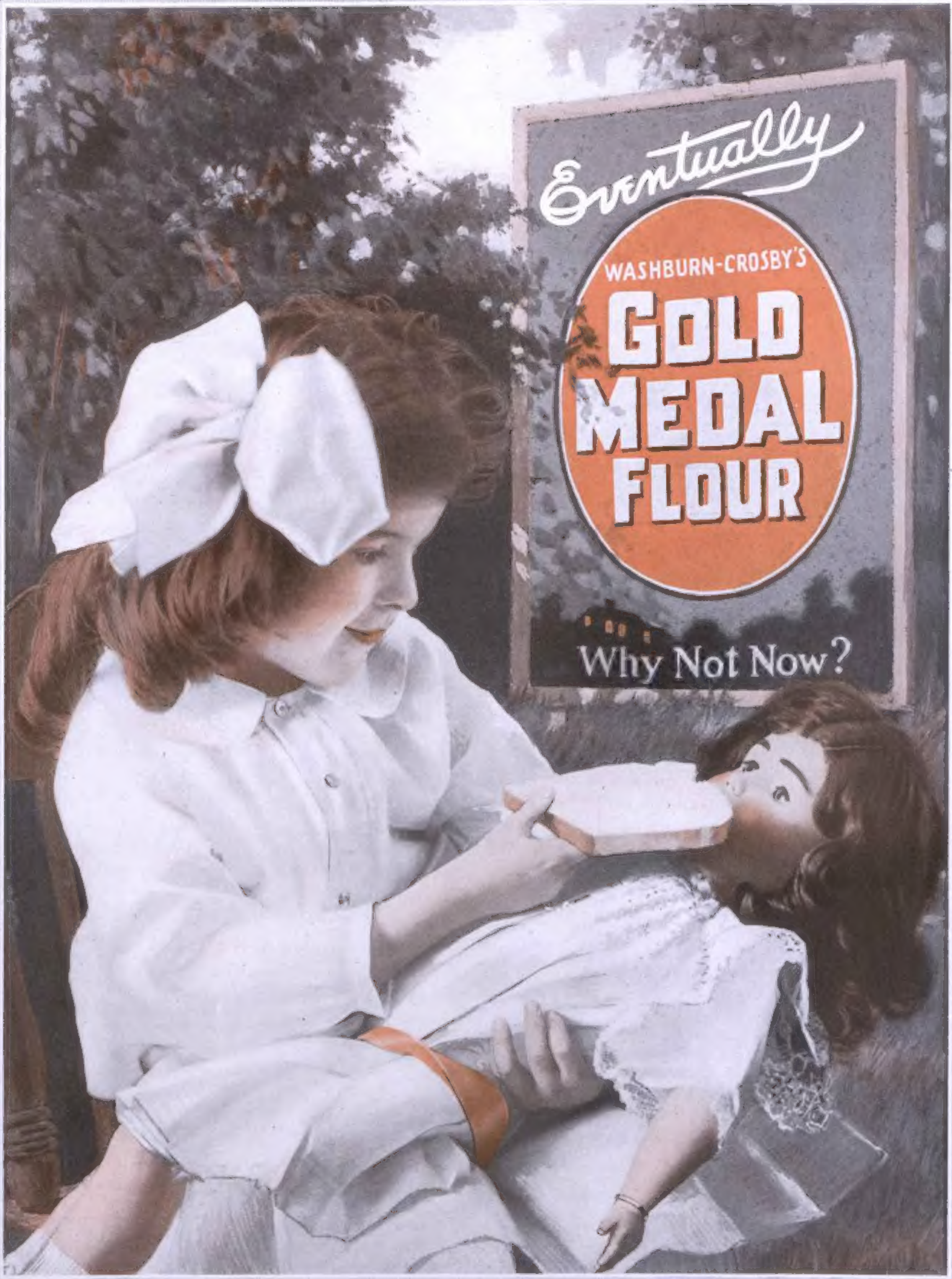
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

strated Weekly
Fou 728 by Benj. Franklin

FEB. 26, 1916 5cts. THE COPY

MORE THAN TWO MILLION A WEEK



A Good Beginning

Keeping Faith With the Men of America

NO merchandising success of the century has been more spectacular than the rise of Society Brand Clothes and the establishment of this brand in a position of undoubted leadership.

This has not resulted from extraordinary selling campaigns nor from any unusual merchandising advantages.

Credit for our success is due rather to the *ideals* of our business —to unswerving belief that the *Men of America depend on us* and that we must never break faith with them.

We have no corner on quality, style or fair-dealing. We make good clothes and others make good clothes.

But there is an *invariable* character in our product—Society Brand Clothes—which, we believe, is not duplicated.

We *always* keep faith—and the Men of America know it.

No other reason is big enough to account for the wonderful success of this business.

Society Brand Clothes for Spring, 1916

show what we mean by "Keeping Faith." The Men of America not only expect us to furnish well-tailored garments in sound values, but to *anticipate the season's development of good taste in men's clothes.*

This we have done so consistently that our showings now are a most important factor in *defining style*—this spring no less or more than other seasons.

We offer $20 and $25 models—designed by a genius and faithfully made. In addition we offer

Double-Service Clothes

made of long-fibre, closely-woven, *double-service* fabrics and sold at $30 and $35. The most expensive tailors can use such materials—but without the authority or the responsibility of the Society Brand.

Our Spring Style Book will interest every man who insists on good taste in clothes and who appreciates a right relation between quality and price. A postal will bring it to you.

Society Brand Clothes

Made in Chicago by ALFRED DECKER & COHN
Made in Montreal, for Canada, by Society Brand Clothes, Limited

"Yes, Send Crisco"

THE housewife who knows Crisco does not hesitate to order it by telephone because she is sure that it always will come to her pure and fresh and that every can will give her the same results that have made her enthusiastic about it.

She realizes its uniform quality and richness; that it is a purely vegetable fat more wholesome than lard, as good for baking as creamery butter and at half the cost.

CRISCO
For Frying · For Shortening · For Cake Making

She appreciates that Crisco is kept airtight from the time it leaves the sunlit factory in which it is made until she opens the package in her own kitchen.

She often has seen butter and lard exposed to dust and dirt; has found how variable and unsatisfactory they may be, but she never has had a single reason to lessen her confidence in Crisco.

Crisco is easily ordered. There are more than 10,000,000 telephones on the American continent and a Crisco dealer can be reached by every line.

Oyster Shortcake

An appetizing dish for any of the months with "R"

2 cupfuls flour	1 quart oysters
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder	½ cupful Crisco
½ teaspoonful salt	2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch
¾ cupful milk	¼ cupful cream

Use level measurements — Salt and pepper to taste

Mix flour, baking powder, and one-half teaspoonful salt, then sift twice, work in Crisco with tips of fingers, add milk gradually. The dough should be just soft enough to handle. Toss on floured baking board, divide into two parts, pat lightly and roll out. Place in two shallow Criscoed cake tins and bake in quick oven fifteen minutes. Spread them with butter. Moisten cornstarch with cream, put into pan with oysters and seasonings and make very hot. Allow to cook a few minutes, then pour half over one crust, place other crust on top and pour over rest of oysters. Serve at once. Sufficient for one large shortcake.

Every housewife will appreciate "A Calendar of Dinners" which gives the Story of Crisco. This cloth-bound, gold-stamped, handsome book contains 365 dinner menus and 615 recipes tested by Marion Harris Neil, the cooking authority. We shall be glad to send it to you. Address Department K-3, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, enclosing five 2-cent stamps. A paper-bound edition without "The Calendar of Dinners" but with 250 recipes is free.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1916
by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 188 *PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 26, 1916* *Number 35*

THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

"Little Next Door—her years are few—
Loves me, more than her elders do;
Says, my wrinkles become me so;
Marvels much at the tales I know.
Says, we shall marry when she is grown——"

THE little happy song stopped short. John Wesley Pringle, at the mesa's last headland, drew rein to adjust his geography. This was new country to him.

Close behind, Organ Mountain flung up a fantasy of spires, needle-sharp and bare and golden. The long straight range—saw-toothed limestone save for this twenty-mile sheer upheaval of the Organ—stretched away to north and south against the unclouded sky, till distance turned the barren gray to blue-black, to blue, to misty haze; till the sharp, square-angled masses rounded to hillocks—to a blur—a wavy line—nothing.

More than a hundred miles to the northwest, two midget mountains wavered in the sky. John Wesley nodded at their unforgotten shapes and pieced this vast landscape to the patchwork map in his head. Those toy hills were San Mateo and Magdalena. Pringle had passed that way on a bygone year, headed east. He was going west now.

"I'm too prosperous here," he had explained to Beebe and Ballinger, his partners on Rainbow. "I'm tedious to myself. Guess I'll take a *pasear* back to Prescott. Railroad? Who, me? Why, son, I like to travel when I go anywheres. Just starting and arriving don't delight me any. Besides, I don't know that strip along the border. I'll ride."

It was a tidy step to Prescott—say, as far as from Philadelphia to Savannah, or from Richmond to Augusta; but John Wesley had made many such rides in the Odyssey of his wander years. Some of them had been made in haste. But there was no haste now. Sam Bass, his corn-fed sorrel, was hardly less sleek and sturdy than at the start, though a third of the way was behind him. Pringle rode by easy stages, and where he found himself pleased, there he tarried for a space.

With another friendly nod to the northward hills that marked a day of his past, Pringle turned his eyes to the westlands, outspread and vast before him. To his right the desert stretched away, a mighty plain dotted with low hills, rimmed with a curving, jagged range. Beyond that range was a nothingness, a hiatus that marked the sunken valley of the Rio Grande; beyond that, a headlong infinity of unknown ranges, tier on tier, yellow or brown or blue; broken, tumbled, huddled, scattered, with gulfs between to tell of unseen plains and hidden happy valleys—all together giving an impression of rushing toward him, resistless, like the waves of a stormy sea.

At his feet the plain broke away sharply, in a series of steplike sandy benches, to where the Rio Grande bore quartering across the desert, turning to the Mexican sea; the Mesilla Valley here, a slender ribbon of mossy green, broidered with loops of flashing river—a ribbon six miles by forty, orchard, woodland and green field, greener for the desolate gray desert beyond and the yellow hills of sand edging the valley floor. Below him Las Uvas, chief town of the valley, lay basking in the sun, tiny square and street bordered with greenery: its domino houses white-walled in the sun, with larger splashes of red from courthouse or church or school.

Far on the westering desert, beyond the valley, Pringle saw a white feather of smoke from a toiling train; beyond that a twisting gap in the blue of the westmost range.

"That's our road." He lifted his bridle rein. "Amble along, Sam!"

To that amble he crooned to himself, pleasantly, half-dreamily—as if he voiced indirectly some inner thought—quaint snatches of old song:

"She came to the gate and she peeped in—
Grass and the weeds up to her chin;
Said, 'A rake and a hoe and a fan-tail plow
Would suit you better than a wife just now.'"

And again:

"Schooldays are over now,
Lost all our bliss;
But love remembers yet
Quarrel and kiss.
Still, as in days of yore——"

"Nearly a Hundred Men are Out Hunting for Him. They'll Drag the Jornado With a Fine-Toothed Comb"

Then, after a long silence, with a thoughtful earnestness that Rainbow would scarce have credited, he quoted a verse from what he was wont to call Billy Beebe's Bible:

"One Moment in Annihilation's waste,
One Moment of the Well of Life to taste—
The Stars are setting, and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of —— Nothing. Oh, make haste!"

After late dinner at the Gadsden Purchase, Pringle had tidings of the Motion Picture Palace; and thither he bent his steps. He was late and the palace was a very small palace indeed; it was with difficulty that he spied in the semidarkness an empty seat in a side section. A fat lady and a fatter man, in the seats nearest the aisle, obligingly moved over rather than risk any attempt to squeeze by.

Beyond them, as he took the end seat, Pringle was dimly aware of a girl who looked at him rather attentively.

He turned his mind to the screen, where a natty and noble young man with a chin bit off his words distinctly and smote his extended palm with folded gloves to emphasize the remarks he was making to a far less natty man with black mustaches. John Wesley rightly concluded that this second man, who gnashed his teeth so convincingly, and at whom an incredibly beautiful young lady looked with haughty disdain, was the villain, and foiled.

The blond and shaved hero, with a magnificent gesture, motioned the villain to be-gone! That baffled person, after waiting long enough to register despair, spread his fingers across his brow and be-went; the hero turned, held out his arms; the scornful young beauty crept into them. Click! On the screen appeared a scroll:

Keep Your Seats. Two Minutes to Change Reels.

"Hands Up!" Said the Sheriff of Dona Ana

The lights were turned on. Pringle looked at the crowd—girls, grandmas, mothers with their families, many boys and few men: Americans, Mexicans, well-dressed folk and roughly dressed, all together. Many were leaving; among them Pringle's fat and obliging neighbors rose with a pleasant: "Excuse me, please!"

A stream of newcomers trickled in through the door. As Pringle sat down the lights were dimmed again. Simultaneously the girl he had noticed beyond the fat couple moved over to the seat next to his own. Pringle did not look at her; and a little later he felt a hand on his sleeve.

"Tut, tut!" said Pringle in a tolerant undertone. "Why, chicken, you're not trying to get gay with your old Uncle Dudley, are you?"

"John Wesley Pringle!" came the answer in a furious whisper, each indignant word a missile. "How dare you! How dare you speak to me like that?"

"What!" said Pringle, peering. "What! Stella Vorhis! I can hardly believe it!"

"But it's oh-so-true!" said Stella, rising. "Let's go—we can't talk here."

"That was one awful break I made. I most sincerely and humbly beg your pardon," Pringle said on the sidewalk.

Stella laughed.

"That's all right—I understand—forget it! You hadn't looked at me. But I knew you when you first came in—only I wasn't sure till the lights were turned on. Of course it would be great fun to tease you—pretend to be shocked and dreadfully angry, and all that—but I haven't got time. And oh, John Wesley, I'm so delighted to see you again! Let's go over to the park. Not but what I was dreadfully angry, sure enough, until I had a second to think. Why don't you say you're glad to see me—after five years?"

"Stella! You know I am. Six years, please. But I thought you were still in Prescott?"

"We came here three years ago. Here's a bench. Now tell it to me!"

But Pringle stood beside and looked down at her without speech, with a smile unexpected from a face so lean, so brown, year-bitten and iron-hard—a smile which happily changed that face, and softened it.

The girl's eyes danced at him.

"I'm so glad you've come, John Wesley! Good old Wes!"

"So I am—both those little things. Six years!" he said slowly. "Dear me—dear both of us! That will make you twenty-five. You don't look a day over twenty-four! But you're still Stella Vorhis?"

She met his gaze gravely; then her lids drooped and a wave of red flushed her face.

"I am Stella Vorhis—yet."

"Meaning—for a little while yet?"

"Meaning, for a little while yet. That will come later, John Wesley. Oh, I'll tell you, but not just now. You tell about John Wesley, first—and remember, anything you say may be used against you. Where have you been? Were you dead? Why didn't you write? Has the world used you well? Sit down, Mr. John Wesley Also-Ran Pringle and give an account of yourself!"

He sat beside her: she laid her hand across his gnarled brown fingers with an unconscious caress.

"It's good to see you, old-timer! Begin now—I, John Wesley Pringle, am come from going to and fro upon the earth and from walking up and down in it! But I didn't ask you where you were living. Perhaps you have a—home of your own now."

John Wesley firmly lifted her slim fingers from his hand and as firmly deposited them in her lap.

"Kindly keep your hands to yourself, young woman," he said with stately dignity. "Here is an exact account of all my time since I saw you: I have been hungry, thirsty, sleepy, tired. To remedy these evils, upon expert advice I have eaten, drunk, slept and rested. I have worked and played, been dull and gay, busy and idle, foolish and unwise. That's all! Oh, yes—I'm living in Rainbow Mountain; cattle. Two pardners—nice boys but educated. Had another one; he's married now, poor dear—and just as happy as if he had some sense."

"You're not?"

"Not what—happy or married?"

"Married, silly!"

"And I'm not. Now it's your turn. Where do you live? Here in town?"

"Oh, no. Dad's got a farm twenty miles up the river and a ranch out on the flat. I just came down on the morning train to do a little shopping and go back on the four-forty-eight—and I'll have to be starting soon. You'll walk down to the station with me?"

"But the sad story of your life?" objected Pringle.

"Oh, I'll tell you that by installments. You're to make us a long, long visit, you know—just as long as you can stay. You're horseback, of course? Well, then, ride up to-night. Ask for Aden Station. We live just beyond there."

"But the Major was a very hostile major when I saw him last."

"Oh, father's got all over that. He hadn't heard your side of it then. He often speaks of you now and he'll be glad to see you."

"To-morrow, then. My horse is tired—I'll stay here to-night."

"You'll find dad changed," said the girl. "This is the first time in his life he has ever been at ease about money matters. He's really quite well-to-do."

"That's good. I'm doing well in that line too. I forgot to tell you." There was no elation in his voice; he looked back with a pang at the bold and splendid years of their poverty. "Then the Major will quit wandering round like a lost cat, won't he?"

"I think he likes it here—only for the crazy-mad political feeling; and I think he's settled down for good."

"High time, I think, at his age."

"You needn't talk! Dad's only ten years older than you are." She leaned her cheek on her hand, she brushed back a little stray tendril of midnight hair from her dark eyes, and considered him thoughtfully. "Why, John Wesley, I've known you nearly all my life and you don't look much older now than when I first saw you."

"That was in Virginia City. You were just six years old and your pony ran away with you. We were great old chums for a month or so. The next time I saw you was ——"

"At Bakersfield—at mother's funeral," said the girl softly. "Then you came to Prescott, and you had lost your thumb in the meantime; and I was Little Next Door to you ——"

"And Prescott and me, we agreed it was best for both of us that I should go away."

"Yes; and when you came back you were going to stay. Why didn't you stay, John Wesley?"

"I think," said Pringle reflectively, "that I have forgotten that."

"Do you know, John Wesley, I have never been back to any place we have left once? And of all the people I have ever known, you are the only one I have ever lost track of and found again. And you're always just the same old John Wesley—always gay and cheerful—nearly always in trouble; always strong and resourceful ——"

"How true!" said Pringle. "Yes, yes; go on!"

"Well, you are! And you're so—so reliable; like Faithful John in the fairy story. You're different from anyone else I know. You're a good boy; when you are grown up you shall have a yoke of oxen, over and above your wages."

"This is very gratifying indeed," observed Pringle. "But—a sweetly solemn thought comes to me. You were going to tell me about another boy—the onliest little boy?"

"He's not a boy," said Stella, flushing hotly. "He's a man—a man's man. You'll like him, John Wesley—he's just your kind. I'm not going to tell you. You'll see him at our house, with the others. And he'll be the very one you'd pick out for me yourself. Of course you'll want to tease me by pretending to guess someone else; but you'll know which one he is, without me telling you. He stands out apart from all other men in every way. Come on, John Wesley—it's time to go down to the station."

Pringle caught step with her.

"And how long—if a reliable old faithful John may ask—before you become Stella Some-One-Else?"

"At Christmas. And I am a very lucky girl, John. What an absurd convention it is that people are never supposed to congratulate the girl—as if no man was ever worth having! Silly, isn't it?"

"Very silly. But then, it's a silly world."

"A delightful world," said Stella, her eyes sparkling. "You don't know how happy I am. Or perhaps you do know. Tell me honestly, did you ever l—like anyone, this way?"

"I refuse to answer, by advice of counsel," said John Wesley. "I'll say this much though: 'X' marks no spot where any Annie Laurie gave me her promise true."

When the train had gone John Wesley wandered disconsolately back to his hotel and rested his elbows on the bar. The white-aproned attendant hastened to serve him.

"What will it be, sir?"

"Give me a gin pitfall," said John Wesley.

II

"COLD feet?"

"Horrible!" said Anastacio.

Matthew Lisner, sheriff of Dona Ana, bent a hard eye on his subordinate.

"It's got to be done," he urged. "To elect our ticket we must have all the respectable and responsible people of the valley. If we can provoke Foy into an outbreak ——"

"Not we—you," corrected Anastacio. "Myself, I do not feel provoking."

"Are you going to lay down on me?"

"If you care to put it that way—yes. Kit Foy is just the man to leave alone."

"Now, listen!" said the sheriff impatiently. "Half the valley is owned by newcomers, men of substance, who, with the votes they influence or control, will divide the election. Foy is half a hero with them, because of these vague old stories. But let him be stirred up to violence now, and you'll see! They won't see any romance in it—just an open outrage; they will flock to us to the last man. Ours is the party of law and order ——"

"Law to order, some say."

The veins swelled in the sheriff's heavy face and thick neck; he regarded his deputy darkly.

"That comes well from you, Barela! Don't you see, with the law on our side all these men of substance will be with us unconditionally? I tell you, Christopher Foy is the brains of his party. Once he is discredited ——"

"And I tell you that I am the brains of your party and I'll have nothing to do with your fine plan. 'Tis an old stratagem to call oppression, law, and resistance to oppression, lawlessness. You tried just that in ninety-six, didn't you? And I never could hear that our side had any the best of it or that the good name of Dona Ana was in any way bettered by our wars. Come, Mr. Lisner—the Kingdom of Lady Ann has been quiet now for nearly eight years. Let us leave it so. For myself, the last row brought me reputation and place, made me chief deputy under two sheriffs—so I need have the less hesitation in setting forth my passionate preference for peace."

"You have as much to gain as I have," growled the sheriff. "Besides your own cinch, you have one of your *gente* for deputy in every precinct in the county."

"Exactly! And if we have wars again, who but the Barelas would bear the brunt?

"No, no, Mr. Matt Lisner; while I may be a merely ornamental chief deputy, it will never be denied that I am a very careful chief to my *gente*. Be sure that I shall think more than once or twice before I set a man of my men at a useless hazard to pleasure you—or to re-elect you."

"You speak plainly."

"I intend to. I speak for three hundred—and we vote solid. Make no mistake, Mr. Lisner. You need me in your business, but I can do nicely without you."

"Perhaps you'd like to be sheriff yourself."

"I might like it—except that I am not as young and foolish as I was," said Anastacio smiling. "Now that I am so old, and so wise and all, it is clear to see that neither myself or any of the fighting men of the mad old days—on either side—should be sheriff."

"You were not always so thoughtful of the best interests of the dear pee-pul," sneered the sheriff.

"That I wasn't. I was as silly and hot-brained a fool as either side could boast. But you, sheriff, are neither silly nor hot-headed. In cold blood you are planning that men shall die; that other men shall rot in prison. Why? For hate and revenge? Not even that.

"He Could Stand a Siege Till We Could Get Word to His Friends"

Oh, a little spice of revenge, perhaps; Foy and his friends made you something of a laughingstock. But your main motive is—money. And I don't see why. You've got all the money any one man needs now."

"I notice you get your share."

"I hope so. But, even as a money-making proposition, your troubled-voters policy is a mistake. All the mountain men want is to be let alone, and you might be sheriff for life for all they care. But you fan up every little bicker into a lawsuit—don't I know? Just for the mileage—ten cents a mile each way in a county that's jam full of miles from one edge to the other; ten cents a mile each way for each and every arrest and subpœna. You drag them to court twice a year—the farmer at seed time and harvest, the cowman from the spring and fall round-ups. It hurts, it cripples them, they ride thirty miles to vote against you; it costs you all the extra mileage money to offset their votes. As a final folly you purpose deliberately to stir up the old factions. What was it Napoleon said? 'It is worse than a crime; it is a blunder.' I'll tell you now, not a Barela nor an Ascarate shall stir a foot in such a scheme. If you want to bait Kit Foy, do it yourself—or set your city police on him."

"I will."

A faint tinge of color came to the clear olive of Anastacio's cheek as he rose.

"But don't promise my place to any of them, sheriff. I might hear of it."

"Stranger," said Ben Creagan, "you can't play pool! I can't—and I beat you four straight games. You better toddle your little trotters off to bed." The words alone might have been mere playfulness; glance and tone made plain the purposed offense.

The after-supper crowd in the hotel barroom had suddenly slipped away, leaving Max Barkeep, three others and John Wesley Pringle—the last not unnoting of nudge and whisper attending the exodus. Since that, Pringle had suffered, unprotesting, more gratuitous insults than he had met in all the rest of his stormy years. His curiosity was aroused; he played the stupid, unseeing, patient and timid person he was so eminently not. Plainly these people desired his absence; and Pringle highly resolved to know why.

He now blinked mildly.

"But I'm not sleepy a-tall," he objected.

He tried and missed an easy shot; he chalked his cue with assiduous care.

"Here, you! Quit knockin' those balls round!" bawled Max, the bartender. "What you think this is—a kindergarten?"

"Why, I paid for all the games I lost, didn't I?" asked Pringle, much abashed.

He mopped his face. It was warm though the windows and doors were open.

"Well, nobody's goin' to play any more with you," snapped Max. "You bore 'em."

He pyramided the balls and covered the table. With a sad and lingering backward look Pringle slouched abjectly through the wide-arched doorway to the bar.

"Come on, fellers—have something."

"Naw!" snarled José Espalin. "I'm a-tryin' to theenk. Shut up, won't you?"

Pringle sighed patiently at the rebuff and stole a timid glance at the thinker. Espalin was a lean little, dried-up manikin, with legs, arms and mustaches disproportionately long for his dwarfish body. His black, wiry hair hung in ragged witchlocks; his black pin-point eyes were glittering, cold and venomous. He looked, thought Pringle, very much like a spider.

"I'm steerin' you right, old man," said Creagan. "You'd better drag it for bed."

"I ain't sleepy, I tell you."

Espalin leaped up, snarling.

"Say! You lukeing for troubles, maybe? Bell, I theenk thees *hombre* got a gun. Shall we freesk heem?"

As he flung the query over his shoulder his beady little eyes did not leave Pringle's.

Bell Applegate got leisurely to his feet.

He was a tall man, well set up, with a smooth-shaved, florid face and red hair.

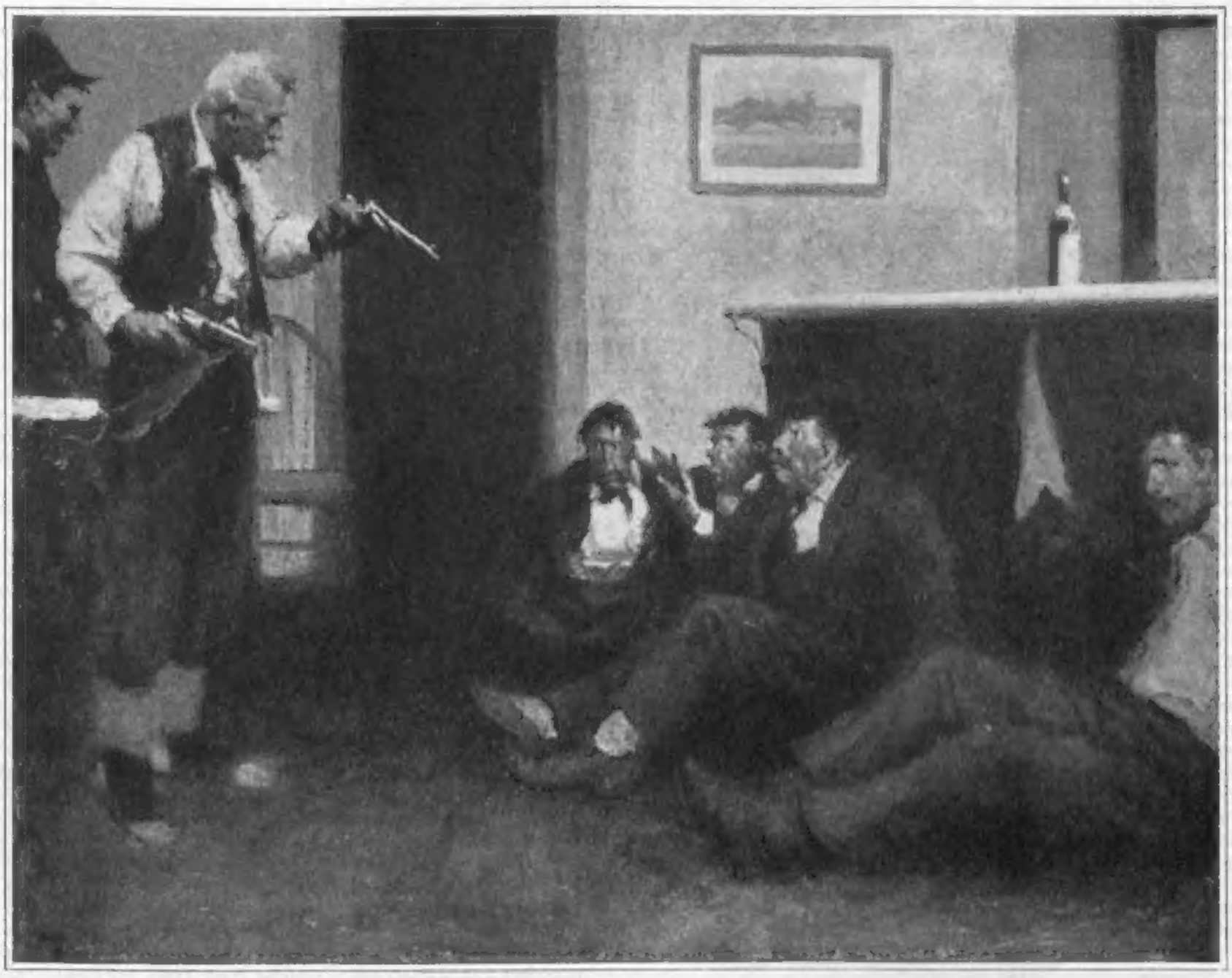
"If he has we'll jack him in the jug." He threw back the lapel of his coat, displaying a silver star.

"But I ain't got no gun," protested John Wesley meekly. "You-all can see for yourself."

"We will—don't worry! Don't you make one wrong move or I'll put out your light!"

"Be you the sheriff?"

"Police. Go to him, Ben!"



"If You Don't Think I'll Shoot, Try to Get Up!"

"No gun," reported Ben after a swift search of the shrinking captive.

"I done told you so, didn't I?"

"Mighty good thing for you, old rooster. Gun-toting is strictly barred in Las Uvas. You got to take your gun off fifteen minutes after you get in from the road and you can't put it on till fifteen minutes before you take the road again."

"Is that—er—police regulations or state law?"

"State law—and has been any time these twenty-five years. Say, you doddering old fool, what do you think this is—a night school?"

"I—I guess I'll go to bed," said Pringle miserably.

"I—I guess if you come back I'll throw you out," mimicked Ben with a guffaw.

Pringle made no answer. He shuffled into the hall and up the stairway to his bedroom. He unlocked the door noisily; he opened it noisily; he took his sixshooter and belt from the wall quietly and closed the door, noisily again; he locked it—from the outside. Then he did a curious thing—he sat down very gently and removed his boots.

The four in the barroom listened, grinning. When they heard Pringle's door slam shut Bell Applegate nodded and Creagan went out on the street. Behind him, at a table near the pool-room door, the law planned ways and means in a slinking undertone.

"You keep in the background, Joe. Let us do the talking. Foy just naturally despises you—we might not get him to stay the fifteen minutes out. You stay back there. Remember now, don't shoot till Ben lets him get his arm loose. *Sabe?*"

"Maybe Meester Ben don't find heem."

"Oh, yes, he will. Ditch meeting to-night. Ought to be out about now. Setting the time to use the water and assessing *fatiga* work. Every last man with a water right will be there, sure, and Foy's got a dozen. Max, you are to be a witness, remember, and you mustn't be mixed up in it. Got your story straight?"

"Foy, he comes in and makes a war-talk about Dick Marr," recited Max. "After we powwow awhile you see his gun. You tell him he's under arrest for carryin' concealed weapons. You and Ben grabbed his arms; he jerked loose and went after his gun. And then Joe shot him."

"That's it. We'll all stick to that. S-st! Here they come!"

There are men whose faces stand out in a crowd, men you turn to look after on the street. Such—quite apart from his sprightly past—was Christopher Foy, who now entered with Creagan. He was about thirty, above middle height, every mold and line of him slender and fine and strong. His face was resolute, vivacious, intelligent; his eyes were large and brown, pleasant and fearless. A wide black hat, pushed back now, showed a broad forehead white against crisp, coal-black hair and the pleasant tan of neck and cheek. But it was not his dark, forceful face alone that lent him such distinction. Rather it was the perfect poise and balance of the man, the ease and unconscious grace of every swift and sure motion. He wore a working garb now—blue overalls and a blue rowdy. But he wore them with an air that made him well dressed.

Foy paused for a second; Applegate rose.

"Well, Chris!" he laughed. "There has been a time when you might not have fancied this particular bunch—hey? All over now, please the pigs. Come in and give it a name. Beer for mine."

"I'll smoke," said Foy.

"Me too," said Espalin.

He lit a cigar and returned to his chair. Ben Creagan passed behind the bar and handed over a sixshooter and a cartridge belt.

"Here, Chris—here's the gun I borrowed of you when I broke mine. Much obliged."

Foy twirled the cylinder to make sure the hammer was on an empty chamber and buckled the belt under his rowdy.

"My hardware is mostly plows and scrapers and irrigating hoes nowadays," he remarked. "Good thing too."

"All the same, Foy, I'd keep a gun with me if I was you. Dick Marr is drinking again—and when he soaks it up he gets discontented over old times, you know." Applegate lowered his voice, with a significant glance at Espalin. "He threatened your life to-day. I thought you ought to know it."

Foy considered his cigar.

"That's awkward," he replied briefly.

"Chris," said Ben, "this isn't the first time. Dick's heart is bad to you. I'm sorry. He was my friend and you were not. But you're not looking for any trouble now. Dick is. And I'm afraid he'll keep on till he gets it. Me and the sheriff we managed to get him off to bed, but he says he's going to shoot you on sight—and I believe he means it. You ought to have him bound over to keep the peace."

Foy smiled and shook his head.

"I can't do that—and it would only make him madder than ever. But I'll get out of his way and keep out of his way. I'll go up to the Jornado to-night and stay with the Bar Cross boys awhile. He won't come up there."

"You'll enjoy having people tellin' how you run away to keep from meeting Dick Marr?" said Applegate incredulously.

(Continued on Page 57)

WAR MADNESS—By Will Irwin

DECORATIONS BY HENRY J. SOULEN

"I'M GLAD to get away," said the traveling salesman with a European route as he watched Liverpool fade into the distance.

"Zeppelins?" asked his casual acquaintance.

"No. A Zeppelin raid is like a thunderstorm. You may get hit, but the chances are a million to one you won't. At any rate, you'll never know what hit you. No. I want to see some sane people again. They—" he waved eastward a gesture which was calculated to embrace all Europe—"they are all crazy. I'm crazy myself. I want to get back my balance."

This salesman stated the obvious, which highbrows and subtle critics have missed. The great wars of the past have been fought in unanalytical ages. The historians and diarists have recorded battles, diplomatic maneuvers, the thoughts of statesmen and generals. No one, so far as I know, has speculated very much on the state of the public consciousness, and no one, before Armageddon broke out, seems to have understood that the mind of war is an abnormal mind, that he who touches it becomes infected with a madness. It has always been so, I suppose; but it is doubly so now, when war on an unprecedented scale has affected a set of nations highly civilized and possessing, therefore, highly organized nerves.

From the very beginning of the war Europe was abnormal, although the abnormality had then a different form from the present madness. No one in those early days seemed ever to smile; and this was equally true of the French, the Germans, the British and the Belgians. Laughter I heard, but it was metallic laughter. The sound which a London theatrical audience made after a comedian sprang a joke was quite different in quality from the hearty laughter of ordinary times. You perceived it, too, in the people on the streets. A London crowd is always somber enough; but never before did it look like this. People walked stooping, their eyes on the ground. When they raised their faces you saw that their brows were curiously knit. That is the symptom which one notices most commonly in a madhouse; no lunatic's brow ever seems quite in repose. Such was the composite face of London in August and September, 1914.

It was the face, too, of Brussels, as I found when I arrived there just before the Germans came. Brussels, of course, was anxious and very much afraid. In spite of newspaper yarns about the heroic defense of Liège, the Belgians really expected just what has happened. But anxiety could not exactly account for the strange expressions, for the oddity of the gestures and movements among the people on the streets. They talked and acted by jerks.

Those Who Laugh But Never Smile

THEIR conversation was never consecutive; it lacked all logic. Their remarks started out of the air, apropos of nothing. There were other symptoms indicative of mental unbalance. As I stood one morning in the Palace Hotel at Brussels, watching the procession of refugee weavers from Liège file past carrying their looms, I heard a high nasal voice of the Middle West making an oration in English. I turned to behold a fat, smooth-shaven countryman of mine talking to the hotel porters. His eye was gleaming, and he was prophesying from the Scriptures—the end of all things, the Day of Judgment.

Then I saw Von Kluck's German army as it filed past for four days at Louvain. Perfect as was this human machine, it gave the same sense of abnormality. When at night they dropped out of ranks to drink beer they would laugh now and then; but they never smiled. Rank after rank passed by with that same curious stress of the brows which I had marked in the street crowds of London. As I saw them at Louvain, at Brussels again, on the roads of Southern Belgium, at Mons, I marked in them strange, abnormal waves of exaltation. I had somehow no more sympathy and emotional touch with these performances than I have had with the proceedings of a band of longhorn cattle which I have seen stampede. Sometimes the emotion seemed happy, although never normally happy. For instance, when a party of us left Brussels, in process of deportation, several companies of German infantry watched our troop train, bearing neutrals and a few Germans, start from the station. The thought that we were going back to Germany seemed to drive them wild—*exalté*, as the French say. They cheered madly, they loaded us down with what loot they had, they ran beside the train as it pulled out, still cheering. But all through the excitement ran an unnatural note which words cannot describe.

Then came a glimpse of Aix-la-Chapelle, in a corner of Germany. It was late afternoon when we passed through the town, in a hurry to get across the Holland border before some official stopped us. A procession of women and elderly men, coming back from marketing, passed by our carriage. On that quiet, somber crowd I marked the same queer knitting of the brows which I had seen in London.

By now Europe was a study in the growth of rumor. Bizarre reports, great and small, ran from mouth to mouth. There was the famous story of the Russian forces in England, which was told so circumstantially that even the correspondents of neutral nations, comparatively calm in this soul tempest, came to believe it.

Then Europe seemed to pass from this abnormality to another state, less distressing to watch, but equally curious. I was at home between November, 1914, and February, 1915; and when I returned I noticed, even in somber old London, the difference—a difference even more marked in Paris and in the British army zone of France. That expression of strain on the foreheads of men and women was less marked—mostly it was gone. They smiled again. The civilians at home went through the motions of ordinary life. Paris in the autumn of 1914 had been somber, a city of strained faces. The old happy drama, the *verve*, which made a French crowd or even a French family group on the streets a delight to watch, which gave France much of its allure to an alien, seemed completely gone. By February, 1915, it was back again as of old. The people who passed, even those in mourning, chattered and dimpled and gesticulated; as of old, they would stop to laugh or to hold animated discussion over a stray puppy, a new piece of street work, a poster. One would have said that Paris, except for certain fortuitous and external circumstances, was herself again.

It took longer acquaintance to prove that the people had passed from one abnormal state to another. Among the French and even more markedly among the less lively and responsive British, there was a kind of intensification of emotional life very strange and curious until you found yourself caught up in it, when it seemed only natural. Especially do I remember last Easter Monday in Paris, when I heard Martha Chénal sing The Marseillaise at the Opéra Comique. This is a dramatic performance which Parisians will remember as long as they remember the war. In it the French have made a drama of their national hymn. The scene is Alsace during the wars of the Revolution; there is a kind of medley of old patriotic songs leading to the climax when the stately Chénal, clad in classic white, wearing a great silken tricolor as a mantle, comes forward as France and sings The Marseillaise. Without doubt she does it wonderfully, putting new meaning into the familiar old battle hymn. By coincidence, its words fit the situation of France to-day, as: "Hear ye not those savage soldiers raging in our fields? They come to slaughter our sons, our wives. . . . What do they want, this horde of slaves of conspiring kings? For whom these ignoble fetters, these irons so long prepared?"

Of course it is wonderful and impressive; but neither the wonder of it nor the excitability of the French can quite account, it seems to me, for the scene which followed as I saw it on Easter Monday. Before she had reached the second stanza the audience had begun to weep; when she finished, the very chorus was singing thickly, what with their tears and sobs. I am not an easy weeper, yet I confess that I, stolid Anglo-Saxon though I be, cried as I have not cried for many years. Everyone knows the psychology of tears, I suppose; they are a manifestation not only of grief, but also of any emotion which rises too high for ordinary expression. Certain sensitive artists cannot behold beauty without tears. So it was in this case. The audience in somber black punctuated with the red and blue of uniforms was not thinking of the devastated North nor of their dead; they were just letting off a great emotion in the only manner possible after emotion has reached a certain height. But beautiful and impressive as this all was, there was abnormality in the whole performance, a thing sensible, but indescribable.

Again and again correspondents with the French and British lines have remarked that the district near the trenches is the most cheerful part of Western Europe. Those men in the midst of death, with their own deaths ever before them, look strained and drawn; war seems to add five years to the looks of any man. But in spirit they are far, far less somber than *les civiques* behind the lines.

How Courage Grows in the Face of Danger

THE accumulation of courage in the recruit is a study by itself. We are all potential heroes and potential cowards. The average British Tommy, the average French "*Poilu*" admits, if he be honest, that during the days of preparation he has somber thoughts of his own latter end, and that when he first faces danger he wants to run away. Then suddenly he goes over a hurdle; it is as though he entered another world of being. From that time forth he is cheerful, except during certain special crises like the interval before a charge.

It is not, however, the normal cheerfulness which comes in peace times from good health, good fortune and sweet content with this world. It is a state of exaltation—abnormal. I used to mark this especially at one of the British army bases. We who dwelt there permanently—correspondents, surgeons, nurses, officers of the service corps—were ourselves abnormal; we felt a lower degree of that exaltation. But it was low enough so that we could mark the contrast between ourselves and the men who arrived fresh from the line. The trip down took only a half or three-quarters of an hour; they would drive up to the door of that hotel where officers most gathered, with the smell of the trenches and even of powder still upon them. But even without that you could tell that they were "just out" from their expressions. Their faces were drawn and lined; yet they did not suggest misery or unhappiness. It was rather that sharpening of the countenance which comes from any kind of inner strain. Their eyes were always preternaturally bright. Such faces I have seen at revivals when people were becoming exalted with religious emotion. When they talked it was in jerks, and their gestures also were jerky. There was an unnatural note in their laughter.

Another thing I marked in these Britons, which struck me as almost humorous. In normal times your Englishman seems unemotional. People who know the English realize that at bottom they are a very sentimental people. Paradoxically, that is the true cause of the British reserve and "front." In ordinary times the "gush" of the average American appeals to a Britisher as a little indecent. One who wishes to get along with them learns to imitate their reserve and to cover his feelings with a mantle of chaff. But in this state of being, most of the British front melted away. I have heard a young Englishman fresh from the lines indulge in a fairly Gallic rhapsody about England—an offense against his own canons of good taste over which, a year before, he would have burned with shame. I have had an Englishman tell me about "the little girl at home" with all the ingenuous unreserve of a western cowboy. An army chaplain took up to the rest station a phonograph and a set of records. Thinking that the men needed cheering up, he selected mostly comic songs, with a sprinkling of sentimental ballads. The comic records went unused, but he wore out Annie Laurie and Bonnie Doon in a week.

The men—Englishmen, mind you—listened with their heads on one side and tears in their eyes.

In this new state of exaltation, which seemed to infect all the men of Europe just in proportion as they came near to the battle front, people thought no more logically or consecutively, weighed evidence no more narrowly, than in the first sad, tortured days of the war. It seems to me that the French have best kept their heads. Max Eastman has remarked truly that they, of all European peoples, are most at home with ideas; that in the presence of a human problem they think with their heads while the Germans think with their emotions. Yet even the French were doing a deal of wild and unconsecutive thinking. As for the Germans, whom, since the early drive through Belgium, the present chronicler has observed only through their works—they have been setting down on paper a lot of sentiments which, when the madness of war has passed, may seem ridiculous to German logic. The German, his enemies to the contrary notwithstanding, is not without his sense of humor. Yet humor seems to have gone by the board in wartime Germany, as it does probably in all states of madness.

Early in the war an eminent German dramatist—I think it was Von Eulenberg—visited Antwerp to write an article extolling the blessings of German rule. He told all that his countrymen were doing to insure the prosperity of that port under the future permanent rule of Germany. However, he regretted to state, the Belgians had not responded. They cut the Germans on the streets; they avoided the German cafés. "One would say," he concluded, "that this was a people suddenly gone mad!" Here was a dramatist, and, therefore, a student of the human heart, yet neither he nor any of his countrymen seemed to see the grotesque joke. Again: There has been going the rounds of the German press a very prettily written little sketch dealing with life in a town of Northern France held by the Germans. It pictures a state of sweet good will between conquered and conquerors. The story centers about an attractive little French girl of sixteen who has charge of a café where the German officers dine. She is very charming and everyone treats her respectfully, tenderly, beautifully. She speaks German; but occasionally under excitement she drops a few words of French. "Then," says the author, in effect, "there is a sharp rap on the table and the frowns of her guests inform her of what she has done!" And no German seems to see that as humorous.

These are small instances to exemplify the lack of logic and humor which are evident in most recent German war propaganda.

When Brooding Sadness Is Not Unpleasant

I HAVE felt the madness myself; if here I begin to use the first person singular, it is because one knows his own mind best. In the first stage of the war I was infected to a degree which alarmed me by that tragic mood of Europe. My friends have told me since that in the first month after my return I showed it on my face; that I never smiled. I used to wake in the night with a sense of a black horror hanging over me and my world. In time normal life flowed in again; I returned to Europe myself. I was not myself long, although I did not know it until afterward. The second stage of the madness, the exalted condition, soon took possession. Most of the time, to tell the truth, I was unnaturally, hysterically happy. For it had the effect of intensifying my emotions; and after all, even in war, the pleasurable emotions outnumber the unpleasant ones. For example, the response to beauty rose to a height which I had never known before. A glimpse of Gothic cathedral arches, an old painting on the wall of a French church, the passing face of a pretty woman, a moonlight night over the Seine, the blossom burst of spring in Normandy, would move me to a kind of inner rapture which came always near to tears.

Just as poignantly was I struck with the miseries, physical and spiritual, of suffering Europe; at times a kind of exaggerated sympathy would flow in upon me until it became torture. I remember, however, another mixed sensation which I had never known before except in a slight degree. There is a pleasant sadness which women especially indulge when they read melancholy books or witness lovers' partings on the stage. That sensation I knew to the full; there was a satisfaction in brooding over the tragedies of stricken France. It was all abnormal, but to tell the cold truth it was mostly pleasurable. My judgment went too. I have been from the first on the side of the Entente Allies, believing that if France and England lose this war a wrong, half-civilized principle, enforced by the best apparatus of civilization, will prevail in the world. Yet up to this time I had kept, I think, my tolerance, regarding the Germans as a fine and able but oversentimental people grossly tricked and miseducated. Now came the gas attack before Ypres; the victims straggled back to the base hospitals to cough out their lives; a wave of hatred ran through the hitherto tolerant British Army. At about the same time the Germans sank the Lusitania. And the madness of hatred infected me. I remember now saying quite sincerely things that I am appalled to remember. And somehow there was pleasure also in this indulgence of a temporary unreasoning hatred.

The Strong Wine of Danger

HOW thoroughly I was infected, and how much I enjoyed the state of war with my emotions while loathing it in my mind, I never realized until I went over into Spain and found a country going about its normal business and its normal pleasures. There were friends, there was the thrill of a new country, there were entertaining sights to see. Yet I found myself depressed and restless. Something was missing out of life, something which had been giving the world its savor. That mood of dissatisfaction persisted for a long time; I felt it at intervals even after I reached home and normal life began to draw me back toward normality.

Undoubtedly the male of the belligerent European races—perhaps the male of all races—likes war with many of his deeper instincts. This war, the deadliest in history, has been stripped of most trappings of romance. There are no longer fancy uniforms, tossing plumes, bands playing as the regiments swing into action, stirring cavalry charges. There are only hard work, hardship, filth, and sudden, hidden death. It is just about as romantic as a hot day in the Chicago stockyards. Yet the fact remains—with one side of their natures men like it. I have talked with thousands of the wounded as they came back to the base. Almost without exception they pronounced it "hell up there." In the depression which wounds bring they turned sick at the thought of going back. Yet a month or two later, when they began to get well, many of these same men became restless and distracted. Like me in Spain, they missed something out of life; only they had been actors while I had been merely an occasional spectator; and they were, in proportion, more obsessed with the feeling.

I know an officer who was wounded at the first battle of Ypres. A machine-gun bullet went through his shoulder, clipping some of the motor nerves. His arm hangs lifeless. He has tried massage, osteopathy, everything that offers a hope of healing, in order that he may get back to the regiment. As he sits talking after dinner he is forever trying to make his thumb and forefinger touch. If he ever accomplishes that he may hope for a well arm again. It is his obsession to mix again in the war.

The average male of the race likes it with one side of his nature while he loathes it with another. It may repel his reason, but in the end this glorification of danger grips his emotions. Perhaps that is the baffling hidden reason why war, in spite of Christianity, human brotherhood, and all other spiritual attributes of progress, persists among us.

Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale, feminist, has invented the accurate phrase: "War is to men an intensification of life." In the regular routine of the world women gratify, by the bearing and breeding of children, that craving to intensify life. Nature gives the male no such normal outlet for his desires. Man is traditionally the drinking sex. He gets drunk, as he makes war, in the illusive hope of intensifying life.

Indeed, the whole phenomenon of war seems very like drunkenness—a general debauch of the race. As a period of peace and prosperity draws toward its close people begin to drift more and more toward bizarre pleasures. Desire begets desire. Men seek stronger and stronger stimuli to their senses, greater and greater "intensification of life." Hundreds of people have said to me since the war that they might have known something was going to happen; that the racing, the one-stepping, the gambling, the general rage for pleasure seemed, in the period between 1910 and 1914, too intense to last. But war coming after such periods is not, as the worshipers of valor have assumed, a healthy reaction toward noble ideals. It is precisely like the action of a voluptuary who, a little jaded by ordinary stimuli to his sensations, tries a wholly new stimulus—like hashish.

This is the reason why the leisure class, which has a monopoly of artificial means for intensifying life, is the class which takes the greatest interest in war.

Will Feminine Influence Avail?

MANY strongly constituted masculine men admit in their honest moments that they like to get drunk. That method of intensifying life is pleasant while it lasts. If the average man does not get periodically drunk it is because his reason prevents him. He knows that his temporary pleasure does not pay; the price in future consequences is too heavy. So it is with war. Because men like it with one side of their beings is no reason why it is among the things that are lovely and of good report. And because there is in human nature a tendency toward these periodical debauches in blood and danger, is no reason why war should not be suppressed along with other dangerous and barbarous means of intensifying life.

It is a strictly masculine tendency; Mrs. Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale is right when she says that women have in the process of childbirth a natural and normal intensification of life. Although, after the nature of their sex, women do their duty toward war, they do not characteristically like it; only that kind of woman who lets her men do her thinking for her seems to get thoroughly infected with the masculine madness of conflict.

Perhaps by that same token we shall get rid of war only when the feminine side of the world gets its full and due influence in our affairs—only when Mrs. Adam can take her spouse by the ear and say: "It was all well enough for you to go on these jags when you were single; but now you've got me to think about, and I'll have no more of it!"

THE PLUNGE—By W. B. TRITES

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

FRANCKLYN RUTHVEN was about to let himself go. For the leap, or, rather, plunge—plunge is the better word because it better indicates a fall—his position was singularly excellent. He stood, in fact, on the white stairway leading down from the Monte Carlo Casino to the famous terrace, and below in the sunshine moved a procession of beautiful girls.

Francklyn Ruthven on his white stairway, like a potentate on a throne, dominated all those girls.

It was a Riviera winter morning, brilliant, windless, still. It resembled an American October morning. It resembled an Indian summer morning without the haze. From the spacious scene haze was indeed conspicuously absent. To the sea's and mountains' farthest reaches the day blazed clear as a blue diamond.

And on the great terrace high above the Mediterranean the girls, as became that choice setting, were all, or nearly all, supremely beautiful and supremely elegant. It was the winter before the war, the winter of slashed skirts and colored wigs, and here a blue wig, here a green, and here a white one gave a bizarre charm to a young face, while the slashed skirts, as silken limbs slipped out and in again, kept the mind leaping frantically from the conventions of society to the conventions of the bathing beach.

Jewels were everywhere. Necklaces of big, pure pearls encircled those white throats. On those supple fingers big, pure diamonds flashed. And furs were everywhere—sable, chinchilla, ermine—fashioned, like hats, in the last fantastic mode, so that, like hats, they would be impossible another season. Indeed, before the jewels' and furs' magnificent abundance, the mind, already staggered by a continual blaze of purple hair and a continual shimmer of round knees, came somehow to feel that jewels and furs were cheap—that rose brilliants and silver fox pelts were given away with every purchase of postage stamps in the *tabacs*.

Of all the girls upon the terrace the prettiest was perhaps the youngest, a tall, slender creature in a white wig. The wig, which was amazingly well made, set off the fresh and delicate brilliance of her coloring and the pure lines of her proud yet gentle profile. She carried carelessly a bag of green gold mesh with a row of huge diamonds sunk in the long gold bar of the clasp. The slash in her skirt, if very subtle, was also very daring. Invisible for the most part, it burst into evidence, every five minutes or so, for just an instant—a blinding instant. From her shoulders hung a splendid silver fox skin.

The eyes of all the girls sought Ruthven's, but whereas the other girls' eyes had a knowing look which was slightly unpleasant, the eyes of this girl, clear and cool, suggested midsummer dawns, silence, haze, and the sleepy twitter of waking birds. Ruthven, being a woman hater, did not perceive the difference between this girl's eyes and the others'. He preferred this girl, nevertheless, because she was so beautiful. For his leap, or, rather, plunge, this girl, he felt, would make the best companion.

Ruthven was an American diplomat of aristocratic birth and cosmopolitan elegance. Sunburnt, slender, with his eyeglass, his well-cut suit of brown flannels, his rather large and heavy and ornate brown shoes, his tiny, upcurled mustache and his hair brushed back till it resembled satin, Ruthven looked like an Englishman. His morgue, however, was German. His morgue, or air of mournful pride, he had adopted from the German army officer. His morgue caused strangers to say: "He must be one of those young libertine grand dukes."

As Ruthven in his brown flannels leaned, sunburnt and wiry, on his stick, contemplating Monte Carlo through his eyeglass with a look of evil pride, no one could have guessed that to let himself go was a new thing in his experience, that he would never have dreamed of letting himself go save for an extraordinary sorrow, and that he had half a mind even now to give the reckless project up, sink down on the Casino steps, and weep like a little child.

For Ruthven was about to sell himself in marriage to a rich old woman. This sale, ignoble enough, was yet a little less ignoble than it seems. He was making it, not in order to achieve a life of gilded sloth, but in order to achieve success in the field of diplomacy. In the field of diplomacy, despite thirteen years of the hardest work, he had dismally failed on account of poverty; in fact, he had been lying on the shelf now for a twelvemonth; but he might obtain to-morrow from Senator Corcoran the vacant ministry to Athens if he could produce an income of fifteen thousand dollars, and with old Patricia de Craye an income of sixty thousand went. But Patricia was a grandmother. Ruthven, however, had faltered before no sacrifice in the pursuit of diplomacy, and he did not seriously falter now. To marry, though, a grandmother! That she was one of your bleached, painted, cigarette-smoking, voting and cocktail-drinking twentieth century grandmothers only made the matter worse. To marry a grandmother! Is it any wonder Ruthven proposed to let himself go? Is it any wonder he proposed to forget his grisly marriage in a whirlpool of Monte Carlo dissipation which would cast him up, pale and sad and penniless, at the feet of Patricia de Craye to-morrow morning?

The girl in the silver-white wig, passing slowly, turned her calm eyes on the young man, and a thrill, half happiness and half pain, ran over him. He touched his upper waistcoat pocket. The roll of new banknotes composing his last quarter's income rustled pleasantly.

With angry buzz a monoplane rose through the clear and azure air, and everyone hurried across the terrace to the white balustrade. Up, up, the monoplane climbed swiftly. Now, high above the sea's blue floor, it moved in lazy circles through the sky.

Ruthven, leaning on the balustrade with the rest, heard a faint sigh and was conscious of a faint, delicious perfume. He turned and perceived that the girl in the silver wig was leaning beside him. Her elbows rested on the broad white stone, and she crumpled and uncrumpled her gold mesh bag in slim, white-gloved hands. But she was apparently unaware of his proximity. Though he stared at her hard—the hard, bold stare of one about to let himself go—her calm eyes did not swerve from the monoplane.

Suddenly he saw her gasp. She pressed her hand to her heart. He looked up and perceived that the monoplane was falling. It fluttered down through the air like an autumn leaf. Now it fell tail first, now it fell nose first, now it fell in crazy somersaults. But it recovered its balance by a miracle a hundred feet above the sea. It turned and darted off in the direction of Mentone. The airman waved his arm derisively. A gray promontory hid him from view.

The girl glanced at Ruthven and laughed; but she still had a frightened air, and her hand was still pressed to her heart.

"Oh," she said, "I really thought he was falling, didn't you?"

"No," said he. "I knew it was Pegoud."

"Pegoud!" laughed the crowd. "*Bravo*, Pegoud!"

It was, indeed, Pegoud, the first and best loop-looper—the gay, eager, reckless Pegoud, who would die very splendidly the next year high in air in a machine-gun duel with a German battle-plane.

Ruthven regarded the tall young girl. Under his gaze she remained strangely serene. She seemed to contemplate something far out at sea. She was tremendously beautiful. Her silver wig gave her a dissolute, insolent and patrician look. She appeared to be waiting calmly to see whether he would continue the conversation or drop it.

"So you are an American," he said.

She turned impulsively to him and smiled, showing her delicious teeth.

"Yes, and you're an Englishman, aren't you?" said she.

It flatters anyone to be taken for an Englishman, and Francklyn Ruthven's pleasure shone dimly through the thick, stiff crust of his morgue.

"No," he said; "I am an American, too."

"Well," she cried, "you look like an Englishman!"

He looked, indeed, more like an Englishman than any Englishman ever looked. Was it his eyeglass, his morgue, his hair brushed straight back like satin, his trousers turned up a little too high, or his brown shoes a little too large and heavy and ornate? Years of open-air exercise, anyhow, had imparted to his slim frame a certain firm and supple grace. His shoulders had a manly set, his chest a manly breadth, and sun and wind had given the lean oval of his face a clear, ruddy brown tone.

"Why," her admiring gaze seemed to say, "why, you are an improvement on an Englishman"; but what she really did say was: "Yes, you look like an Englishman, and you talk like one, too."

He did not talk like an Englishman, but like an American trying to talk like an Englishman, and therefore her last compliment turned his head. His morgue became quite Babylonian. It recalled the unimaginable revels of the Hanging Gardens.

"I have lived abroad," he drawled, "a long time. But I was born in Boston. This is my card."

He drew out a flat gray wallet with gold corners—his crest was engraved in one corner—and he handed her a card with a narrow mourning band. She read, her air a little puzzled: Mr. Francklyn Ruthven, The American Minister.

"But you don't look like a minister," she said politely.

Horrors! She took him now for a divine. He stroked his small mustache to hide a sneer of amused pity.

"I am in the diplomatic service," he said. "I was minister to Haiti from 1910 to—er—1911."

"Oh, were you?" She could not have been more deeply impressed if he had told her that he was a Rockefeller. "Of course I knew you couldn't be a minister of the Gospel."

He smiled fatuously. "Why not?"

"Because you are too much a man of the world."

He smiled fatuously again. How well they were getting on, to be sure! They leaned on the broad white balustrade side by side, and below them spread a sea of blue silk.

He Remembered That To-Morrow He Entered Into Lifelong Bondage

To right and left rose cinder-gray mountains, palms, orange groves, olive groves and ivory-colored villas, all glittering in great shafts of sunlight.

"What is your name—I mean your first name?" he said.

"Agatha," she answered.

"Agatha," he repeated, and the repetition somehow thrilled him delicately. "Agatha. That is Greek"—he had taken the course in arts at Harvard—"that is Greek for good."

And now he assumed an elegantly rakish pose. He thrust his eyeglass in his eye, he twirled the end of his mustache, and, leaning on his stick and crossing his feet, he said, with a significance which was neither more nor less than Neronic:

"And—is—this—Agatha—good?"

"She tries to be," the young girl answered simply.

The pause that ensued he found rather awkward. He asked himself uneasily if he had made a mistake. But, as she turned, he caught sight of the slash in her skirt. A slash like that! And thence his eye traveled to her furs, her jewels, her green-gold bag. No paternal or maternal love ever lavished on a girl such gifts as those.

"Where are you putting up?" he asked. "At the Hôtel de Paris?"

"Yes. How did you guess?"

How did he guess indeed!

"Alone?"

"Yes, for the time being."

He nodded wisely.

"Will you lunch with me," he said, "at Ciro's?"

She gave him an adorable smile. "Yes, if you like." She seemed delighted and grateful, frankly delighted and grateful, as if she were a little girl to whom he had presented a doll.

And Ruthven, rather moved, thought: "It flatters her to be taken up by an honorable. She doesn't realize how devilish good-looking she is."

As they ascended the terrace steps, a tall footman leaped from the very handsomest of a long line of motor cars, flung open the door of the tonneau, and stood with bared head at attention. But Agatha said to him uncertainly:

"I shan't go to Nice—at least not now—this afternoon, perhaps."

"Very good, miss."

With impressed, with almost worried eyes, Francklyn Ruthven watched the great car dart smoothly up a steep white street and disappear behind a clump of palms. He touched his waistcoat pocket again. The rustle of his quarter's income seemed less comforting somehow.

He and his companion in their turn now mounted steep white streets. These streets were incredibly clean. They skirted dreamy gardens. They were lined with white villas, white hotels, and white shops devoted to *articles de luxe*—to jewels, to furs, to leather luggage, to antiquities of ivory and gold. Men and women elegantly dressed sauntered in and out of the hotels and shops and villas. Motor cars of the newest cut, as low almost as beds, with seats as flat almost as beds, glided this way and that. The two-horse open cabs peculiar to Monte Carlo dashed up and down the hills with a gay jingle of bells. And framed at the end of each white street the blue sea gleamed in the sun through ragged green palm fronds.

Ciro's was crowded. From the anteroom they peered into the restaurant, which struck them as stuffy, and so they chose a little table outside on the terrace. As Ruthven consulted the menu, which gave no prices, his morgue deepened. His look of evil pride evoked visions of Lord Byron and Sardanapalus at their worst. As a matter of fact, however, he was only worrying over the menu's lack of prices, for, even when letting himself go, he was obliged, paradoxically enough, to hold himself in check.

They had, nevertheless, a very nice luncheon, and they drank, like all the ultra-smart people about them, beer and white wine—a jug of beer to begin with, and a bottle of white wine to conclude. It was a German fashion introduced that winter on the Riviera by the Prince of Hohenlohe-Lippe.

Ruthven during luncheon bowed here, rose and shook hands there, nodded curtly somewhere else.

"Prince Hohenlohe-Lippe," he would tell her afterward. "The Duchess of Rivoli. John Smith."

And under her marvelous hat, under her marvelously becoming silver wig, the beautiful young girl smiled up at him with a kind of childlike affection, deeply impressed by his wide acquaintance with the nobility of Europe, and by his gastronomic knowledge as evidenced in that odd mixture of beer and wine.

Her liking for him increased his own liking for himself, and Francklyn Ruthven began to brag.

He bragged first about his family. Two of his forebears had signed the Declaration. He belonged to the Sons of the Revolution, the Society of Colonial Wars and the University Royalists. Here he showed her the crest on his wallet and seal ring, and the royal coat of arms upon his watch.

"*Tiens, tiens!*" he cried, on the arrival of a dish of giant Argenteuil asparagus as big as a dish of golf sticks, and her compliment on his French led him to observe quietly that he spoke and wrote six languages. He bragged now about his future, his diplomatic future. His great-grandfather had been minister to France—see Washington Irving's letters. His grandfather had been minister to England—see Bancroft's flattering reference, volume III, page 217 or thereabouts. With such traditions behind him, with his hard work—thirteen years of it, by Jove!—with his breeding, his *savoir-faire*, his—well, he did not wish to brag, but call it special diplomatic aptitude or talent—with his special diplomatic aptitude or talent, then, he might claim surely, without bragging ——

The advent of coffee broke him off; but, as soon as their cups were filled, he began to brag fluently again.

"Don't be surprised to see me minister to Athens soon."

The young girl took from her gold bag a gold cigarette case and an amber cigarette tube with a ring of little rubies round the wider end, and, as she smoked her cigarette thoughtfully through the long tube, she wondered if Ruthven was bragging. Had it been anyone else she would have decided that he was bragging undoubtedly. But Ruthven's morgue, his look of evil, mournful pride, made him seem above anything so small as bragging. He was, besides, such a well-born and good-looking and important chap—why should he bother to brag? Yet, at the same time ——

And she considered him curiously. He was not so young as he had once been. His healthy, lean, sunburnt face was lined a little. His lustrous hair receded a little at the temples, and probably, if she might judge from the anxious way he patted it now and then, there was a hidden thin place at the crown. And he wanted very, very much to be a successful diplomat. He wanted so horribly to be a successful diplomat that somehow she felt sorry for him. Somehow she felt that luck had gone against him. Through all his bragging she had this feeling, and it made her like him, as one likes a bad little boy who fights on bravely in the midst of tears and defeat. Yes, she liked him now, but she no longer looked up to him. Thoughtfully she blew a smoke cloud from her pretty nostrils. Few men, for that matter, she remembered, few men, when a girl came to know them well enough to like them, proved to be worth much looking up to.

He, meanwhile, bragging on, was very happy. Her beauty intoxicated him. He forgot his grisly marriage, his twelvemonth on the shelf, his thirteen years of hard work that had all come to nought because of his poverty. He even forgot that he was letting himself go. All he knew was that he was happy happy in a delicate, pure, ethereal way—it was like the happiness he had sometimes known in childhood.

"I believe you are a woman hater, Mr. Ruthven."

He started. Smoking her cigarette prettily through the long amber tube, she bent on him a mischievous smile. He said, vaguely flattered:

"A woman hater? Well—er I have sometimes been called so."

"Girls say woman haters are the easiest."

"How the easiest?" he asked uncomfortably.

"The easiest to land! Is it true?"

"Not at all."

"I believe it's true!" She was laughing heartily now, regarding him through half-closed eyes, showing the perfect row of her small, white, delicious teeth. "Yes, I'm sure it's true!"

He could not help laughing in concert with her, but he insisted absently, "Not at all. Not at all." What he really thought, however, was that, with her head thrown back in laughter, her lovely neck looked more translucent than the string of pure pearls which encircled it.

After lunch they sauntered up and down white streets, in a still sunshine, past dreaming gardens. But the jewelers' windows attracted Agatha most. She hovered over them in silent ecstasy, as humming birds hover over flowers. She admired only the rarest pearls.

Ruthven, hanging back a little, twisted his mustache. He told himself sarcastically that she was beginning a bit early with this jewelry dodge. Of course, though, they were all alike. Yes, all alike. Fair without, foul within. Before her admiration for a pearl and platinum ring he said, in a cold, sarcastic voice:

"I'd like to buy it for you."

She laughed easily, as if he had made a joke.

"I'd like to buy it for myself," she said. "I guess I will, too."

"But To-Night, at Least, Is Mine!"

The shopman was extraordinarily respectful. The ring looked ravishing on her supple finger. But at the mention of the price Ruthven put his hand to his waistcoat pocket with a convulsive movement, and the rustle of his quarter's income sounded frightened, abashed, shameful.

"All right," said the young girl. "I'll take it."

Horrors!

She turned to Ruthven and smiled up into his eyes. But the world seemed to the proud young man to be dissolving in a gray mist. What in heaven's name was he to say? Gray mist hid her from him. Was he only fainting? He hoped that he was dying. But the mist cleared away, and he saw the shopman bow low and rub his hands.

"The same account, miss, naturally," the man was saying. "And shall we send round the sapphires you looked at yesterday? No? Very well, then, miss. Good afternoon. And thank you very much indeed."

As they sauntered down a white street in the sunshine, Ruthven's heart sang with the joy which a murderer feels on getting a pardon. What a job it would have been, to be sure, to explain gracefully to girl and shopman that, though he would have liked to buy the pearl and platinum ring, he had not enough money; but later on, perhaps—tomorrow or the day after—he might turn up again—unless, indeed, the shopman cared to trust him—a postdated check, for example—oh, oh, what a job it would have been!

He said with all a pardoned murderer's spontaneous gayety:

"Dear me, I hope you're free this afternoon, Agatha—if I may call you Agatha?"

She smiled, and her beautiful, clear eyes looked into his with an expression which moved him strangely—a serious expression, an expression of friendship and something a little more—something a little more delicate and stirring than mere friendship.

"Yes, you may call me Agatha if you like."

"Then, Agatha——" He lingered on the word, and they both trembled a little, they both became grave, as if they had just exchanged, for the first time, a caress. "Then, Agatha—are you free?"

"Yes."

"What shall we do?" he said in vibrant tones. Strange—though he was letting himself go, he felt singularly good and clean. If all felt like this when letting themselves go, no wonder wickedness was rampant in Monte Carlo. "What shall we do?" he repeated. "Shall we make a day of it?"

"Yes!" she cried gayly. "Yes, we'll make a day of it!"

Before the Casino they debated their day. Should they go into the rooms and play? Should they go into the theater and hear the Beethoven concert? No, no, the sunshine was too splendid. They would stay out in the sunshine until dusk and the tea hour.

"We might motor over to Nice for tea," she said. "There are two American tangoers at the Negresco."

"Yes," he agreed, frowning and twisting his mustache. "Yes. Hm. I'll see about a car."

"But what is the matter with my car, silly? Isn't it good enough for you?"

They laughed—for there was no car to compare with hers in Monte Carlo—and they crossed to the hotel. She was treated with the same profound respect at the hotel as at the jeweler's. It was an affectionate, a joyous respect, like that shown by old family servants towards a mistress who is beautiful, young and kind. "Her—her protector must be very rich," Ruthven thought uneasily, as a group of gorgeous lackeys beamed and bowed low under her careless smile. Traversing the pale hall, they awaited the car in a pale and lofty drawing room among great gilt tables and great gilt armchairs upholstered in fawn-colored tapestry.

"A fine hotel, this," said the young man, looking out over lawns and flower beds to a sea of blue silk shimmering between ragged green palm fronds.

"Yes, but no finer than our New York hotels."

"It's very dear, I suppose."

"Our New York hotels are dearer."

A quiet and correct maid brought her motoring things, and she put on a huge coat of golden brown cloth with collar and cuffs of soft, golden brown fur. The car now waited before the door. They passed forth amid that atmosphere of affection and delight which the young girl's beauty seemed everywhere to create. The tall footman tucked soft, pale, silky rugs about their knees. The car mounted swiftly and smoothly the steep white road which zigzagged up the mountainside.

Soon they gained the Corniche. Up there, in that high, clean, wild world, up there among the rocks and pine forests and birds, the air was purer and the sunshine more golden.

On their right gray crags rose into the blue sky. On their left gray cliffs fell down to the blue sea. Here olive groves uplifted their silvery masses. There the green of orange groves was starred with glittering golden fruit. On distant capes and hills and promontories splendid white villas stood amid palm gardens.

"My Aunt is the Leader of the American Colony Here"

The road was very wild and lonely. It seemed to Ruthven that he ought to kiss the beautiful young girl. But—— Well, at least, then, he ought to take her hand. But——

But he had no desire either to take her hand or kiss her.

"She seems," he mused, "too fine, too childlike." But here his lip curled. "She childlike! Yet she does seem so!"

And, at any rate, he was very happy. In his happiness he began to brag haughtily and naïvely again. The arms on his watch, he said, were royal. He was descended, like all the members of the University Royalists, from a kingly house. He was descended, in fact, from the dissolute dukes of Anjou. Some day he would show her his family tree.

"My family——" Agatha said; but he interrupted her. She resumed, however: "My father——" But he interrupted her a second time. For he desired to know nothing whatever about her past. To hear about her shameful past would wound him. It was strange that she did not divine this. He pointed far away to a ruined tower, a little, black, crumbled tower, rising in the amber glow of the early winter sunset.

"Do you see that tower?" he said. "It is all that is left of my uncle's castle."

"What is your uncle's name?" she asked.

"My uncle was the Count de la Tour de Falicon. He lost his money, and most of my aunt's as well, at Monte Carlo, and he cut his throat one rainy winter night on Rauba Capeu."

"Oh, your poor aunt!"

"My aunt," said Ruthven, "is the leader of the American colony here. She's quite an old lady now."

The sun sank as they entered Nice. The air turned cold. The sea took on a steely, sinister look. Tea would be more than pleasant.

But the Negresco hall was so crowded that they had great difficulty in finding a table. Ruthven's morgue was superb as, threading the throng, he bowed to right and left. "The Grand Duke Paul," he murmured to the young girl as he bowed. "Lady Cornwall. The Aga Khan."

"My, but it's a smart crowd," she said, after they were seated at last and he had helped her to throw back her brown coat. "All except that table of frumps behind the orchestra."

"That table of frumps is my aunt's," said Ruthven.

"Your aunt, the Countess of Falicon?"

"Yes."

The young girl started. She was genuinely distressed. She said:

"And I called your aunt a frump!" She looked at him, beseeching pardon. Then she added gently: "But I didn't mean it."

"Oh, yes, you did," said he.

The orchestra broke with hurried, lisping rhythm into a soft, clashing melody, a melody strangely American and yet strangely exotic, and the two young dancers appeared. How they danced! It was like a cyclone. At the end the young lady threw somersault after somersault across the young man's arm, and amid terrific applause Monsieur Negresco presented her to the Grand Duke Paul.

Panting, flushed, she sat with the grand duke's party and drank a cup of tea. She was very pretty, and her dress was ravishing; but the pale skirt, made for the stage, had on the left side a transparent panel of lace. This transparent panel embarrassed her. Excellent for stage dancing, she found it awkward for tea drinking with Argus-eyed grand dukes. Hence, with hurried, jerky movements, she tried to keep it hidden. Every now and then, however——

"Rather strong, that transparent panel," said Ruthven primly.

"It's beautiful, though, isn't it?" Agatha exclaimed.

"Yes," he said, "it's beautiful, but—Dear knows it's beautiful, but—there are other things to think of in dress besides beauty."

"No, beauty is the one thing to think of," said she.

"There is modesty," said Francklyn Ruthven. He was primmer than ever now. He quite forgot that he was letting himself go.

"Yes, there is modesty, of course," she agreed, frowning, a little puzzled, a little flushed. "But the new fashions—are they immodest any more than a bathing dress is immodest—when everybody wears them?"

"Everybody wears them? Everybody?"

"There comes your Countess of Cornwall now with a slashed skirt as bad as mine!"

"Oh, Lady Cornwall! A noblewoman, to be sure—but a noblewoman of futurist tastes. She has a black and white futurist dining room." He shrugged, then added: "That is my aunt and her party whom Lady Cornwall has stopped to talk to."

He looked at the young girl in quiet triumph. His look seemed to say: "No slashes in my aunt and her party." And Agatha became very angry.

She thrust her shimmering ankle out through her own slashed skirt. Then she glanced down. Did her ankle show enough? No! And she thrust it out still farther.

She regarded his aunt and her party. Those six or seven members of the Nice colony in their somber, old-fashioned, almost shabby dress seemed to her strangely out of place. They seemed like farm people. And like farm people they stared about them rather rudely and cynically.

Ruthven's eye, of course, was on her. She met it defiantly, and with a deep blush she thrust her ankle even farther out.

"Well," she said, "you know what I think of your aunt and her party. As if I'd accept their views!"

She stirred her tea gloomily, her clear gaze fixed gloomily on the distance. He, for his part, saw that she was troubled. He hated to see her troubled. Trouble set upon her as strangely, as pathetically, as it sets on all beautiful, bright, flying creatures made for sunshine and joy. And what a fool he had been—he who was letting himself go—what a fool he had been to preach modesty to her! Preaching modesty—a poor way, that, to let oneself go, and no mistake! But, above all, he was sorry to see her troubled. He thought of a butterfly laboring through a snowstorm.

"Don't misunderstand me," he said. "I agree that these new fashions are the most beautiful. But for the moment my Puritan blood asserted itself."

(Continued on Page 40)

THE YANKEE CLIPPERS

By William Brown Meloney

Oh, sing me a chorus and I'll sing ye a song.

CHORUS

Sing fare ye well, we're outward bound!
'Tis a song of a Yankee that's tall, slim and long.
Sing fare ye well; we're outward bound!
Hurrah, my boys, we're outward bound!

Aye, China-ways bound, to fetch silks, spice and tea.
Sing fare ye well, we're outward bound!
In a star-dusting clipper that's a queen o' the sea.
Sing fare ye well; we're outward bound!
Hurrah, my boys, we're outward bound!

—From an outward-bound chantey of clipper days.

On a Lee Shore Off the Horn—From an Old Painting

DURING the War of 1812 Baltimore and the ports of the Chesapeake loosed against British commerce a fleet of privateers whose swiftness, born of a model peculiar to those waters, gave them a capacity of destructiveness which proved no insignificant factor in counseling the Mistress of the Seas to bring that struggle to its early and sudden end. They literally gutted the enemy's shipping in the Middle Atlantic and Caribbean.

When a balance was struck our privateers had destroyed nine million four hundred thousand dollars' worth of British vessels, as against nine million four hundred and forty thousand dollars to the credit of Great Britain.

Up and down the Chesapeake and its tributaries these converted commerce destroyers were commonly called clippers. This designation arose from the then purely American and regional use of the intransitive verb "to clip" in the sense of an adjective descriptive of unusual speed or quickness. To clip, as "to move swiftly" or as "with a clip," was a term in the ancient sport of falconry, and it is easy to understand how it survived in the speech of the English gentry who settled Maryland and Virginia. Still, long before the beginning of the second war with Britain the verb-adjective had partaken of a substantive-making suffix to describe more accurately this particular model.

The Low, Rakish Craft of Fact and Fiction

THE commerce of the Chesapeake and our southern coast consisted principally of trafficking with the West Indies. Britain, France and Spain reserved to their merchants marine severally a monopoly of the trade, direct and indirect, with their Caribbean possessions. But their island colonies would carry on a commerce with the near-by American coast, and the inhabitants of that coast would do business with them, the orders of crowns, councils and parliaments to the contrary notwithstanding.

To do so successfully, however, the Americans had to have vessels swift enough to elude not only the men-o'-war with which the three ruling Powers blockaded the forbidden seas, but also the craft of the Brethren of the Coast, the pirate outfit that played surreptitious and unofficial auxiliary to the officially recognized naval forces. So the great parents of all human achievement, necessity and genius, mated and brought forth the clipper model.

These Chesapeake, or Baltimore clippers as they came to be more commonly known, ranged in size from seventy-five to two hundred tons; in length from sixty to a hundred and twenty-five feet. It was a period of small vessels. In appearance they were low and rakish. In fact, they are the craft of the long, low and rakish description that persists to this day in a certain school of fiction. They were rigged variously as schooners, some with and some without square topsails, as brigs, hermaphrodites and brigantines. Their two masts—never more—were stepped at an extreme rake in order to give their sails lifting power that would minimize pounding in a head sea and add to their ability to work up to windward. This mast rake survives to this day in the Chesapeake bugeyes and oyster smacks, more as a mixture of custom than for any utilitarian purpose.

Like the masts, both stem and sternpost were marked by an excessive rake. The stem joined the keel at an angle varying between thirty and forty-five degrees; the sternpost at from twenty to thirty-five degrees. The bows were high, round as an apple, and overhanging. Thence the topsides swept aft in a graceful sheer to a narrow, low-lying stern. The breadth was out of all proportion to the length, but herein was contained the model's ability to stand a press of sail. The extreme of this breadth was located forward of the waist or midship section—practically all in the bows. The convex underbody was formed as nearly like a codfish as frames could be molded and straked. Close-hauled they were not at their best. They were not deep and their pinched-in sterns furnished poor bearings for sailing on the wind. But, close-hauled or free, they could outfoot anything—merchantman, frigate or ship of the line, native or foreign; and they did.

Up to and including the period of the war, merchant shipbuilding in the United States, as well as abroad, was no more than a rule-o'-thumb trade. Builders generally were no better than good journeymen carpenters, who would undertake the construction of a house quite as readily as a contract to put a ship together. With the exception of the Chesapeake, no other section had evolved any type of craft that could be counted on to perform a given task in a specific manner. Naval construction occupied only a slightly higher plane. During Jefferson's Administration it had practically lapsed. It had been considered cheaper and even the better part of valor to submit to the blackmail of pirates and the aggressions of Europe than to build ships of the line capable of upholding the national honor.

Clipper Ship Rainbow, of New York—the First Clipper Ever Built

All that the United States had achieved on the deep in peace and war had been due to the daring, the surpassing genius of its seagoing tribe, and not to its shipbuilding guild.

The end of the war, the dawn of 1815, found American shipping and its corollary industries moribund—a hundred ports, from the Penobscot to the Chesapeake, choked with idle, dismantled or rotting fleets. The jellyfish peace signed at Ghent in the preceding December settled none of the issues that had brought on the two-years' struggle. Britain at her pleasure was free to resume the impressment of American seamen; free to interrupt the voyages of American ships and divert them to far distant ports for pretended purposes of search, but in reality to throttle our commerce; free to reiterate her denial of the right of neutrals to trade with the unblockaded ports of belligerents. And, in addition, our peace commissioners had solemnly contracted that the United States would repeal the tariff laws of 1789 and 1793, which had suckled the infancy of our merchant marine and under which imports in American bottoms were allowed a ten per cent discount and imports in foreign bottoms were charged a corresponding additional duty.

Boston Ice in Oriental Drinks

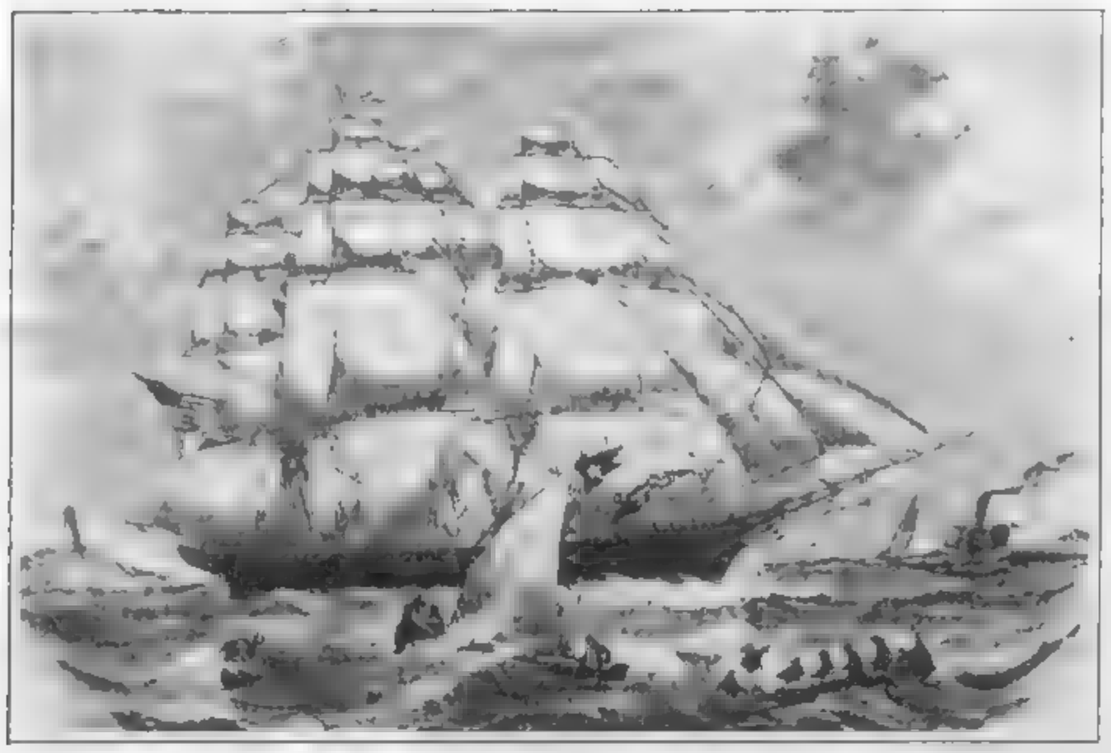
IN KEEPING with our convention we repealed those laws in March, 1815. The mess of pottage that we received in exchange was the admission of American ships, carrying cargoes of native origin only, to the home ports of the United Kingdom on an equality with British vessels as to customs, lightering, harbor and tonnage dues.

As seasoning for the pottage we were to be permitted to import British West Indian products in American bottoms, provided such merchandise was for sole domestic use or consumption. What we exported thence British ships must transport.

Besides the Roaring Forties of the North Atlantic only the direct trades, to be carried on by long and hazardous voyages, were open to us. The wreck that remained of our once great whaling fleet—the fleet that had moved Edmund Burke to one of his noblest flights of eloquence—was free to resume its intrepid, earth-end venturing, but not as before on an equality with competitors. Britain's whaling industry was now subsidized. Yet out of this gloom, up from these ashes, "a people still in the gristle and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood" was, in the space of three decades, to rise as if by magic to a dominance of the ocean sea such as no other nation, except one, has ever held since the days of Tyre. And this despite the stupidity of governments at home and political and commercial aggression abroad.

Prior to 1812 the East Indian trade had filled the eyes and the pockets of the New England ports, as the West Indian had filled the Chesapeake's. Ships of Portsmouth, Salem, Boston, New York and Philadelphia had early found the way to the spicy and silky coasts of the Orient. Calcutta, in 1789, saw the American flag on a vessel belonging to Salem. When Boston had had nothing else to freight thence she sent ice, founding a trade that thrived for nearly half a century. Though the Englishman of the present may pretend to despise our preference for cold drinks, the Englishman of Clive's and Warren Hastings' times, cooped up in the ports of India's baking coasts, paid high for the delight of freezing his pegs and tipples with Yankee ice brought from half a world away.

The East Indian trafficking was the first to be revived. With the beginning of 1816 a thrill of expansion went through the North Atlantic trade. Here we were in direct competition with British ships—a competition that was decidedly not friendly. The days of impressment were still too fresh in the minds of American seamen.



American Clipper Ship Lightning—From an Old Woodcut

Presently our shipbuilders were being called on to produce larger, better and faster vessels. Some sought abroad for suggestions—turned to France. Others began studying the formation and lines of the fast-swimming deep-water fishes, like the cod. The quest of all was to end at home with the Chesapeake clipper. The Chesapeake had been before New England and New York in learning its lesson from the finny tribe, even as it had been the first to copy what was best from the French frigates and sloops which, during the Revolutionary War, it had seen hauled out for repairs along its shores.

Soon the north ports of the United States were launching fleets the speed and superior construction of which excelled everything else on the seas, though, given the same vessels, the British, the French and the Dutch would have accomplished no more than they ever did while Americans went to sea. The commanders and officers of our merchant service were without peers. This is not bombast, but history. Where a foreigner spread a running foot of dirty hemp or flaxen canvas, a Yankee spread a square yard of snowy cotton duck. Where a Britisher mounted nothing higher than topgallant sails on stumpy, log-like masts, an American stabbed at the stars with lances pennoned of skysails and moonsails. Where the Britisher clewed up and furled, we hung on or loosed still another "kite" and sheeted it home to "Billy Taylor." Where each day at sunset they all snugged down to hardly more than a rag, we drove on. The night to us was as the day to them. Powerful navies protected them. Speed was our sole armament against attack.

By 1821 the fame of such "cod-headed and mackerel-tailed" ships as the George, of Salem, was world-wide. In that year the George came home from Calcutta in the unprecedented time of ninety-five days. The following season she went out in eighty-nine days! The Honorable John Company's vessels—the fleet of the United Company of Merchant Venturers trading to the East Indies—took from five to eight months in making the shorter passage to and from London. For a generation the George was known up and down the sea lanes of the earth and in the ports at their ends as the Salem Frigate. All told, the Frigate made twenty-one successful Indian voyages, and never one in excess of a hundred days.

The Swift Packets of the Roaring Forties

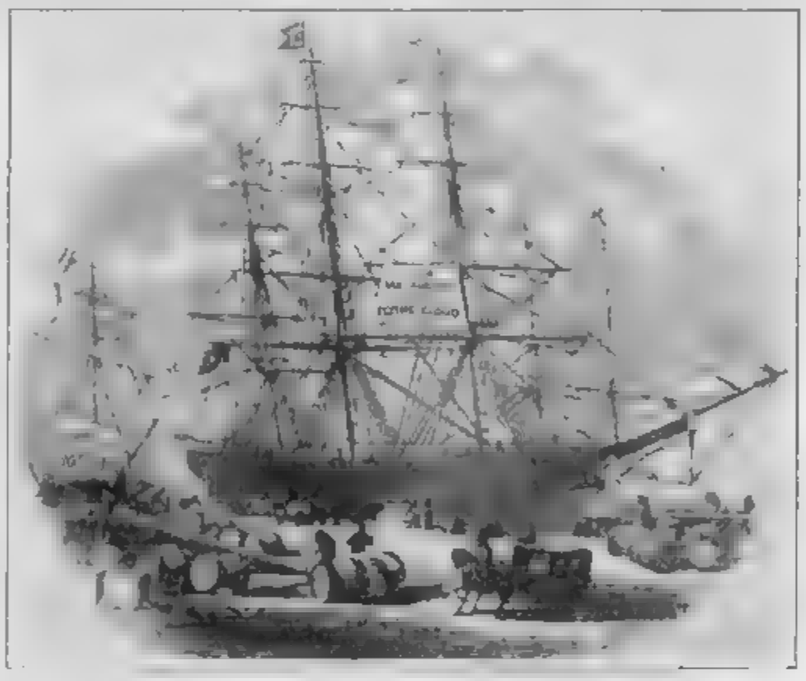
AND in the Roaring Forties Yankee packets had seized to themselves a monopoly of the trade that was, to all intents and purposes, as practical and binding as the charter by which the Honorable John Company enjoyed its exclusive Indian privileges. The Black Ball, Red Star, Swallowtail and Dramatic Lines, of New York, Enoch Train's Line, of Boston, and Cope's Line, of Philadelphia, were the boast and pride of the nation. The comings and goings of these wind-propelled vessels were ordered as exactly as were those of their twin and triple and quadruple screw successors up to August, 1914. Fair weather or foul, they sailed as advertised. The skill of their driving commanders had reduced a passage of terror and of from a month's to three months' duration, and frequently longer, to one of comparative luxury and a definite number of days—from fourteen to twenty. These packet ships were the master shuttles in the loom of modern civilization.

American bottoms, besides carrying 92 per cent of our imports and exports, as against 8.9 per cent in 1913, were skimming the cream of all the trades except those in which British merchants were compelled by the protective laws of their own country to freight their goods in British vessels.

Said the London Times editorially in May, 1827:

Twelve years of peace, and what is the situation of Great Britain? The shipping interest, the cradle of our navy, is half ruined. Our commercial monopoly exists no longer; and thousands of our manufacturers are starving or seeking redemption in distant lands. We have closed the Western Indies against America from feelings of commercial rivalry. Its active seamen have already engrossed an important branch of our carrying trade to the Eastern Indies. Her starred flag is now conspicuous on every sea and will soon defy our thunder.

Reciprocity was bound to come; but it was for our rivals to ask us what concessions we would make, not for us to go running to them. Still, in those days, even as now, we had shirt-sleeve diplomats and near statesmen. So a year after the Times uttered its plaint Congress enacted a law throwing open our indirect trade to the world. In other words, if France would permit American ships to carry her purchases in Brazil to Havre and Marseilles, the United States would permit French ships to carry our purchases in Russia to New York and Boston.



Boston-Built Clipper Ship Flying Cloud Loading at Her Wharf in New York

Our rivals in Europe, with the exception of Britain, grabbed at this windfall. The direct result during the ensuing two years was a reduction of 220,435 tons in our deep-water shipping. Concurrently with the adoption of that reciprocity act the President was authorized to open our direct West Indian trade to Great Britain on equal terms with our own merchant marine—that is, if Britain would let us carry our own goods to her possessions, without discrimination, we would let her carry and bring between our coasts and the French, Dutch and Spanish colonies on an equality with American ships.

We were not, however, to be permitted to carry a cargo from the British West Indies to the United Kingdom. Not for a moment would our near statesmen have considered standing out for such a concession as that. It was 1849 before Britain, of her own volition, granted us that privilege; but meanwhile she reciprocated in form, though not in substance. There are more ways than one of killing a cat, and British colonial officers became artists in squeezing discriminating dues out of American shipping.

But Congress could not legislate out of existence the forests that enabled us to build ships more cheaply than the foreigners to whom it had opened our commerce. Nor could shirt-sleeve diplomacy barter away the genius of our seagoing population or our own ability to operate more economically than our competitors.

Though American officers and seamen received higher wages, their skill enabled them to sail with smaller crews. It also enabled American ships to make five voyages to foreigners' three or four. Our speed commanded better freight rates. American ships, being safe risks, enjoyed lower insurance rates. Foreigners grogged their crews. American sailors got tea and coffee—no more. Insurers offered a rebate of 10 per cent of premiums on all voyages made without the use of spirits. This rebate was a regular and fixed earning of American vessels.

The Yankee Aristocracy of the Western Ocean

BETWEEN 1830 and 1836 the American merchant marine increased 12¾ per cent a year, while the British increased only 1½ per cent. It took a parliamentary investigation, brought on by a very much alarmed Mistress of the Seas, to establish those figures and something else besides—that the commanders and officers of American ships were "generally considered to be more competent as seamen and navigators, and more uniformly persons of education, than the commanders and officers of British ships of a similar size . . . the seamen more carefully selected and efficient."

That reference to ships of similar size pointed particularly at the packet service, but the committee that made the report might very well have included every branch of our deep-water shipping.

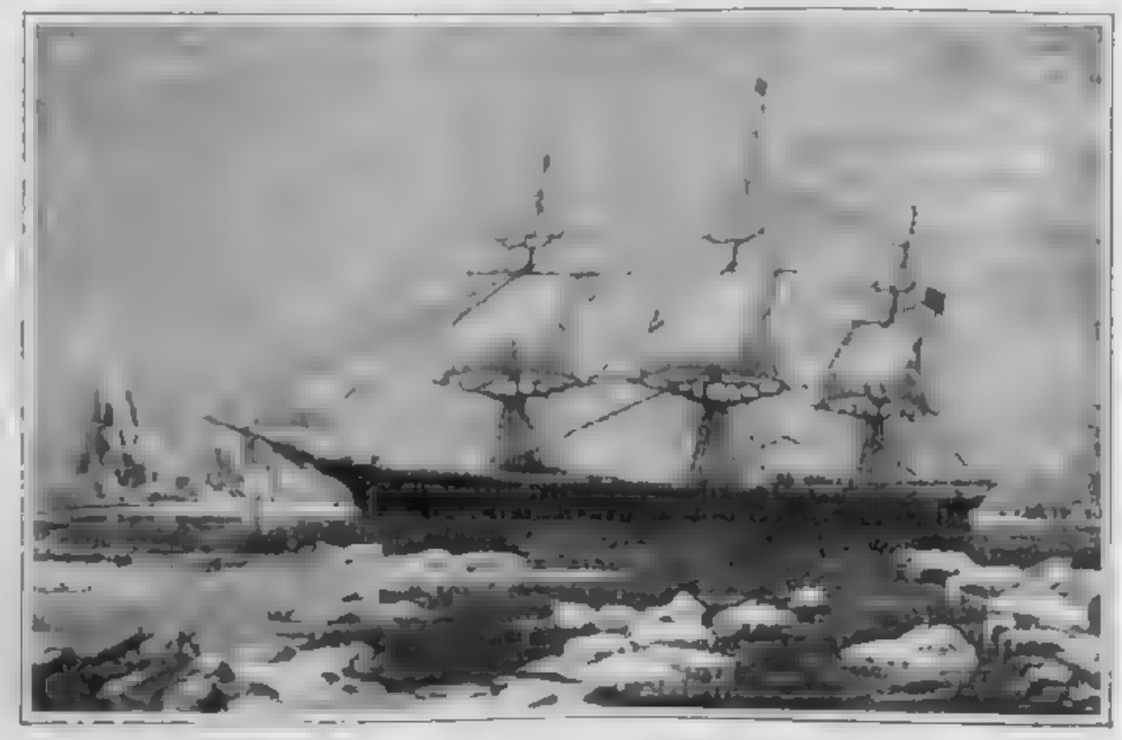
American commanders and officers in foreign commerce were recruited from the flower of the country's youth and manhood. Not a few were college men; the majority graduates of home-town academies corresponding to our present-day high schools. They were sons of builders, masters, owners, merchants and professional men. They began their careers not in forecastles but at the counting-room desks and in the warehouses of the firms or individuals for whom they were destined to command vessels.

Before they ever put foot on deck to start their lives at sea they possessed a grounding in the arts and craft of commerce and at least a working familiarity with another language—usually French; often both French and Spanish. They went to sea to become commanders and ultimately owners and merchants. When they attained the quarter-deck of their first command, a good many before they were twenty-one years old and most of them before they were twenty-five, they either bought a share of the vessel or a share was given to them. It was to their own advantage that their ships should do well by their owners.

On the other hand, British masters and mates, with the exception of those in the aristocratic service of the Honorable John Company, were hornyhanded forecastle graduates, who picked up what education they could while making their way to the afterhouse.

Four years after the British Parliament had given our commanders and officers a certificate of character and competence America's merchant venturers had become the lords of the ocean sea. And the complacence and the conservatism born of success had become the gods of our shipbuilding industry.

So no small sensation resulted when, in the spring of 1841, a young New York draftsman, named John Willis Griffiths, at a meeting of the American Institute in that city, submitted in so many words that perhaps American shipbuilders and designers did not know so much as was



Clipper Ship Red Jacket in the Ice Off Cape Horn, August, 1854

generally supposed. He attacked the predominating theory that it did not matter how roughly a vessel entered the water so long as she left it smoothly behind her—the theory exemplified in the Baltimore clipper's full round bows, practically flat forward floor and narrow stern.

He proposed a model of a knife-like, concave entrance, melting into an easy run to the midship section, where, instead of forward, he located the extreme breadth of beams. Thence this fullness or breadth melted again into the after end in lines almost as fine as those forward. In place of the codfish underbody he gave his innovation a dead rise amidships that marked him at once in the estimation of the shipbuilding fraternity as hardly less than a lunatic. A vessel of that sharpness could not possibly stand up alongside a pier, let alone under sail.

The following spring Griffiths, nothing daunted by his previous reception, appeared again at the Institute, this time to exhibit a model that embodied in detail the revolutionary theories he proposed. The few who deigned to notice him did so only to suggest that Smith & Dimon, his employers, would better get such a dangerous person out of their drafting room. Stephen Smith and John Dimon were important builders of North Atlantic packets. Their yards at the foot of Fourth Street were among the largest that then stretched for two miles along the East River.

Griffiths' employers found it to their advantage not to discharge him, and during the rest of that year he delivered a series of lectures on ship building and architecture, the first ever given on this side of the Atlantic. And finally he succeeded in interesting William Aspinwall, one of New York's China-trade princes—the same Aspinwall who was to build the Panama Railroad and give his name to the town, now Colon, that stands at the eastern gate of the Canal. In the spring of 1843 Aspinwall signed a contract with Smith & Dimon to build him a ship of seven hundred and fifty tons according to Griffiths' designing.

Griffiths' New Type of Clipper Ship

ON THE morning following the signing of that contract the New York newspapers reported the occurrence as though it were a scandal of the first importance. If the rector of Trinity Church had decamped with the Sunday-school funds his fall from grace would have achieved no more space or prominence. But New York in those times was interested in everything that pertained to ships and shipping. It must be remembered that it was the leading port—the gateway of a nation made great by ocean trafficking. Whoever counted for anything then in its scheme of things—commercially, politically, socially—was linked to the sea in some way. Ship news was important news.

Therewith began a controversy that was to rage for two years round Griffiths and his ship. It should have taken not longer than four or five months to build the vessel. It took nearly twenty-four.

"Built against the laws of Nature," said the shipwrights as she began to take form on the stocks.

Clipper Black Prince—From a Painting in the Collection of Robert Bacon, Esq.

"She'll have her insides where her outsides ought to be," said sailors, marking the appearance of the concave entrance and run in place of the convex lines with which they were familiar.

"The American shipbuilding industry will be disgraced," said the rulers thereof.

Everybody must needs try to have a finger in the pie too. Aspinwall and his partner, Howland, nicked by the ridicule and abuse visited on Griffiths and indirectly on them, were continually suggesting changes—urging compromises, modifications. But it was for them and their friends to suggest and give advice, and for Griffiths to go on building according to the plans originally approved. He had staked his reputation—his all—on that vessel, and she was going to be built as he had designed or not at all. He was a gray-eyed, dreamy-browed fellow in his early thirties; but, for all his poetic exterior, there was iron in his blood.

At the last Aspinwall sent to England for a masting plan. For some inexplicable reason he had come to believe that the English knew more about rigging a vessel than Americans. When the foreign plan was received and delivered to the young draftsman he buried it in his inside pocket. It was years afterward before Aspinwall learned that Griffiths had disregarded the British plan.

So it was not until a cold and cheerless morning in January, 1845, that the Rainbow, whose keel had been laid nearly two years before, was ready to leave the ways. And whoever was anybody in New York that wintry forenoon forgathered in the Smith & Dimon yards. Launching parties were the fashion of the town, and Aspinwall & Howland had a princely reputation as hosts on such occasions. But more than their invitation was responsible for society's turning out in such inclement weather. Like the shipbuilding fraternity, society expected to have a bit of a Roman holiday—expected to see a dreamer and rainbow chaser brought to grief and perhaps killed. Griffiths was going to be launched with his ship, and the morning newspapers, taking their last fling at him, predicted that five minutes after leaving the ways the Rainbow—"a dreamer's rainbow"—would be lying on the bottom of East River.

As she cleared the ways Rainbow careened as if about to fulfill the predictions of her critics and her designer's enemies. The crowd caught at its breath. Thumbs were turning down when, of a sudden, the Rainbow, with the grace of a swan, straightened up on the bearings of her red-coppered underbody and cheated her audience of the smell of blood. There was little cheering, because few there believed in Griffiths. He was one with Galileo that day.

"Well, she didn't capsize," said some in disappointment.

"Time enough for that when she gets to sea," whispered others.

"She'll never be heard of again, once she clears the land," added a croaker.

"She'll never clear land," there was someone else to laugh, making a play on the name of John Land, the master who had been chosen from among the Aspinwall & Howland captains to command her.

And the crowd ate and drank and made merry, and perforce toasted the ship moored in the ice-choked river, and at the end of the customary festivities of a launching turned away into the town, feeling cheated. They had gathered to see a ship capsize, and, though ignorant of it, they had been privileged to see the founding of a fleet with which a nation hardly out of its swaddling clothes was to wrest from ancient Britain her centuries-old title of Mistress of the Seas.

The Sensational Performance of the Rainbow

THE Rainbow sailed in February for China. She was back home again in September to reward her owners with 100 per cent over what she had cost. Ready for sea, she had stood Aspinwall & Howland about forty-five thousand dollars.

"We met no ship, American or foreign, that doesn't know the looks of her heels," reported Land in pride. "The vessel will never be built that can beat her."

The Rainbow cleared again from New York on October first, China-bound. As month after month passed, bringing no word of her, South Street began to nod its head lugubriously. She would never be heard of again! But suddenly one April morning, in the midst of a croaking chorus of I-told-you-so's she romped in past Sandy Hook. There was a very good reason why nothing had been heard from her. She brought the news of her own arrival at Canton!

Land had taken her out in ninety-two days against the northeast monsoon—that is, he had been compelled to beat up the treacherous China Sea against a head wind—and jumped her home in eighty-eight days! Six months and fourteen days for the round voyage, and three weeks of the time consumed in discharging and loading! The Rainbow was a national sensation; and John Griffiths, a dreamer, might have been a hero, but he was not of the stuff which plays that kind of a part.

(Continued on Page 33)

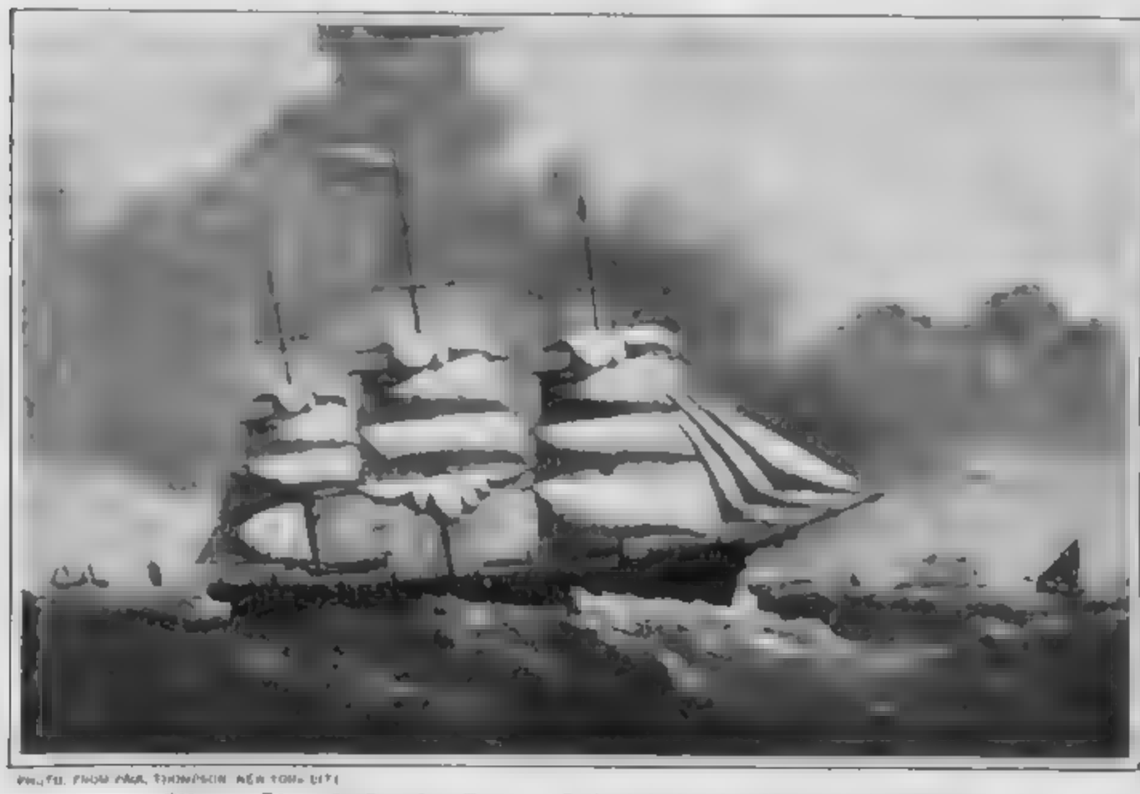


PHOTO. FROM PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Clipper Electric Spark—From a Painting in the Morgan Collection

PHOTO. FROM PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Clipper National Eagle—From a Painting in the Collection of Robert Bacon, Esq.

ON THE OTHER HAND

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Those Two Persons Ought Never to Be Married!"

RUFE P. HOLLAND could never forget his rôle of host. Inasmuch as the members of the Back Room Club of the Phœnix Hotel, in Bodbank, Illinois, contested among themselves for the privileges of illustrating great and small truths by narratives, Rufe appeared to feel that it would be unfitting to thrust any of his own reminiscences before the troupe of the little city's gray, distinguished citizens—judge, banker, contractor, doctor, stove manufacturer, school superintendent, and the others who made up the elastic dozen.

The fact, however, was this: In his capacity as proprietor of the old Phœnix he was, as Michael Lynch once said of him, "a turrible compendium av transient Bodbank, filled wid the awful knowledge possessed princip'ly be cabmen, confessors, night clerks, and our innocent, carefully raised young ladies under twenty-wan who are livin' in the era av what the furriners wud call 'savez-first.'"

There were exceptions to Rufe's self-suppression. One of them came one night when only old Bosville and Judge Antrim were left in the back room, staring at the other empty chairs, deserted early by Dame, the Apple Raiser; Malachi Sturges, of the Stove Trust; the Doc; and the pedagogue, George Henry Gunn. These chairs had been left in their human positions round the pot-bellied stove; and now, as Rufe's yellow fool dog preceded his master into the room he sniffed at each seat as if it supported a ghost with legs crossed and arms hanging comfortably over the chairback.

Rufe slid his rotundity into one of these vacant places, crowding out from it the personality that had been left there. He, too, tried to cross his legs as he always did; but his legs were much too short and fat to make a success of the pose and, as usual, he gave up the attempt with a resigned sigh.

"Low water!" said he. He referred to the Mississippi River, which rose and fell with the seasons on the brick-paved Levee at the foot of Main Street.

Before he had made sure that the judge—who, like all other mortals, could have and, like some others, did have, the toothache—and that old Bosville, whose rheumatism had "just moved," would not "desire the floor," one of the commercial travelers from the hotel office, sauntering into the back room, where angels feared to tread, planted himself in another chair.

Bosville, Antrim and Rufe all looked up and stared at the invader with the expressions of those persons who, having paid their pew rent in churches, find strangers sitting on the same cushion. There followed a silence in which the three natives wove the spell by which the stranger is eliminated and an agreement made that his presence shall be neglected.

"I was looking over the old register to-day," said Rufe.

"Don't find many signatures that autograph hunters would pay for?" snapped old Bosville, holding up a swollen finger joint to the light as if he might thus be able to see the cause of the inflammation.

"There's one I wouldn't go to sell."

"Who?" asked Antrim, squaring his legal jaw, ache and all.

"The signature of William Hope Vining Blackwell."

"Who?" exclaimed the judge and Bosville together.

"I thought so!" Rufe said triumphantly. "You don't remember. Both of you was away that summer."

The stranger began to snap a quill toothpick.

"Yes," said Rufe, glaring at him out of his blue eyes; "Blackwell—W. H. V. Blackwell. He came to town, directed here by what devil we knoweth not, to ooze out his wisdom, to keep his peace, to counsel the moderate course and to ruin two lives if possible. If you care to hear "

Well, it was about five o'clock one Saturday night, just after the W., L. & N. local had come down from the Junction, and the weather was sultry enough to please the fussiest fly among the millions that hung on the screen doors on Main Street waiting for a chance to get in before the thunderstorm broke.

You know the hush that comes just before one of those Iowa thunderstorms. Everything is still; and a man who has ever lived near the ocean thinks he can smell it then, for there is a kind of whisper in the air exactly like that which hangs over the sea.

I was sitting out front, under the old portico, so I could see the smoke, left by the passenger train that had wiggled along the shore curves of the river, roll out flat and hug the ground—a sign of rain; and I could hear the engine whistle at Riggs' Crossing, where the railroad attorney says the farmers take their dry cows to be killed by the railroad's negligence.

I was waiting to see who had come in on the four-fifty, so's I'd know how many perch to have fried and estimate the side orders, when I heard Nafe Bannon's old hack rattling up the hill and saw the head of his Jessie mare, with a straw hat on it, come up over the rise of ground. Poor old hoss—she's gone now! They tell me she gnawed off more running feet of wooden hitching posts than any other hoss alive. And not a stone to mark her grave!

Nafe drove up to the Phœnix' door and made a motion with his mouth. All the gestures he ever introduced in conversation were those of his mouth. He could make a pointer of the corner of his mouth and direct strangers round town with it; he could go down to the post office for the mail, and come back and puff out his lips and draw them in so as to say just as clearly as if he had said so, "Wasn't any!" And now he switched his face round so one corner of his mouth was trying to point to the passenger inside the old rattly hack and the other corner was flapping and excited, saying: "Look what I've brung!"

Just then there came a flash of lightning so near that it seemed the stranger inside the hack had spat it out of his throat, and the big drops of rain, which lay like two-bit pieces on the sidewalk, were followed by a swash of water so thick you couldn't see the front of Wilson's Block. But I must say I hardly noticed—the stranger was about the most impressive customer anybody would ever come across, not excluding reformers.

He must have been fifty. He was tall and stout in the middle, and tapered on the ends. On top he had a pointed dome so bald that there was no stopping place between front and back collar buttons. It gave a lofty and meditative appearance and looked like a head raised above those clouds of thought that prevent us ordinary folks from seeing into the clear skies of wisdom. On each side of the baldness there were two swatches of thin black hair, plastered upward toward each other in an attempt to cover the unseeded space. Down below, his feet were stuffed into pointed shoes; and he wore spats, just as if he wanted to show that one of his extremities could be flip in contrast to the solemn gravity of the other. He might have been a congressman, or a bishop traveling incognito, or a college president on the loose. You could not tell. He was some feller!

He stepped out of the old hack and under the portico, and drew his palm across his forehead as if he had come from a long way off. Then he straightened up and leaned on a cane as thick as a child's leg, and looked about. And, as luck would have it, young Peter Jamieson and Lucy Suydam had just run in from opposite sides of the portico to get out of the rain. Nice young healthy boy. Nice young healthy girl. And hardly knew each other. So they were just speaking together—formally.

Blackwell stopped the sweep of his majestic gaze when he saw them. He looked intently at one and then he looked searchingly at the other. He clasped the fat little book with its linen cover—the only baggage he carried—close under his arm; and suddenly he drew in a deep breath and with his big black cane pointed at the pair of fresh young things. And there he stood motionless, like a statue, against the background of the rain sheets until a flash of lightning and a roar of thunder had died away. Then he spoke in a voice that was hollow, like a sound coming out of a mausoleum. He said:

"Those two persons ought never to be married!"

There were a number of Bodbank folks standing there and one or two out-of-town men; and they all turned to look at William Hope Vining Blackwell, and then at the boy and the girl, who were so red—one from anger and the other from embarrassment—that they could not say a word. But the stranger with the deep-set eyes, who had pronounced against a marriage which nobody had ever thought of before, stalked up the steps and wrote his name with a flourish on the register.

"Any baggage to be sent up?" said I.

"The railroad has misplaced my baggage," said he.

And I, being in the hotel business some years, answered him like this:

"Three dollars!"

Why, I was ashamed of myself! He took out a roll of bills that would choke the biggest Percheron ever raised for weight; and he peeled off a twenty-dollar note and stood meditating whilst I was making change, as though money gave him no concern.

And he was the same about food—he never said: "When's supper?" Therefore, the man must be all intellect, I thought. And I was justified, for never in the course of his long stay in Bodbank did he say two words that weren't concerned with solving some problem; and it is easy to figure that, if fools talk all the time, silence means the contrary—especially with a high and noble forehead, and more especially round a hotel.

There was one exception, and that was when he came in from a trip to Marcellus Starr's men's-wear shop with a bundle of new shirts, collars and underwear, after he had made up his mind that the railroad never would find his trunk.

"Mr. Holland, I am a man of brevity. All I desire in this hotel and in this town is opportunity for a complete rest. I have left large affairs; and, to be confidential with you, I am incognito," said he.

"I trust you will get out of it soon," says I, misunderstanding.

"I mean that the vulgar name of William Hope Vining Blackwell is not my own," he said. "You would be surprised to know who I am. However, that is neither here nor there. I am a conservative person—if any question is asked of you, say that I am a conservative person. Do not forget—conservative person. If you follow my wishes and keep my confidences you may have a guest of me for an indefinite period."

That was all he said; and he minded his business and I minded mine. He sat out under the shade of the portico most of the day reading the same book, and watching folks pass on the streets as though he saw into their inmost thoughts; and once a day he would stalk out up Main Street,

and most of the time he would stare up into the sky, looking as though his thoughts were lofty, and other times he would look down as though he could see into the depths of everything. I says to myself:

"I wonder what he is really doing in Bodbank. There's some mystery about this man."

But I didn't have any handle to catch a-hold of a conversation with, except what he had said about the Jamieson boy and Suydam girl. I thought to myself:

"Now there's a nice young feller—Peter—who always looks neat, plays a good game of baseball, comes from quality people with some money; and no mother of a girl in Bodbank would lift her 'No' against him. And there's Lucy—a pretty girl, weighing about enough to be willowy or plump, according to the way you'd rather have it when you look at her; and any father in town would let her be his daughter-in-law without a peep. I guess I'll ask Blackwell what made him deliver his objection to their getting married."

So I did. He looked up from his book and knit his high and lofty and noble forehead, and meditated.

"Well, a radical might approve a marriage between those two young persons," said he; and there he paused and thought again. "But, on the other hand ——" said he. "Ah, yes—on the other hand ——"

That's all I got out of him; and so, when Bodbankers began to talk about Lucy and Peter, and link their names together for the first time, and gossip about rumors that they were engaged, I couldn't explain to anybody who asked me what the strange wise man had meant. Some said that Blackwell had discovered by his insight that young Peter Jamieson had the evil eye; and others said that probably Lucy had insanity 'way back somewhere in her family, and that the wise man had seen the signs; and others said that he had made up his mind that the natures of the two weren't balanced. And they asked me. All I could say, of course, was that, though something might be said in favor of the marriage, on the other hand there were reasons known to Blackwell against it.

I don't suppose there would have been any tragedy following on this if it hadn't been for the way the best people in town began, after the first month, to ask Blackwell questions, and then to see that he was a great philosopher; and, finally, to invite him to their houses to watch him think and get his decision on important questions.

But there was a tragedy. Young Peter Jamieson had played baseball and started in his career as assistant to Malachi Sturges, and had never given any thought to Lucy Suydam until old Blackwell had pointed his cane at him. And Lucy Suydam combed out her golden hair every morning without a thought of Peter Jamieson until old Blackwell had stated in his slow, hollow, careful way that she must not marry Peter. You might say the two had had their attention directed to one another, which is nine-tenths of love, according to the gospel of George Henry Gunn.

Therefore it wasn't three weeks, with all the talk about why and why not they should or should not get married, before Peter thought Lucy had been born to make his life worth living; and Lucy, in the woman's way, had agreed that he might be right about it, and had, at the same time, carefully hidden from him the fact that he had been created especially for her.

They might have gone on and stood together in front of the soda fountain, and watched the moon together, and slapped mosquitoes separately together on front porches, and ridden out to the end of the car line together, and together got married—if it hadn't been for Mr. Blackwell. He never saw them that he didn't hug the book he always carried and point at them with his cane, and say to whoever happened to be round, with that weighty voice of his:

"There go two young persons who never ought to be married!"

If a man heard Blackwell say this two or three times slowly—the way a judge pronounces sentence on a murderer—he would get to believing, sure enough, that Jamieson, Junior, and Lucy Suydam would put the times all out of joint, spill the beans and turn loose all the Furies if they ever went to a parson.

"They want to go to a parson now," said Goldman, the tobacconist, who knows everything in Bodbank. "But there's been a cloud thrown on their title to love. I understand there's some reason why they shouldn't be married. I don't know just what it is—but some reason. Too bad! Peter J. is desperately in love; he's playing mighty poor ball—no hits yesterday and three errors!"

"Well," says I, "it was Blackwell—you know Blackwell?—who started the objection to the marriage."

"And it's been like the scarlet fever," said Goldman. "They say old Jamieson went and made friends with Blackwell, and now he thinks Blackwell is the best adviser he's met in a long time.

"The old geezer told Jamieson that he'd better keep his son away from the Suydam girl and said, of course, it wouldn't do for him to say why, but that he had a reason—and a good one. Old Jamieson appreciated Blackwell so much that he asked him to come and speak at the Commercial Club to-morrow night."

It was true. Blackwell went to the Commercial Club meeting and sat up in the corner of the room, with his head down, lost in thought. Everybody enjoyed seeing him think. They all anticipated a speech of some length from him, filled with the fire and flame and sword, and soaring aloft of oratory; but he never made a vulgar appeal to the emotions like that. He spoke like a sage—a regular Diogenes.

"Gentlemen assembled," said he when he was called on, "I have heard much said on both sides of the subject of dredging the river at the Levee. All questions, gentlemen, have a positive and a negative side. It is best to consider each well, giving due weight to the need of caution. I am, if I may use the term, a conservative—a defender of institutions. I am respectful of the wisdom of the forefathers. I am an enemy of restless agitation. For those of you who I believe have a deep and profound perception, I will state an example of what I mean.

"Let me speak of funerals and offer you a suggestion. Funerals represent an economic waste. Consider the fact that respectable burials may be had for one-half the average amount now expended on them. Death is the great leveler. Therefore, all men, rich and poor, high and low, should be buried alike. We should standardize coffins, standardize burial lots, standardize the floral display. Through Federal or state laws, gentlemen, we should prohibit waste in funerals.

"Through such laws, without question, we could save fifty per cent of our national annual funeral expense. This saving would be an average saving of one hundred dollars a funeral, according to undertaking statistics. There is an average of four million funerals a year. Do you see the stupendous economic waste going on? Four hundred millions of dollars, my friends! Think of the universities, hospitals and insane asylums that might be built and endowed with this saving! What better memorial to the dead? What more useful change in custom could be made?"

Nobody had ever thought of that before. There was a pause and somebody began to applaud; and Lawyer Benton nodded his head; and Shook, the president of the Trust Company, gave a gasp; and then everybody clapped and clapped and clapped. They were with old Blackwell to a man. He appeared so earnest.

"But, on the other hand ——" said he.

Everybody suddenly grew still, as though a cold wind had blown on them.

"On the other hand, this is not a safe and sane view," said he. "No—it is not the conservative view; for funerals are conducted in pursuance of an old-established and time-tested precedent. The custom of honoring the dead according to our desires, our sentiments and our pocketbooks must be not too quickly overturned. As Marcus Aurelius said, 'Haste not in undoing the manners of yesterday, lest to-morrow buffet thee for thy rashness. Listen to the counsels of the past.' He was right. We should do poorly to interfere with those fundamental emotions of mankind honored by the majesty of the past.

"We should be acting without reckoning wisely; for no one can say that, once this insidious proposal to limit the expenses of funerals were to be adopted, then a movement might be set on foot to abolish funerals—heaven forbid!"

He spoke so carefully; he rolled out each word so much as if he had thought its meaning out beforehand; he trembled as he spoke; and at the end he drew the book he always carried out of his pocket and held it toward the ceiling—the only gesture he had made.

"Therefore, gentlemen, you may see that the careful course is the wise course. Each of you may apply this lesson of conservatism to the question of dredging the river in the way your conscience and judgment dictate. I am done."

He buttoned up his coat and stalked down through the chairs toward the door.

"A wise man," said Shook—"the kind of man needed badly in Bodbank."

"He makes me feel ashamed of myself," Bucknam, one of the biggest manufacturers of glucose in the Corn Belt, whispered. "I thought, at first, that the waste of millions in funerals was an outrage."

"Good night!" said Jamieson at the door. "Thank you."

"Good night, sir!" Blackwell answered. "And remember—there is a good reason against that marriage."

And he left Jamieson standing there nodding to himself, and maybe, at last, convinced that there was a good reason why everybody said that young Peter must not marry Lucy Suydam; in fact, they tell me that Jamieson, who once had a quarrel with Collier Suydam over a real-estate deal, went to Suydam and talked about combining with him to balk the hopes of the young feller and the girl.

Old Suydam, years ago, used to buy poultry and bid for standing crops all along the Mississippi here; so he was chewing on a blade of grass, like a trader.

All Four Men Jumped on Him—and You Never Saw Such a Struggle

"Your daughter is under age and you can forbid her," said Jamieson.

"Yep," said old Suydam.

"The two are certainly not adapted to each other, are they?"

"No."

"That's plain?"

"Yep."

"We never had a cooler thinking, more able man than Blackwell in Bodbank."

"No."

"You heard him night before last?"

"Yep."

"You Democrats haven't picked a man to run for the legislature yet?"

"No."

"Neither have we Republicans. It ought to be close this year, and I'd like to see the district, for once in its history, get a good man. Now you and I are the men who have this picking of candidates to do for each of our organizations."

"Yep."

"I'd like to go with you to a conference with Blackwell, to see whether he couldn't make some suggestion."

"That's good," said Suydam, throwing the blade of grass over his shoulder into the fountain that always plays in summertime in front of his big house. "I reckon Blackwell might have an idea. He's safe and sane."

"Then we'll do that; and you put your foot down with your girl, Lucy, and I'll put my foot down with Peter."

And that's the way they thought they had sealed the fate of a love affair between Lucy with her blue eyes and her spring-morning smile and her canoe, and Peter with his strong shoulders and his white teeth and his two-passenger motor car.

So they came down to see Blackwell and told him how nobody that was any good would run for the legislature in the district, and explained that Suydam was chairman of the Democratic Representative Committee, and Jamieson was Republican State Committeeman for Bodbank and Tullyville, and the fight for the legislature was going to be close and expensive, and they were tired of politics and had too much politics year in and year out, till all the glory was gone and no thanks or money for political work.

William Hope Vining B. put down his book and stared a long while down Main Street at the river. He stuck out one toe and started up a bunch of flies on a gumdrop somebody had dropped on the sidewalk; he blinked at the sun, and in other ways showed he was thinking.

"Now, gentlemen, I will tell you what the people of this district might do," said he at last. "Consider it radical if you will, but give the plan your attention. Now it is a fact that when you have a state campaign you never pay any attention to the business of the state or the district. Everybody talks national issues, like the tariff and the trusts and rivers and harbors—all questions with which your candidate will have nothing to do, even if he is elected.

"And furthermore, you cannot find a good man—a man with any standing or sense—to represent you. Why? Because the campaign is an expense to him in excess of the salary he will draw as a legislator; and because some blatherskite will be bawling out a storm of abuse and promising that he will reduce the cost of living; and because, under the present system, all the voters belonging to the other national party will criticize him no matter what he may do.

"Would it not therefore be better for those who can, in fact, no matter what the theory, nominate candidates, to join together to pick some excellent man who would give his service from a sense of civic duty? Ah, yes!—and say frankly to the voters what I have just said, and offer them this joint candidate, satisfactory to all. Thus would expense be saved; thus would idle controversy be avoided; thus, for once, there would be an efficient man in the legislative seat chosen by the people rather than by himself."

Suydam looked at Jamieson and Jamieson looked at Suydam.

"Bosville is the man," said Jamieson, full of approval.

"Bosville is the man," said Suydam, bubbling with enthusiasm.

But old Blackwell held up his open palm, cold and calm and lofty, like a combination of E. H. Sothern and Elihu Root, saying: "Heaven forfend!" And the old chill settled all about.

"On the other hand," said old Blackwell—"yes, on the other hand, to accept a radical suggestion like this is to upset the intentions and the wisdom of our forefathers. Through them we have the heritage of a constitutional form of government, and from it a bipartisan system that must be preserved. Deplorable breakdowns of established and tried systems of political machinery may be occasioned by tinkering with its forms. Thus, on wiser and more deliberate thought, gentlemen, you will see that the suggestion I have made should be rejected, along with other innovations so often proposed without reckoning on the checks and balances of our delicately adjusted democracy."

"Well, I guess you're right after all," said Jamieson, heaving a sigh.

"Yep," said Suydam.

No one spoke for several minutes. Finally, on the other side of the street, walking together, gazing into each other's eyes, went Lucy Suydam and Peter Jamieson.

"They must not marry!" said Blackwell, scowling.

"Mr. Jamieson and I have put a stop to it," said Suydam, unbuttoning his waistcoat.

"Correct!" said Jamieson.

And they went away.

Suydam told Lucy she must not let Peter come to see her; Jamieson told Peter he had reasons why he must ask his boy to cease the attentions to Lucy.

"What's the matter?" asked Peter.

"None of your business!" said his father.

Lucy asked old Suydam why he was trying to break her heart.

"Huh!" said old Suydam, stumped for an answer. "Why—why —— It's enough that I have my reasons. Older and wiser heads than yours have determined this matter."

Of course he was referring to one head—the great, high, noble and lofty dome of thought belonging to William Hope Vining Blackwell; but he didn't say so. He only spoke round town of his admiration for Blackwell's judgment on all questions pertaining to social and economic life.

The truth of it was, this stranger, after he had been in town a month, had more influence on the life of Bodbank than anyone else in it. Folks came to Blackwell for advice and went away with grave, sobered faces. When the city government thought it was about time to regulate the street-car and electric-light rates, he was consulted.

I remember how he told them, first, that regulation was an excellent thing to prevent excessive charges for service; but, on the other hand, it was an interference with economic law in which no wise city government should indulge, lest it drive industry away from the city and disturb the workings of the immutable principles of business.

Then, when the city wanted to buy the waterworks, the mayor drove down from City Hall in his runabout and talked to Blackwell. This time our friend said that no one could deny that it looked like a good proposition; but, on the other hand, a more conservative view was that unforeseen objections might arise.

"What are these objections?" asked the mayor.

The wise man stalked up and down the hotel office with his book and his cane. He seemed to be trying to control his anger.

"Why, sir, if I told you these objections they would not be unforeseen!" said he.

And during the next week that was a remark quoted all over Bodbank. Blackwell's stock went higher and higher.

Bucknam, the glucose manufacturer, said:

"In a day when men seem to have gone mad with discontent and desire for changes and experiments, and disrespect for the Constitution, a man with Blackwell's cool head and calm manner and deep insight and convincing and impressive personality is a godsend to this town. Go to him and ask what he thinks of the minimum-wage law! You'll see!"

Then Mrs. Firkin and Mrs. Bucknam, all upholstered in their best clothes, came to see Blackwell about woman's suffrage. They said they had been asked to join the movement because they were the social leaders of Bodbank; and usually women went suffrage or antisuffrage largely because of how much it got 'em among the right people. So they felt important and waited upstairs in the hotel parlor until the sage walked in with the step and bearing of a man in a tall hat.

"I know why you have come, ladies. This you disclosed in your note. And I am glad to answer you," said he, holding on to the veins in his forehead. "Let us analyze. This is a democracy, founded on the proposition that its individuals shall have, share and share alike, a voice in its direction. Women do not have this voice. Justice requires, therefore, that women who desire—be they only two, many or all—may have the right to vote. So much for justice.

"Next, we inquire whether the result of according justice and fulfilling the real intent of democracy is a good result on the community. I have heard that it was not; but I notice that woman suffrage is adopted in those political territories tangent to those communities in which it has been tried. I, therefore, cast aside all rumors of its failure and petty details of its shortcomings and trivial arguments, and use my common sense to reach the conclusion that the result of woman suffrage must be good, since those who observe it most closely adopt it.

"Next, we inquire as to its effect on women themselves. It is urged that women will have to divert their energies to politics. This means that it will be necessary for them to keep informed as to public affairs—a state of enlightenment which is not commonly attacked as undesirable—and then, once or twice a year, spend half an hour in the use of the ballot. What must our conclusion be?"

"I am a suffragist," said Mrs. Firkin.

"Votes for women!" said Mrs. Bucknam.

But Blackwell raised his hand.

"On the other hand, remember that wisdom requires us to be conservative," said he; and he puffed out his cheeks and blew up all he had said with one mental submarine. "Woman's place is in the home!" he said.

And the two women left, anti and dizzy.

I think our folks would have changed the name of Bodbank to Blackwell if he had stayed long enough. Of course that might be some exaggeration, but he certainly had our little city with a ring in its nose. You could always depend on him to save us from haste, and error, and being radical and going off half-cocked. With his little book, carried so long the title was all worn off, and his thick cane, and his high dome, and his cool hand raised with the palm holding off the hot attacks of Chaos, he was a kind of oracle, and his apostles were the population by the last census.

Half the town was walking round by the end of that summer thinking of yesterday. At the meetings of the Chamber of Commerce all the men had learned to vote "No." School children talked about "the wisdom of the forefathers." Young men and young women spoke to each other, between sundaes, of the glorious past. Families discussing questions over the wheatcakes and maple sirup all admitted that there were two sides to every question and the safest was best. I honestly believe, if Blackwell had not been blown up and his fur singed and his wings clipped, the Commercial Club would have changed the slogan Boost for Bodbank! to On the Other Hand!

Along in September the County Bar Association held its annual picnic and bath at Lake Tully. They had asked Blackwell, among others, to address them at the Grove. I did the catering for 'em, and so I was there and heard the sage give his famous speech on The Constitution.

He said that the Constitution was intended for the protection of the weak against the oppression of the powerful, but that now it was the protection of the powerful against attacks by the weak. He said that it was a funny thing that nowadays it was always the rich and powerful who were defending the Constitution, and that a rat might be smelled in that fact. He said that somehow, when the courts got a chance to stand on the Constitution, the decision always read a good deal like the brief of the corporation lawyer; and that the people could go on voting for something they wanted, and the legislature could go on

(Concluded on Page 37)

I Saw Somebody Sitting on the Fence as Still as a Man Cut Out of Black Cardboard

THE DESERT STRAIN

Royal Blood for American Horses

By DAVID BUFFUM

WHAT has the Arabian horse to do with the American cavalry? The great mass of people know him only as a creature of poetry and romance; others, more familiar with equine history, think of him as the horse by whose blood English breeders, in their dire need of greater speed and endurance, sought, more than a century and a half ago, to improve their racing stock. And all are prone to regard him as a figure of the past rather than as a practical working factor in the affairs of the present.

But the Arab horse is not a figure of the past. In his own little corner of the world, and to some extent in both England and America, he is still bred as painstakingly and as perfect in form and quality as ever. He is still the King of Horses. And to-day a greater need confronts us than ever confronted the English breeders of racing stock—a need for which no suitable remedy has yet been found, and which, in the light of present conditions in Europe, stands out in sharper and sharper distinctness—the need of a supply of horses, right in kind and sufficient in number, for our cavalry.

In the supplying of this need, if we heed the lessons of the past, we must regard quality no less than numbers. To this end the Arab points the open way, for the simple reason that no other horse possesses the requisite qualities in so high a degree. As a lifelong horseman and breeder of many types I say this without hesitation. And for the production of a sufficient number I will point out what I have long believed to be not only the best and most practical way but the only one by which it can be always at hand.

But, first of all, let us inquire what manner of horse is an Arab—for I have been repeatedly surprised to find how few people really know anything about him, or even how he looks. So let me try to introduce you to him—to make you acquainted with him. In doing this I shall first take you not to his native desert but to quite another place; a place where, at the time of which I shall speak, he was a stranger in a strange land, and where was enacted one of the most romantic chapters in his long and romantic history.

Jubil—A Pure Al Khamish Arab Bred in America

A Royal Gift From King to King

THAT place was England; the time, the early part of the eighteenth century. John Bull is earnestly engaged in raising horses and seeking to improve their speed and endurance mainly by constantly selecting the native stock most prominent in those qualities. Meantime several choice animals of Arabian or closely allied stock have been brought to England—among them the Byerly Turk, Curwen's Barb and the now world-famous Darley Arabian. John had bred some of his best mares to these horses and the result had been most gratifying; but he had not yet realized the full significance of this fact, or that in Arabia—not in England—lies the true source of the qualities he was seeking.

About this time the Bey of Tunis sent as a present to the King of France several choice Barbary horses, each with a Moorish slave in attendance. They were intended as and truly were a princely gift; but they were of a type to which the French king was wholly unaccustomed and he regarded them as of little value. Squire Bull, of Staffordshire, England, would have said: "Though not equal to our best British stock, y'know, they're pretty cattle, egad!" And Joel Briggs, of Hardscrabble Center, Maine, would have observed: "The critters are put up just right for road service, b'gosh!" But His Majesty with royal nonchalance ordered them sold for what they would bring and the grooms set at liberty. In this way all the horses but one were completely lost sight of; and this one, whose Moorish name was Scham, was acquired by a drunken carter and set at work hauling a garbage cart.

The horse's groom, whose name was Agba, was thus separated from his charge and for weeks knew nothing of his whereabouts. But he was keenly alive to the fact that, however the horse might be underestimated in France, in Tunis, where king and commoner alike were horsemen, he was adjudged of great value. He resolved to find the horse and, if possible, acquire him by a term of service. Adrift as he was in a strange city and knowing but little of the language, the search was no easy matter; and when he finally discovered the horse—which was late one evening in one of the poorest parts of the city—he found him miserably stabled, covered with harness galls and sores, and so emaciated as to be hardly recognizable. He threw his arms round the horse's neck, and with many caresses and words of endearment proceeded to make him as comfortable as the shed and its meager equipment permitted.

While he was thus engaged the carter appeared. Scornfully and perhaps naturally rejecting Agba's offer to purchase the horse by a term of service, he ordered the Moor out of the stable. The latter had no alternative but to obey, but he by no means gave up his purpose. In some way and at some time so precious an animal must be rescued from his wretched situation. Meantime he must be cared for and his strength kept up. By doing sundry odd jobs about the city Agba managed to pick up a little money; and with this, often stinting himself of needed food, he bought grain and medicine, and, surreptitiously visiting Scham at night, he fed him, bathed his wounds and otherwise afforded him what comfort he could. There is little question that the horse would have died during this period had it not been for this care and attention.

One day an English Quaker, who was staying in Paris, saw Scham pitifully struggling with a load that he could not draw, his master meantime applying a heavy whip. The Quaker, who at once ordered a halt, was not only humane but he was also a horseman—an excellent combination, by the way; and his practiced eye promptly took in the points of equine excellence the French king so signally failed to discover. Clearly this was no ordinary horse. Examining him and satisfying himself of his age and soundness, he at once purchased him of the carter. Agba, who soon learned of the event, now sought the Quaker and told his story, with the result that he was hired as groom for Scham, and both were sent to the Quaker's country seat in England.

Thus, the horse first found himself on English soil; and here, under good feed and treatment, he soon regained his original beauty and spirit. Indeed, he regained the latter in too large a degree for his own good, for the Friend's family, accustomed as they were to colder-blooded animals, became afraid of him; that a horse should apparently be absolutely tireless and show at the end of a long and hard ride even more spirit than at its start seemed to them almost uncanny. So he was sold to a livery-stable keeper named Rogers.

Agba, greatly chagrined at the occurrence, left the Friend's employ and sought a position with Rogers; but the latter refused to hire him. This proved a mistake, for Scham was getting more grain than he was accustomed to in his native land and he needed skillful management. Under the care of Rogers' grooms he grew irritable and vicious, and soon Rogers himself could do nothing with him.

Agba now applied a second time for employment—doubtless with the "I told you so!" that is always so exasperating to the man who is wrong. Rogers not only refused to hire him but forbade him the premises. Agba, however, continued to hang round the stable, visiting the horse when he could; and, to put a stop to this, he was finally arrested when caught one night scaling the stableyard wall, with some carrots in his pocket that he had brought for Scham, and put into jail on a charge of attempted burglary.

News of this occurrence reached Lord Godolphin, who lived in the neighborhood and had already heard from the Quaker the story of the horse and the Moor's remarkable devotion to him. He procured Agba's release, took him into his own employ and bought the horse of Rogers, who was exceedingly glad to get rid of him. Scham, with Agba in charge, was now sent to the Godolphin breeding stables.

Scham's Fortunes Change for the Better

AGBA was overjoyed; the horse was now again owned by a great sheik. But if the Moor thought, as he doubtless did, that the horse's real value was now recognized he was soon to learn his mistake, for Godolphin regarded Scham only as an interesting specimen of the Oriental stock, in no way comparable to the English-bred horses that formed his stud, and had no thought of using him as a sire. The head of the stud—the horse that held the place of honor in the stables—was an English-bred stallion named Hobgoblin, and to him the best mares were bred. But Agba had determined that, by hook or by crook, Scham should have a chance to show his value as a sire.

Among others that had been selected to breed to Hobgoblin was a beautiful mare named Roxana. She was a daughter of Flying Childers and so a descendant of the Darley Arabian, and was considered one of the best mares in the stables.

When the day arrived that she was to be bred to Hobgoblin one of the grooms stood holding her near the center of the stableyard while, from a gate at the farther end, the head groom entered, leading Hobgoblin. A surprise was in store for the head groom. As he passed the inclosure where Scham was kept, its door was suddenly thrown wide open and Scham, with a shrill neigh, rushed out. Owing partly to his past record and partly to stories circulated by Agba, Scham was greatly feared in the stables, and when he came thus loose into the yard both grooms deserted their horses and fled. Hobgoblin, however, was more brave; he at once challenged the intruder, and in a moment the fight was on.

If the grooms, from their reserved seats outside the gate, were not too frightened to offer a bet or two on the result of the encounter we may be sure they offered them on Hobgoblin, for he was much the larger and heavier of the two horses. But they little knew the spirit of a true son of the desert; for, not to go into details, Scham thrashed the big stallion, thrashed him thoroughly and well, thrashed him till he ignominiously fled, leaving Roxana to his conqueror, who thus triumphed in both love and war.

When all was over and Scham, again in his stall, was being petted and groomed by Agba, the head groom

(Continued on Page 44)

THE PURPLE MONKEY

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

Even at Fourteen Below, What I Saw Made My Blood Tingle

"The only true aristocracy is that of youth, health and kindliness."—*Philosophy of Parradym.*

I AM a respectable married man, otherwise —— But no, such a thing would have been impossible under any circumstances! However, the situation held all sorts of romantic possibilities. Therefore, lest my own part in the matter be misunderstood, let me state emphatically at the beginning that my attitude toward Irene St. Claire was only Platonic—or, at most, quasi-paternal. I am not the hero of this sentimental adventure, even if, by the wildest stretch of a movie fan's imagination, I might have been; and I protest I had the merest good-natured interest in the girl. What happened, so far as I was concerned in it, was due in the first instance to a perfectly natural curiosity regarding a distinctly alluring profile; second, to an indiscreet yielding to a friend's commercial instinct; and finally to an abnormal and perhaps uncontrolled instinct of self-preservation.

It was a bitter, wildly imprudent night for being abroad. A fierce northeast storm had swept down from off the icy plains of Labrador and enveloped the city in a whirling snowcloud. Surface traffic had stopped early in the day and the superintendent of street cleaning had surrendered unconditionally to Nature after one glorious but futile effort to oppose the charging myriads of the inexhaustible North. By six o'clock Fifth Avenue was piled high with glittering drifts. The piercing lances of Boreas drove unhindered down the white tunnel they had cleared from Central Park to Washington Square, and challenged the passage northward of man, machine and beast. The sidewalks and pavement had been swept bare by the dry, biting blast; but, just above, the darting currents of granulated particles bored mercilessly along the avenue, tearing one's breath from one's mouth, pinching one's nostrils, buffeting one with Homeric blows, and lashing the eyes into smarting tears that froze instantly on the cheeks.

I was the only fool out—else I should never have met Irene St. Claire. I had been delayed at my office by the vagaries of a will contest and emerged from the Subway at Forty-second Street, to be sent staggering and dazed among the car tracks by a gust that crushed all the air from my lungs. Being a stubborn creature of habit I jammed my hat over my ears, burrowed with my mouth and nose into my inadequate coat collar, and, recklessly vowing to make East Seventy-third Street afoot or die in the attempt, threw myself against the Ku-Klux warriors from the Arctic. One moment, and they had swathed me in their own white garments; the next, and they had commenced my initiation into the Thirty-third Degree of Nature's mysteries. I "rode the goat" head on into the blast—tweaked, jerked, slapped and pounded by icy devils. Thus, staggering half-blinded under the blue of the shrouded arcs, I gained the portal of my club, craved succor of an incredulous but kindly waiter, and, fortified by a hot Scotch, plunged out once more into the dancing storm. And as again I turned up the Avenue the gale paused and drew breath.

Was it that the tempest sought to deal gently with the delicate features of Irene St. Clair? Was this mad outbreak of the gods half sentient and somehow conscious of human beauty? I fancy so. Sometimes we may know these things; but the storm paused, and in the hiatus—or, rather, the vacuum—that ensued I straightened up like a man again, dashed the icedrops from my eyes, and strode bravely up the Avenue, even daring to marvel at the mystery of the yellow-bluish circles cast by the lamps on the shining drifts.

And just then out of the swirling clouds of silent snow, with a gentle fluttering of angels' wings—or perhaps the rustle of an angel's harem skirt—came Irene. Of course I didn't know it was Irene then. I didn't know what it was! I saw her first as a bigger snowflake circling at a height commensurable with that of second stories, darting streetward, only to be caught up in the wind's arms again and tossed high above the arc lights. Then she fell swiftly and, landing lightly on the sidewalk, coasted ahead of me on the ice film just beyond my outstretched hand.

Only a piece of pasteboard! I thought; but in that same moment I knew I was mistaken. This object had a personality, an insouciance, a piquancy, all its own. It skated merrily along, laughing at me, as it were, thrusting its tongue into its cheek and beckoning me on to come and catch it if I could. Just like Irene St. Claire! What a fool a middle-aged fellow must look chasing a bit of pasteboard along an icy sidewalk! Yet how many fools of all ages and conditions have pursued bits of pasteboard! So, like the others, I pursued mine—slipping and sliding, trying to preserve my center of gravity where it ought to be, often on the point of grabbing the thing or putting my toe on it, only to have it glide gently away, waving its hand, so to speak, in a tantalizing *au revoir!*

This performance continued for an entire block, until at last, immediately in front of the Hotel St. Regis, the object, whatever it was, decided to stop beneath a street lamp and wait for me. But I was wise to its tricks! It couldn't fool me! I knew that, just as I was about to lay my fur-gloved hand on it, it would go skipping off again, and I resolved to be exactly as *rusé* myself. I deliberately walked right by the deceitful thing—leaving it lying there. Of course I watched out of the corner of my eye for it to start on again at the first suggestion of interest on my part; but it didn't move. It stayed perfectly still—except for a tremulous little fluttering—as though it were wearied of our foolish game, were ready to give up, and were half tearfully whispering: "Here; I surrender. Come and pick me up!" Just like Irene St. Claire—perhaps.

I somehow realized all this. The pasteboard was lying motionless and I cast a surreptitious glance up and down the avenue. I am much too dignified a person to pick up anything on a public street. If I drop a nickel I let it go. Father used to say: "Son, if your hat blows off, never bother to pick it up—some fool will always run after it for you." And though that may seem to be invoking a different principle, it helped form my habit never to pick up things. But that pasteboard had me hypnotized. We were the only two—I was going to say "living"—things out there in that storm, and the temperature was fourteen below zero. It had been poking fun at me, teasing me along after it for at least five minutes, and now it was tired out.

There was no one in sight. For a bare instant the wind had fallen and the snowflakes had curved down almost into the vertical. Swiftly, like some carnivorous animal, I turned and placed my hind paw on it. I had it fast! Then I seized it with both hands and held it to the light. Even at fourteen below, what I saw made my blood tingle.

II

"YOU say you found it?" repeated my wife in a suspicious tone as the butler vanished with the cocktails. "Where did you find it, Roscoe?"

"Yes, Roscoe," echoed the great man who had come to dinner; "yes, Roscoe." He winked and shook his finger at me. "Come on now and tell us the truth. Where and how did you come into possession of the photograph of this very—hem!—charming young woman?"

"I told you I found it on Fifth Avenue," I replied with emphasis. "It came sailing down out of the air like a—a ——"

"A love bird!" he grinned with a foolish snicker.

"Oh, cut that out!" I retorted, slightly indignant. "Look here, now: Do you suppose if there had been anything—er—queer about that picture I'd have trotted it straight out for you both to see as soon as I got home? I tell you it blew right down out of the storm and went skittering along in front of me—gave me the devil of a chase. I think it must have fallen out of the window of some hotel, you know."

"A windfall?" hazarded our guest, Mr. Billings, who owns the daily newspaper that has that five hundred thousand bigger circulation than any other.

"How romantic!" contributed my wife rather stiffishly. "What time did you leave your office, Roscoe?"

"Yes, I think the thing must have blown out of a window," I repeated pensively, ignoring her query.

"And a pretty cold night for windows to be open, don't you think?" she added.

"That's my only explanation. You will have to take it or leave it. Anyhow, now she's here, what do you think of her?" I resumed in a jovial, careless way.

My wife held the big photograph under the glowing lamp and studied it with care, while I looked over her shoulder.

"To tell you the truth," she answered at last, "she's the prettiest thing I ever saw in my life! Look at the curve of that chin! And the saucy way that nose tilts, just the shadow of a millimeter! What color eyes has she, Roscoe?"

It was asked with studied unconsciousness.

"No you don't!" I replied. "Sorry I can't oblige you. Wish I knew myself—or how I could find out. I'd even pay a moderate sum to satisfy my curiosity. I agree with you. Bar one, that's the prettiest girl I ever saw—I mean whose picture I've ever seen!"

"Oh, Roscoe!" murmured my wife. "He's such a flatterer!"—to Mr. Billings.

"She's certainly a Lulu!" he remarked judicially. "Should you say she was a blonde or a brunette?"

"Blonde, of course," she answered at once. "You can see the lights in her hair. She's one of those rather large, high-colored, golden-headed girls with dark eyes. A débutante, probably. There's nothing on the picture to tell. I suppose you could find out by ——"

"How?" inquired our guest eagerly.

"I really don't know!" she concluded with a quick glance in my direction. "I've noticed Roscoe has a fondness for blondes."

"What nonsense!" I cried. "You know I've no eyes for anybody in the world but you."

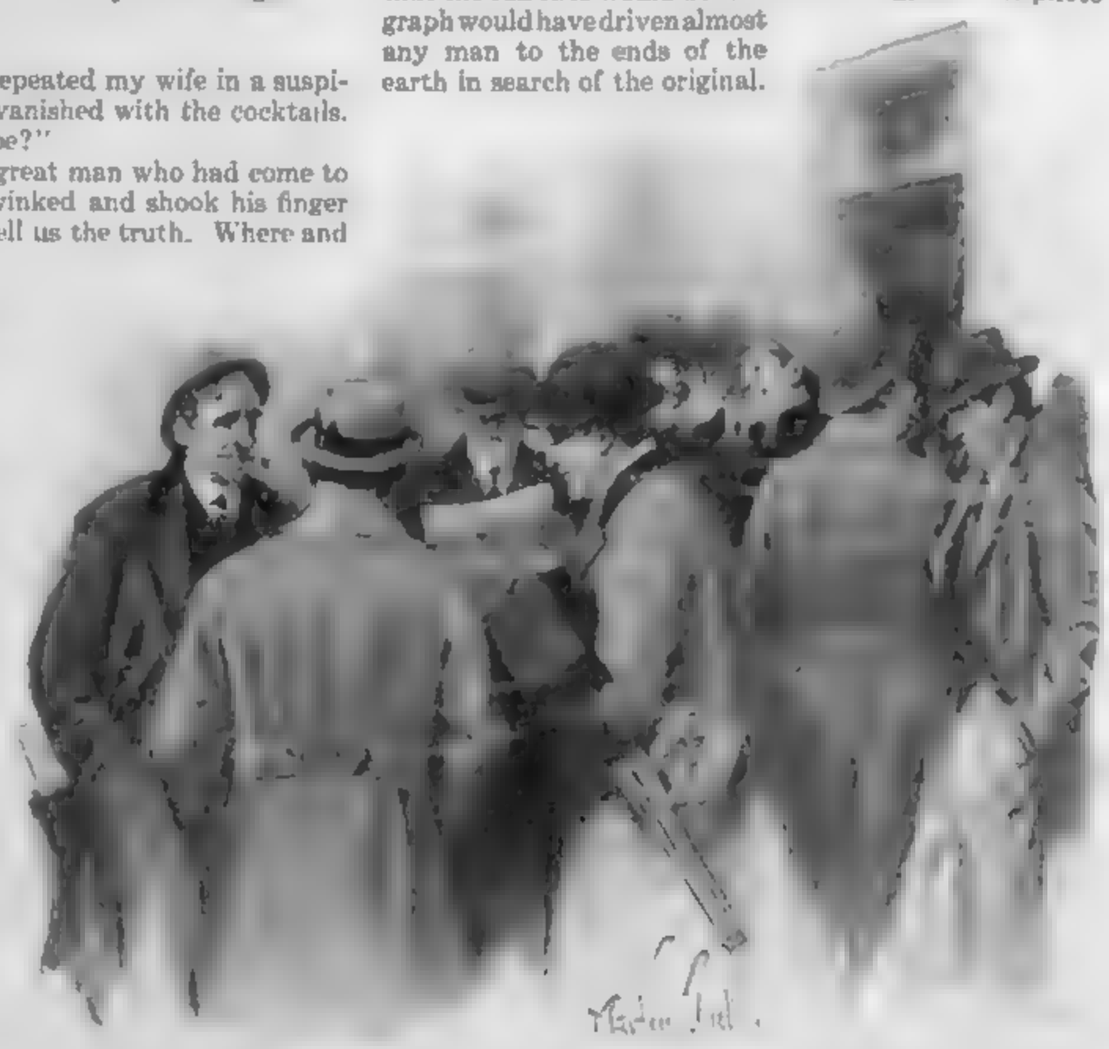
I said this in a clearly audible tone for the benefit of Welford, our butler, who announced dinner at this moment.

The great man offered his arm to my wife and then picked up the photograph from the table with a gesture that was almost a caress.

"I want to look at it," he explained in apology. "Let's invite her to make a fourth at table."

"Perhaps you'd prefer to dine with her alone?" suggested my wife. "Roscoe and I might arrange to eat in the library."

The editor laughed good-naturedly and, unmindful of her banter, placed the girl's photograph directly in front of him, beneath the candles, where Welford eyed it with interest whenever he passed a dish. As my wife had admitted, the face in the picture was one of rare beauty; but it was in profile only. There was the ultimate chance that the full face would be less entrancing; but the photograph would have driven almost any man to the ends of the earth in search of the original.



In My Absence They Had Swarmed Down and Doubtless Had Done Their Worst!

"That," declared Billings fervently as he swallowed his last clam, "is the Typical American Girl—Uncle Sam's Daughter—the Goddess of Liberty! You don't get 'em outside the United States. They are *sui generis*—indigenous to the North American continent. That girl combines—as no Teuton, Slav or Latin can—vivacity and virtue, dignity and deviltry, culture and coquetry ——"

"Muscle and morality, passion and purity, spirituality and seductiveness—what a pity you ever left off writing leaders and descended to owning the paper!" interrupted my wife.

"All the same, isn't what I say true?" he insisted. "Doesn't that face make the Mona Lisa look like thirty cents?"

"She always did look like thirty cents," said my wife.

"Well, any famous or classic beauty that occurs to you—Lady Hamilton, for example? There's something in this girl's face that they haven't got. Comes from having nerves, drinking ice water, reading the Sunday comics - I don't know what it is. I'll bet that girl is like a Damascus blade—will bend but never break; she's sharp but absolutely safe; she's ——"

"There you go again!" retorted my wife. "Help, Roscoe!"

"In a word, she's got edge!" concluded Billings.

"More likely temper!" corrected his hostess.

"No doubt!" he answered pensively. "One wouldn't want to marry a cow."

"This flirtation has gone far enough!" My wife rose, snatched away the picture and placed it face downward on a chair. "I've always wondered why you never married," she remarked as we resumed our seats. "From your conduct this evening I should judge you one of the most susceptible of your sex."

"I've never had the time," he sighed. "I've always devoted myself to mere circulation—and we've got seven hundred thousand a day!"

"But circulation depends on the heart," said she. "Get a good wife and perhaps you'd have a million a day."

The great man produced an enameled cigarette case and slowly removed a bulbous cigarette that resembled a small bale of hay.

"Who do you think she is?" he asked seriously.

"A society girl, of course—pardon the phrase," I answered.

"Anyone can see she's a lady," answered my wife. "That modeling of the brow—you get that only in class."

"Yes, she's got a breedy look," admitted the editor; "but that's the queer thing about us Americans—you find that look in shopgirls and in the waitresses in summer hotels. There isn't any corner in blue blood here. It's been pretty well spilled round. And I believe it's been jolly well improved. That girl in the picture might be anything ——"

"Might be!" I interrupted scornfully, resolved that my harmless romance should not be decried. "If we only knew I've no doubt she's the success of the social season—the reigning toast ——"

"Perhaps," agreed Billings. "I've a mind to try to find out. Incidentally I can test the energy and keenness of my staff at the same time."

"How?" we both asked in the same breath.

The editor took out a gold pencil and scribbled on the back of an envelope.

"How would that do?" he inquired, tossing it to my wife.

"'Personal,'" she read aloud: "'Owner of young lady's photograph blown from Fifth Avenue window last evening may have same by proving title and identifying subject to Finder, Room 1143, —— Wall Street, City.'"

"Why, that's Roscoe's office!" she exclaimed. "I don't know about ——"

"Yes; but it isn't necessarily Roscoe—it might be his office boy," he explained quickly. "No one will connect Roscoe with it for a moment. Nobody knows his room number anyway. You see, to a newspaper man a notice like that ought to mean a story. If it didn't he wouldn't be worth his salt. What I want to find out is whether my press boys are worth theirs. Put that in our personal column and I'll not say a word to a soul. Then let's see how many of 'em will scent a romance. Great Scott! I'd have been down at your office in my young days before the rollers had inked the presses. I'd have hiked down on the raw proof if I'd seen a notice like that. But"—he shook his head—"times are different. They don't seem to have the necessary imagination.

"Now when Sutton and I were cubs, if we'd seen a thing like that it would have meant—oh, everything!—to either of us. I can see Bill—he owns the Universe now—doing at least two columns of blazing stuff out of that ad. The picture would be that of a multimillionairess, whose father had forced his way up from the honest ranks of toil; and poor old Roscoe, here, would be the younger son of a proud but land-poor English peer, come to the States to seek his fortune and save the family castle from foreclosure.

"And Bill would have got away with it too! He'd have dug 'em up! If the picture didn't happen to be the right

"Doesn't That Face Make the Mona Lisa Look Like Thirty Cents?"

picture or the fellow that picked it up the right fellow—he'd have arranged for substitutes or to have the whole thing done over again. But I don't believe there's anybody spry enough in the Universe to see that story now. Story? Why, it's a full-fledged novel! Oh, Lord! I wish I was a cub again!"

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars there are just as many Suttons to-day as there were then," said I. "I'll bet you if I put in that notice there will be a reporter down at my office inside of two hours to find out what it means."

"I'll take you!" he exclaimed. "Of course there will be from my paper, but not from the Universe. Oh, no! Why, that paper is dying of dry-rot!"

"Well, we'll see!" I replied. "I'll put the notice in to-morrow."

"And we may find out who the lady is, besides!" he chuckled with a glance at me.

My wife clapped her hands. Then she stopped rather abruptly and said:

"Only I hope nothing will happen to reflect on Roscoe."

III

TWO days afterward I had forgotten all about that photograph. As agreed, I had put the notice in the evening edition of the Universe for the following day and then had dismissed the matter from my mind. Now it was a newborn world on which I looked from the windows of the Elevated. A sky of vaporous blue, sunlight of dazzling brilliancy flooding a city of virginal white, and a gentle zephyr from the soft southwest proclaimed the blizzard but an ill-timed jest of a benevolent though somewhat rough natural deity. Blue and white! Blue and white! It was a fairy city, a happy city—with all its grime and squalor wiped away; a celestial city for all sorts of adventurous angels to flutter round in and not even soil the tips of their shining wings. It was a day to set the stodgy hearts of still more stodgy men singing in their stodgy breasts.

So, as I left the Elevated at Rector Street and crossed through the arcade of the Empire Building, my heart sang, too, and I thought of all the joyous things I'd like to do—but never will—such as cruising in the Easter Islands, shooting lions in East Africa, like—or perhaps with—Lady Grace McKenzie, hunting for sunken Spanish galleons in the Caribs or playing golf with some judge of the Supreme Court at Garden City; and I was dreaming of these enchanting but quite impossible things when I entered my own office building on Wall Street and stepped inside the elevator.

"Good morning!" said I cheerily to the son of Ethiop who takes our lives in his steel basket and is known as Marcus Aurelius Epaminondas Johnson, or mere Marc for short. "What is the news this morning?"

Marcus shot the steel door to with a careless clang and nonchalantly threw over his lever. The car flew upward with the velocity of an eight-pound rocket.

"Great doin's on de 'lebenth flo'!" said Marcus in a mysterious manner. "Great doin's—an' no *mis*take! Hyeh! Hyeh!" he chuckled. "Dat lady reporter, she sutt'nly was a strenuous pusson! She jes done took dat office boy of yourn by de ear and walk 'im to de do'—I seen her—an' she say: 'You ain' got de key to Misteh Thompson's room, ain' you? Well, you jes go right down to de janitor an' get one from him quick or I'll eat you alive!' she says. Hyeh! Hyeh! An' she made a face at him like she was a hyena!"

"Key to my room?" I repeated.

"Sho'! Dey was all in yo' room! I never see so many peoples a-crowdin' into an office since I was in de building. Dey dere yet!"

"What did they want? People from where?" I inquired innocently.

"Reporter peoples," replied Marc as he brought the car to a stop. "Camera-mens. Dere dey are—look fer you'self!"

I gazed open-mouthed. The door of my suite of offices was wide open and gathered round it was a group of lean, disillusioned gentlemen of all ages in whom I unhesitatingly recognized Marcus' reporters. Horrible misgivings seized me. While it had been none other than myself who had wagered on their appearance at this very spot, no one was less prepared for their descent than I. And in my absence—while, in very fact I slept—they had swarmed down on it and doubtless had done their worst! Who should say what? But I must preserve a brave front. He who should hesitate would indeed be lost. I must at once gain the fastnesses of my inner sanctum and there ascertain what had occurred.

The lean cohort opened its ranks to allow me to enter the office and immediately closed in behind me, barring my escape. They had an insufferably patronizing manner and their appearance gave me no joy though it indicated presumably that I had won my bet.

"Well, boys!" I crowed, assuming a heartiness I was far from feeling. "Just give me a minute with my mail and I'll be at your service."

One or two condescended to nod in reply and all trooped uninvited into the main office after me. Most of them were smoking cigarettes and there were three with large cameras and tripods. I loathed them, fully conscious that with such a crew something might well happen to reflect on Roscoe after all.

With the door of my private office safely shut between me and these printers' devils, I rang for Jimmie McCray, the handy youth who serves our legal papers and acts as guide, philosopher and friend to those of us who share the suite.

James is not a graduate of any school save that of experience, where he has taken several degrees. He can keep accounts after a fashion, can manipulate the plugs of the telephone board—to me one of the great mysteries of the universe—can pound the typewriter a little, can throw out a book or life-insurance agent with marvelous certainty, and is an authority on batting averages and the history of modern pugilism. He is tall, broad-shouldered and broad-natured, and his roguish Irish face has a shrewd joviality that is contagious.

Altogether, though doing nothing very well, he can and does make himself indispensable to all of us, and we do not grudge him the eighteen dollars a week that is his. On this he supports a widowed mother in Jersey City and dresses with an elegance that leaves my partners and myself fuming with envy. He came in answer to my bell.

"What on earth has happened down here?" I demanded impatiently.

Jimmie grinned.

"Sure, they read your ad. in the Universe about the girl's picture. What'd you expect? I read it myself. 'Gee!' I says. 'The boss must be easy.' But when I came in this morning and got my lamps on it you could have knocked me down with a fan! Say, she's a peacherino!"

"Who? What are you talking about?" I snapped.

"The girl, of course! Didn't you leave it on your desk yesterday, in plain sight? That lady reporter spotted it right off the bat. Tommy, the new kid office boy, swears she made him go down to the janitor and ask for a key, so's to get into your office. When I got here two different photographers had taken pictures of it and the lady reporter had gone off with it entirely. Now they're round to get the story, as they call it. Holy Mike, but I'd like to hear it myself! Say, who is she?"

"I don't know, Jimmie," I answered sadly. "If I had known I never should have got into any such mess as this. But we must get rid of those reporters at once. Let 'em come in one at a time."

"All right, boss!"

He darted through the door and I could hear him bullying the hardened group outside.

"Here you! One at a time now, he says. Yes, you—you can go in first."

Another moment and the person addressed as "you" entered and stood before me.

He was a weather-beaten, wizened, scrawny youth—that reporter—of, I should judge, about fifty severe winters, with a sagacious, deprecating face and an apologetic manner, as though to say he was sorry to cut your throat but that it had to be done. This Chief Devil wore a jaunty green fedora, yellow chamois-skin gloves and a cane; and he filled me with indescribable aversion, albeit his corrugated face was wrinkled in a saurian smile.

"Well," he remarked gayly, "'the villain still pursued her.' May I offer you a cigarette—the worst? No? Well, pardon me! As we were saying: 'She could feel his hot breath on her cheek.' What's the answer? Tell me, for I must know. We're in the business, you understand. And nothing goes but facts! Is this a stall? Or what is it? Sutton had me on the phone just as I was about to jump into the slats at five A. M. I'd taken in the fight over at Ebbett's Field. 'Say,' he says, 'did you spot that ad. in our personal column?' Of course I said yes, though I hadn't. 'Well,' he says, 'you run that down. It may be a fake or it may be something big.' 'Something big!' he says. I'm telling you just what he said. Now what is it? Get me?"

The fellow talked so glibly that his odious patter confused me.

"You use such extraordinary language," I began.

"Oh, can it!" he remarked dryly. "Now let me tell you something: Distinguished lawyer advertises for beautiful girl ——"

"How do you know I did?" I gasped.

"By the highly approved process of elimination. Your elderly partners have all violently repudiated the whole thing. As I was saying—advertises for pretty girl. Why? Of course it is hardly probable that a respectable lawyer of high standing would have any personal interest in a strange young lady—you follow me?"

"I should say not!" I gasped with obvious indignation.

"And it is equally improbable that he would lend himself to any press-agent work—get me? That's the point here. We ordinarily wouldn't touch any of this fell-in-love-with-her-picture stuff; but when you—Mr. Roscoe Thompson—seem to be mixed up in it the thing begins to take on some class. Now who is it wants to meet the girl?"

"Really, I don't know by what right you come prying into my affairs!" I exploded, and then instantly repented.

"Oh, your affairs!" whistled Mr. Chief Devil. "Well, well! Who'd have suspected the Honorable Roscoe Thompson trying to pick up an acquaintance with a beautiful unknown? It's worth two cols."

"Don't be ridiculous!" I shouted. "That personal was put in for a reason."

"Of course," nodded Mr. C. D., "there's a reason. There's a reason!" he crooned, looking out the window. "Well, out with it!"

"It was put in at the request of"—I coughed—"a client."

"Oho! A client! Who is he?"

I compressed my lips and endeavored to look mysterious. Across a vast immeasurable gulf I dimly seemed to see my wife and our guest of two evenings before, and faintly to hear the echo of Billings' voice as he said: "Sutton would have made her a multimillionairess and the fellow who found the picture the son of an English peer." And this was Sutton's hired creature! Surely it was permissible to defend oneself against his unscrupulous wiles. I knew that if I did not tell him something the rascal would ruin my reputation forever.

"I can't give you his name," I whispered, affecting great discreetness; "but he's the son of a well-known English peer—an old client of the firm."

The Chief Devil pulled out a little wad of gray paper and a large, soft pencil.

"*Pardonnez-moi!*" he remarked curtly to me, stepping to the door. "Come on in, boys. English-earl story. Maud Muller stuff. Forebears rattled round with Noah in the Ark, and all that sort of thing. Velvet sward and deer on the piazza, but plumbing sadly in need of repair. Got it down?"

They had surged in as he spoke and were lackadaisically scribbling all round me.

"Now for a few details," continued Mr. Chief Devil. "How long has he been here? Is he a chorus man?"

"A what!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, aren't you familiar with the word? Translated it means 'Is the English Johnny in the chorus?'"

"Oh, no," I protested. "On the contrary, he's very much of a swell."

"And all this picture-falling-from-window stuff—is that on the level?"

"Well, rather!" I answered, beginning to feel somewhat important.

He whistled and glanced round the circle of sinister faces.

"So this globe-trotting young English lord is so stuck on the photograph that he's prepared to marry the lady and take her back to dear old Lunnon, to share the title when he gets it?"

"That's the situation precisely," I admitted; "but you're not going to publish all that, are you? I told you this in confidence."

"What do you think we're going to do with it?" inquired the C. D. "Engross it in the Family Bible?"

"But I don't want it published."

"'Alas, poor Yorick'!" murmured the C. D. "Of course we shall refer to you only as the family lawyer."

"Please! Please!" I begged.

"But think of the advertising!" he said soothingly. "It won't cost you a cent. And, of course, you vouch for the story, don't you? Otherwise ——"

"Of course I vouch for it," I asseverated, smothering my conscience. I had to vouch for it, didn't I? For what hideous possibilities lurked in that "otherwise"!

"By the way, why is he globe-trotting? What did the Johnny come over here for, to begin with?"

I gulped, struggling vainly for ideas. Alas, for my parched imagination!

"He—he has—or rather the old duke has—large business interests here—in the West," I stuttered.

"Old duke!"

All the devils raised their heads and began to scribble furiously the word "duke"—I could see it.

"Which duke?" demanded the C. D. "You know there aren't more than a million dukes in England."

"My client's privilege prevents my disclosing his identity," I responded stiffly.

"Well, the Old Man—Sutton—has got his duke!" remarked the C. D. thankfully. "He swore there ought to be a nobleman to pick up that picture—had to be one!"

Again I thought of the great man and what he had said of the earlier Sutton. Anyhow, I had won a hundred dollars.

"You wouldn't care to describe him to us?" It was one of the younger devils.

"Oh, I don't mind!" I replied graciously, catching sight of Jimmie McCray standing surreptitiously in a listening attitude in the room beyond. "He's about five feet ten, broad-shouldered, dark eyes and hair, good color, fine set of teeth and a rather engaging smile."

"Well, well!" The C. D. was eying me curiously. "And what might his age be?" he inquired.

"About twenty-four," I replied shamelessly.

"Good!" he jerked out. "Burke's Peerage will nail him in six minutes."

I felt suddenly faint.

"You take care!" I cried. "You fellows had better look out for a libel suit. The duke is a very cantankerous old party, and ——"

"Ta-ta!" The C. D. had risen swiftly. "Let's beat it, boys. Much obliged to you. Sorry that old girl pinched the picture. If I can get it from her I'll send it back. So long."

The bunch scrambled to their feet and shuffled out of my office, leaving a vicious odor of stale cigarettes behind them. As they straggled toward the hall door the Chief Devil stepped quickly back and thrust his head round the jamb.

"I'm on!" he whispered, winking.

I glowered at him. "What do you mean?" I demanded.

"That cantankerous old duke—his name mightn't be Roscoe Thompson, maybe?" I sank back weakly.

"For heaven's sake!" I groaned. "Don't ——"

"It's all right, old top!" he answered reassuringly. "It's a hell of a good story anyway!"

"Well," She Cried Gayly, "Where's That Young English Lord?"

IV

IT WAS only fifty minutes later when Sutton's first extra appeared on Wall Street.

WHO IS SHE? flared in a three-inch headline challenging the world.

Underneath was the photograph, reproduced on a quarter page, surrounded by huge question marks; then:

PICTURE THAT WON NOBLEMAN'S HEART

MYSTERIOUS ROMANCE STILL UNSOLVED!

GIRL CAN HAVE TITLE FOR THE ASKING

Though Lawyer Roscoe Thompson still assumed an uncommunicative attitude when seen at his offices on Wall Street this morning, he conceded enough facts to disclose a remarkably pretty romance. Mr. Thompson, who has an extensive foreign connection and numbers among his clients some of the oldest families in England, admitted to-day that the younger son of one of the best-known dukes in the peerage had fallen desperately in love with an unknown American beauty. The young nobleman, whose father owns enormous estates in both England and Scotland and who

(Continued on Page 48)

A WESTERN WARWICK

XXII

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

I WENT up to my hotel. The hotel doorman told me the lobby was full of job hunters, and I slid in the back way and rode to my floor in the service elevator. It was uncanny to me, the way those office seekers found out about my goings and comings. They seemed to have a secret-service and second-sight combination. I found them on the trains I took, in the hotels with me, camped outside my house and at my elbow every time I turned round. I found them in my room, outside my room, and fully expected to discover some of them under my bed. They haunted me. I couldn't escape.

I resorted to all sorts of subterfuges to elude them. I had it announced in the papers that I would go to a certain place at a certain time, and went in the opposite direction, but I always had office-seeker company. I postponed one trip to New York four times to elude a persistent man—and found him on the train I took.

I was debating whether I should dine in my room or try to escape to the house of a friend uptown, when my telephone rang. The hotel office had instructions never to call me on the telephone, and I knew this must be a summons out of the ordinary. I have often pondered over the problem whether a telephone is a convenience or an inconvenience. Always you can send word you are out, but if in a moment of weakness you answer the telephone you are gone.

You are nailed.

I waited. The bell clamored insistently for response. It rang for five minutes. Then I took off the receiver.

"Stop this hubbub," I snarled at the operator. "Don't you know I am not to be called on the telephone?"

"I'm sorry, senator," a man's voice replied. "This is the manager. I felt that this call was so important that you would answer it."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Mr. Bathrop—Winfield S. Bathrop ——" There was awe in his voice.

Bathrop? The man of most financial power next to Broad. What did he want?

"Well?" I said.

"He insists on speaking with you."

"Tell him I am not here."

"That would hardly do, sir. You see, Mr. Bathrop is one of the large owners in this hotel, and he is so important ——"

It was no use. Bathrop was the biggest man in the universe to that hotel manager.

"Put him on," I said.

I held the receiver to my ear and heard: "This is Mr. Bathrop, and I desire to see you on a most important matter. When shall I call?"

"Come now," I said, thinking to have it over with, whatever it was.

Half an hour later Bathrop arrived, smug, supercilious, patronizing.

"How do you do, my dear senator. I am pleased to see you. I congratulate you on our victory."

I winced at that "our." Then I said a few commonplaces and waited.

"There is a matter that I desire to bring to your attention, a matter where I feel that you can be very useful to me and my institution. I am quite sure you will have no hesitation in doing what I ask, in view of my large subscription to the funds that enabled us to achieve the results we anticipate to be so useful to us."

"What is it?"

"It refers to the comptrollership of the currency. I desire to have a man of my selection placed in that office. As you will see, it is no very great thing I ask. This is quite a subordinate position. The man is a mere bureau chief, as I understand it, but I have a friend who has his heart set on this office and I would like to humor him."

"Who is your man?"

"His name is Prather."

"I never heard of him."

"Possibly not, but he has been in my employ for years, and he is a loyal servitor and, as much as a man in my employ can be, my friend. He has an ambition to hold that particular office, and, as I said, I desire to indulge him in it."

I was thinking rapidly. The comptroller of the currency has control of the national bank examiners. Bathrop ran a big national bank in New York that had many important banking connections throughout the country. Of course national bank examiners have access to the private affairs of national banks. Thus, with a comptroller of the currency in Bathrop's virtual employ, Bathrop would have

I Took Him by His Carefully Nurtured and Highly Respectable Side Whiskers and Jerked Him to His Feet

at first hand and collected at Government expense all the secrets of competing banks. He would know about their loans and securities, who their big customers were and how to get them away, and their weaknesses as well as their elements of strength.

I looked at him as he smiled patronizingly at me.

"I assume," he said, "that this is entirely agreeable to you."

My heart was pounding a little, but I steadied myself. There would be no virtue in throwing him out of the room.

"Of course, Mr. Bathrop," I said, "I fully appreciate your desire to aid your faithful employee. It is right in line with your well-known and widely celebrated consideration of all those who are associated with you, either as employees or as principals. But you must pardon me if I fail to comprehend why you are seemingly so anxious to secure this unimportant place for this Mr. Prather."

Bathrop stiffened in his chair.

"Senator," he said in his most impressive manner and with the finality of a command, "what your understanding is or is not is of no consequence to me. I feel that I have every possible right to insist that my wishes shall be complied with. I am amazed that you should hesitate or quibble over so simple a request as this."

"But, my dear Mr. Bathrop, I am not hesitating nor quibbling. I simply want to know your reason."

"My reason is that I contributed heavily to your campaign fund, gave with great liberality, and now as a slight recompense for that liberality I desire the privilege of naming a man for this place. It seems very simple to me."

"It is exceedingly simple, so simple that it is almost childish."

"What do you mean?"

He jumped up and shouted at me in his most imperious manner.

"Why, I mean nothing at all, not a thing, except that I have been in Washington for many years, and have a superficial knowledge of the workings of the Treasury and its various branches, one of which is the bureau presided over by the comptroller of the currency. That is a very interesting subdivision of the financial end of our Government. I have often thought that it must be fascinating to sit there and learn, day by day, all the secrets of the national banks—their inner workings—as discovered by the bank examiners."

He sat and stared at me. I could see the folds of his fleshy neck redden.

"That is beside the point," he said. "The point is that when you were concerned with electing this man Rogers you came to me and solicited subscriptions. I gave liberally. You certainly were not under the delusion that I was investing my money in this enterprise for the mere pleasure of it. I invested that money just as I invest all my other money—with the expectation of a return. The return I ask is the naming of the comptroller of the currency, and you hesitate."

"Hesitate?" I said. "I do more than that, I refuse."

"Refuse? Refuse? I don't understand! What do you want? Money? If so name your price and I'll pay anything in reason."

He evidently thought that I was bidding for a bribe. I had myself well in hand.

After all, what was the good of anger? He was playing his game.

"Mr. Bathrop," I said calmly, "you can't buy me."

His disgusted incredulity showed in his voice.

"Why not? We've never had any difficulty in buying you in the past."

Clearly it was due my self-respect to hit him. I stood looking at him, wondering whether I should use my clenched fist on his crass chin or merely slap him a resounding slap on his purple jowl. Then my sense of humor got control. I did neither. Instead, I laughed and walked over to his chair, took him firmly by his carefully nurtured and highly respectable side whiskers and jerked him to his feet.

"It is time for you to go," I said, and led him to the door, his eyes popping and his face a deep maroon over the indignity.

"This is once when I am not for sale," I said as I shoved him into the hall, giving a final tug to his whiskers. "Good night, Mr. Bathrop, and don't come round any more."

He didn't, but I learned afterward that he spent six months investigating my finances to see if there was any weak point where he might hurt me. If I had had any call loans he could have reached he would have bought them and called them, I am sure of that. That would be his idea of getting even.

I thought over the meeting and Bathrop's proposition.

"Pliny," I said when I next saw Peters in Washington, "did we promise the comptrollership of the currency to anybody?"

"Not yet."

"Well, let's be careful about it. It seems to be a place of considerable importance, judging by the way they are fishing for it."

"One of the chief grapevines," said Pliny.

"What do you mean?"

"Mean? Why I mean what I said. The comptrollership of the currency is one of the chief grapevines between the Treasury and the bankers that are wise. Can be used, if arrangements are made and the man holding the job is susceptible to money or political influence. Why, say, have you been round Washington all these years without finding out about the grapevines?"

"I know some," I said, rather abashed, "but possibly not the whole arbor."

"I'll see that you get acquainted with the entire outfit," Pliny promised comfortably.

He did. He showed me the system—the skillful planting of secretaries and trusted subordinates on the new Cabinet members, the various channels employed to secure information, the currency of carbon copies of confidential letters and reports; all the vast and complicated machinery for advance information, for tips on contemplated decisions and reports and procedures, for stenographic leaks, for court information, for everything that might be valuable—either market-wise or politically. The system—the grapevines, the sources of information—it ramified everywhere. Even the White House was not free from it. I saw to it that when we came in the grapevines were all in working order—merely as a precautionary measure, of course.

Inauguration day was approaching. Rogers remained quietly at his home, and I hopped about trying to dodge the office seekers. The opposition, in the closing Congress, were doing what we did four years before. They were cleaning house—and cleaning the Treasury, so far as they were able. We rose and protested just as they had arisen to protest when we were going out of power. We threatened them as they threatened us, and they laughed at us as we had laughed at them. If we had a complete change of administration every four years we'd have to enlarge the Bureau of Engraving and Printing to enable it to print the new bond issues to take care of deficits. A get-it-while-we-can occurring that often would be fatal to our Federal finances. Those are the times when the watchdogs of the

"Be Calm," He Soothed. "It Ill Becomes a Warwick to Fly Off the Handle"

Treasury do not bark. They are too busy looking for bones for themselves.

Soon after the election I had made the necessary Washington arrangements for the inauguration, which I determined must be imposing and spectacular. I had given the politically epicene Washingtonians their quadrennial license to feel that they have some say in governmental affairs. I followed custom and appointed an inauguration committee, composed of the leading citizens of that capital, to make arrangements for the proper induction of James Jason Rogers to the highest office in the land. I selected a chairman who was most dignified and imposing, and allowed him to raise a hundred thousand dollars for the expenses of the pageant the committee was to provide. That was easy, for the patriotic Washingtonians were assured they would get their money back, and mayhap a slight dividend, from the sale of tickets to the hideous crush which is called the inaugural ball.

The committee, feeling its importance, labored diligently. It made the arrangements, subject to my approval. I bossed the job. It struck off medals for itself, commemorating the self-sacrificing services of its members, and had a fine, pompous time. The fourth of March came. The procession was imposing. The speech by Rogers was soothing. The weather was wretched and the inaugural ball was a riot. The Senate remained in session to confirm nominations. Our Cabinet received much commendation. You see, there was nothing to condemn. We took exceeding care that our ministry should be without reproach, whether it was without fear or not. I fancy most of them were afraid of me. Poor chaps, they had dreams of greatness, but they awoke to dry and dusty detail in vast quantities. They worked and they went and they were forgotten. Just you try to name the latest ten Secretaries of War, for example, or the latest ten secretaries of anything else, including State, in their regular order and without referring to that sole repository of their fame, a political almanac, and see whether they were or not.

XXIII

LISTS of nominations were sent in, all tried and true men who had performed in tried and true manners and were worthy of their rewards. The pressure on the White House was unceasing and disgusting. Shoals of aspirants for place, who had no arrangements with me or hoped to override me, clamored about the President and sought to extort place from him. They hounded him, harassed him, hammered him. He had no peace. He had no rest. He was the constant center of a mob of job seekers, who demanded access to him and used every subterfuge to win his approval for their claims.

They came at him from every angle. They waylaid him, ambushed him, enfiladed him, bluffed him and pleaded with him. Members of the new Congress sought to barter their forthcoming votes for offices for their constituents. Older members of Congress did barter theirs. Nothing was too bitter to say about an opponent and nothing too extravagant to say about a man supported. They fogged the President in claims, counterclaims, abuse and misrepresentation, and befogged him with flattery of the most obvious sort, with fervent protestations of loyalty.

None came so insistently with this sort of thing as the men who had always opposed him, and were at heart still inimical to him, but who joined in the carnival of grasping and greed to get what they considered their shares. Lack of obligation incited the most strenuous efforts at imposing indebtedness. And the result was the inevitable one. Every time the President pleased a man by appointing him or his friend to a place he displeased all the other candidates and their friends and supporters. Naturally we ordinarily took the path of least resistance. The main principle in giving office then, as it is now, forever has been and forever will be, until we get a presidency of one term and make the incumbent ineligible for reelection, was to please as many as possible and offend as few as possible. Fitness was a secondary consideration. If a man was fit it counted some, but if his appointment was politic it counted more.

Even then we were looking ahead. Every man who is president once wants to be so twice, and doubly the men who made him president want him twice. So much more can be done in eight years than in four, and so many more. Consequently our appointments not only had to do with the present and past situation, but they had most to do with the future situation. As in legislation, appointment to office is predicated on power to be retained. We didn't name anybody who would hurt us if we could avoid it. What we were looking for were men who could help us. If we found a man who was fit and available we were glad. The combination is a rare one. What we had in mind, of course, was this: We had a certain legislative program to carry out. We must hold our votes in the House and Senate. To hold those votes we must attend rather sedulously to the demands of the senators and the representatives.

If I should say that party men in the House and Senate are bribable there would be vast indignation. But what is it, if it isn't bribing, to defer, as every president does mostly, to the absolute wishes of these men in the way of appointments to office? What is patronage but political bribery to men who, by virtue of the old political fetish, control the patronage of their districts? What makes a president bow to the behest of a senator for place for his constituents if it isn't the well-founded conviction that that president must propitiate that senator and accede to his requests or lose his support? Plain enough proof of that is found in the stories that come from Washington of senatorial combinations against confirmation of men nominated for office by the president who may not be exactly the men proposed by the aggrieved senators who organize the opposition. They talk reverently of the checks and balances in the Constitution, provided by the Fathers to prevent executive usurpation of power, and all that sort of thing. They may check usurpation of power, but they foster patronage bribery and patronage blackmail and patronage highway robbery.

"Senator," said the President to me, before he had been in office a fortnight, "is there to be no end to this thing? Am I President of the United States or merely an office broker? Am I supposed to govern this country, or was I placed here to satisfy the desires of a lot of greedy, conscienceless, flattering, fawning, boastful, insincere, rapacious partisans, who have no idea of anything beyond the strengthening of their own positions at the expense of the public? Is there no way to escape this? I am beset from morning to night by these men, who claim patronage as the price of their continued loyalty and as the reward for their past service. I am told bluntly that I must do these things, make these appointments, or lose support for my policies. Have I no recourse? Is the fitness of a man for office to be given no consideration? Good heavens, how I loathe myself for demanding patronage of the presidents when I was in Congress!"

I calmed him as well as I could. I told him that power in this country is predicated on patronage, that every president must play the game in order that his party may continue in command, and that it was one of the penalties of the place.

"I'm almost sorry I was elected," he said.

"Pshaw! You are nervous and tired. As soon as we can we'll regulate these things for you. This is but the initial rush of the hungry who have been out for four years, away from the crib that long. Every president feels as you do about patronage. It is the greatest handicap to the office. It is the blasting influence on patriotic and single service to the country. It makes what should be a most dignified position a mere huckstering of what you have for what the others have or can get. It is lamentable, but it is true. Cheer up, you'll get accustomed to it presently, and, in the meantime, I have a little list here of men I want you to name for me right away."

He shuddered, took the list and mechanically wrote his name on it.

"Tell the clerk to fill in the appointment blanks," he said wearily. "I am going to bed, if I am not waylaid by some senator or representative who must have a few offices to keep him from bolting the party on the tariff."

I was sorry for him, but it couldn't be helped. I knew of the constant stream of self-seekers with whom he must deal. I knew that no man went to see him who didn't want something for himself. He never had a visitor who had no ulterior motive, not even myself. He could have no friends. He could have no intimates. He could have no privacy, except immured in his sleeping quarters. He was a servant of the people—save the mark—he was worse than that. He was the slave of the politicians, and any president who thinks he isn't soon discovers his mistake.

I know the popular conception of the presidency—this tremendous office, the most powerful in the world—and I am glad it is thus regarded, for it would be most hurtful to our system of government to have the exact truth told of the limitations that surround any president, no matter how great. If the people knew of the petty and great annoyances a president is subjected to from greedy politicians; knew of the sordid selfishness of the men who are supposed to work with him in the government; knew of the self-seeking, the treachery, the treason, the subterfuges, the plotting, the expedients, the necessity for placating, the raids on him, the plots against him in a legislative way to force some selfish concession from him, the jobs for favor, the pressure for recognition, the social demands on him, the constant endeavor by the individual to exalt himself by association, the cruelties, the flatteries and pressure—if the people knew of all these things, as the man inside the White House knows them, they would revolt against our party system.

A president isn't an individual. He is a means to political ends. It makes no difference to me how big or brave or strong he is, he always is overwhelmed by his patronage necessities and he always must have his party's prospects

Including the Poverty-Stricken Patriotic Mortar

"Don't You Know I Am Not to be Called on the Telephone?"

in view. He may formulate great policies, but of what use to him or the country are they unless he can have the votes to make them into law? He can issue no ukases or rescripts. He can recommend. He cannot enact. His situation is two-edged. He may cut if he isn't obeyed, by withholding reward, but if he does withhold reward he is cut by refusal of support. The legislators know this. They have him at their mercy. If he is a weak man they overwhelm him. If he is a strong man he may, at odd times, overwhelm them.

Sometimes by skillful use of publicity he may create a popular support for himself they dare not ignore; but they have the whip hand in ordinary circumstances. They have the legislative say. No president ever got anywhere by fighting with Congress. We read brave words showing how this president and that president forced Congress to do this and that, but look behind the scenes, and you will find that that forcing was most frequently fostered by benefits bestowed in an effective, if not in a public, way. No person in this wide world realizes as acutely as a president the truth of the statement that every man has his price, and no person in this world is so insistent on payment of his price as the politician who has power or place to make terms.

We talked many times about this patronage outrage, but there was no remedy for it. It is there. We must accept it. And with that perfect adaptability that marked his entire career the President did accept it. He grew more adroit than his adroit assailants. He withstood their charges on the public service with remarkable suavity and equanimity.

He did the best he could with the material he had offered him. He grew so expert at "something equally as good" that I had to protest there were not places enough to go round. He laid most of the patronage burdens on my shoulders. I was glad of that, for I could say no where he must temporize.

I had my post-office department organized, placing Limpton therein as my executive. He had my lists, my records of men who gave us support in the way of getting delegates, and who were to be rewarded by postmasterships, and Limpton's office became the clearing house for those numerous obligations. Postmasterships are fat perquisites for senators and representatives. They demand the disposition of the places in their districts. I complied with their demands in so far as I was able, but kept all my preëlection promises. I made some enemies by my so-called arbitrary methods, but I couldn't help that. The Postmaster-General was an old political friend of mine who had long sought recognition, and who swelled up every time he was called "General," as the clerks and bureau chiefs in his department and all those visiting for favors saw to it he was called. He knew before he was appointed that he was to be merely a figurehead, that Limpton was to run the appointment end and my assistant postmasters-general the rest of it. He was content. He was "General," and that satisfied him. He signed his name wherever he was told and always talked importantly to the newspaper boys about "my policies."

That let him out as a public servant.

The Secretary of the Treasury regarded my recommendations for collectorships, and the Department of Justice took what I said as to the fitness of Paxton patriots for marshals, district attorneys, and so forth. I had full control of the Interior Department, with its vast retinue of men in various branches of endeavor. I was well organized within a month, and I was most gratified, one day when I was walking up to the White House, to be stopped by Axminister, a representative, who was skipping along as pleased as a boy who has been given a nickel for candy.

"Happy, Axminister?" I asked.

"Very," he said.

"What is it?"

"I have just seen the President, and he was so gracious and so kind and so complimentary! I had gone to ask him a favor, but he asked one of me."

My eyes opened a bit at this.

"What did he want?"

"Really it was touching! He talked to me of the coming fight to revise the tariff. He put his arm round my shoulder and said: 'My dear Axminister, you are one of the men I rely on to help me in this great struggle. You are one of the few men on whom I shall depend for guidance. You must promise me that you will let me consult you freely, and that you will give me the benefit of your wide knowledge and the fruits of your study. May I rely on you?'"

"Did you get the jobs you went after?"

"Jobs? What jobs? Certainly not! Why should I obtrude sordid questions of patronage on a man who has displayed this great trust in me?"

"It appears to me," I thought, "that the Honorable James Jason Rogers can take care of himself."

That conviction was materially strengthened when later I met Cornelius, and then Zachary, both representatives, and each told me, with almost tearful pride, that the President had put his arm round his shoulders and told him he relied on him for guidance and support.

XXIV

IT HAS always seemed to me that the Fathers, after providing in the Constitution for the dignified institution known as the United States Senate, and exalted by its members—as the greatest deliberative forum in the world, rather reneged on that body when they came to prescribing the duties therefor. I have felt that the Fathers, patterning after the House of Lords, which was what they had in mind when they created the Senate, were seized with fears lest that assemblage, which I have adorned for some years, might be subject to exterior influences or something of the kind, for they saw to it specifically that all revenue legislation must originate in the House of Representatives. Of course interpreters of the Constitution—the original cohorts whose name was legion—say this was done because the House is closer to the people, on whom the imposts for revenue must be laid and by whom they must be paid; but I have a sort of a suspicion that the Fathers used some prevision on the matter. Mayhap they saw ahead.

At any rate, all revenue legislation must originate in the House, and there is where our tariff bill originated, after we had called our special session for the eloquently avowed purpose of restoring prosperity to the country through the medium of returning to our party policy of high protection. The House organization leaders and some of us in the Senate had had many conferences over the membership of the Committee on Ways and Means. It was our part to see to it that none but trusted protectionists were put in charge of the schedules. We picked our men carefully, using, of course, those of the former committee who were still in the House, and adding judiciously, as we thought, from new applicants. These conferences began soon after election, for we knew what our plan was, and long before the special session was called our men had been at work on the revision upward.

It is amazing how much damage to a carefully planned procedure an obstreperous member of a Ways and Means Committee can do in circumstances of this kind. There is one place where absolute harmony of purpose must prevail among the majority. If you set out to protect a thing you must protect it. Halfway protection creates no party increment, for once a tariff beneficiary is protected, he forever after demands the limit of coddling, and sees stark ruin ahead of him unless he has forty times the better of it.

We had picked our men, patriots all, partisans all, and, what was most to the point, unquestioning adherents to orders handed in. The minority was excluded from the formative sessions. My idea of a perfect negligible quantity is the minority membership of a Ways and Means Committee or a Finance Committee in the Senate when a tariff bill is under construction.

One of the new members was Canterbury—Charles Devereaux Canterbury—who had been in the House for several terms, and had made a name for himself as a student, a lawyer of excellent parts, and was esteemed for regularity, proficiency in debate, mastery of economic subjects and for his oratory. He was a convincing if not a spectacular speaker, and he always had his information on straight, which is what most orators do not. Oratory is a pleasing practice, indulged in by a large number of people who have little to say. The chief trouble with orators, as I have known them—and I have known many—is that they invariably get to that mussy condition of mind where they mistake argument for fact. They claim that oratory is a lost art, and it may be; but every two years we elect a lot of statesmen to Congress who fondly imagine they have found it. They declaim millions of impassioned words during each session and fail to change a single impassive vote thereby.

This chap Canterbury rather appealed to me. I had scrutinized him carefully and he seemed flawless. He was big, blond and broad-shouldered, and had the clearest and bluest eyes I ever saw in a man's head. He bored right into you with those eyes when he was talking to you. He was a lively, enthusiastic, energetic sort of a fellow and never lost his temper. I liked him because he had a sense of humor and a clear understanding of the bogusness of the pretensions of most of his compatriots.

We had our tariff bill almost ready when the session began. It was a wonder. If there was any item of production or manufacture that wasn't protected to the nines, or any article of import that we produced that was not discriminated against, it was because we didn't know what that article was. We laid a good many courses on the top of our Chinese wall, and built watchtowers at the corners to keep out the dreaded pauper labor of Europe. We perpetrated so many outrages on the opposition's theory of tariff-for-revenue-only that our daily performance resembled an Armenian massacre by the Turks. We protected, reprotected, and then repeated both processes. We put the

(Continued on Page 65)

"Talbot," I Said, "You Write a Letter From Ephraim J. Dobbins, of Boston, to the President"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1.71 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 26, 1916

Pleasing the Land Speculator

A GOOD many people in New York recovered of late from a depressing sense of having been betrayed. Some years ago a great railroad announced its intention to tear down several blocks of shabby little buildings and erect in their stead a splendid Terminal. It was inferred that the railroad, having spent many millions on the Terminal, would spend many other millions on improvements thereabouts, quite transforming the character of the neighborhood.

Naturally brisk land speculators hopped in, with agreeable anticipation of large profits to accrue from the enhanced value of real estate. Plots bearing dingy tenements valued at ten or fifteen thousand dollars sold for hundreds of thousands. Lots that had been little considered a short time before sold at five thousand dollars a front foot.

The railroad built its Terminal, but stopped at that. The extensive neighboring improvements that had been anticipated did not materialize. Of course the land speculators felt deeply aggrieved. They had rushed under the tree with their bags open, but the brutal railroad declined to knock down the fruit for them.

Recently the railroad announced an appropriation of several million dollars for neighborhood improvements, and the speculators are quite happy now. The railroad's improvements will bring more people and more business to the locality; and all the people and all the business, to the end of time, will pay a handsome toll to the brisk persons who jumped in and bought the land when it was cheap. Enhanced land values, because of the railroad's improvements, will make millions in private fortunes.

Examine the Professors!

THEY have been showing up the poor college student again. They are always at it. Formerly they explained his vague impression that the Punic Wars were fought in Peru on the ground that he vitiated his mind by soaking it with trivial current newspaper and magazine stuff. Latterly they have been testing him on the current stuff and find he is as indefinite about Hannibal, Missouri, as he is about the gentleman who once bore that name. Two Eastern institutions of higher learning have conducted an examination on the European war. The average mark in one was fifty-eight; in the other somewhat lower. Of course everybody is duly appalled again over the abysmal ignorance of the average college student.

Why not be appalled just once for all and be done with it? The present system must be harrowing to the student. No sooner does he get some little decent rag over his mental nakedness than up bobs a professor to snatch it away.

We wish the test questions about the war could be submitted to the College Faculty and the marks reported. We should like to see how near fifty-eight the editors who are appalled over the students could come. The notion that, broadly speaking, anybody knows anything accurately outside the special line of work upon which his livelihood depends is an unwarranted academic assumption. The things that all so-called educated or well-informed men know with approximate exactness are astonishingly few in number. No doubt it would be quite easy to frame fifty questions, scattered over the field of knowledge but each one concerning a fact of prime importance to mankind, that not five college professors out of a hundred could answer correctly.

We do not think it is right to keep pulling the poor student's clothes off this way. If he does not know anything, whose fault is it?

Oil Prices

A YEAR ago this winter crude oil was selling so low there was no profit in producing it. Producers were vastly dissatisfied—particularly in California and Oklahoma, whence about two-thirds of the country's total yield comes. Standard Oil was accused of manipulating the market to the injury of well owners.

Now gasoline is over twenty cents a gallon. Consumers are vastly dissatisfied. Standard Oil is accused of manipulating prices to their injury. It is pointed out that the production of oil was practically no greater in 1915 than in 1914; that enormous stocks—nearly two hundred million barrels—are held in store; that gasoline exports in 1915 were much smaller than in 1914. These factors would suggest lower instead of higher prices.

On the other hand, it is urged that consumption of gasoline, due mostly to increased use of automobiles, has grown tremendously and out of all proportion to increased use of other petroleum products; that, though total petroleum production shows no decrease, there has been a large falling off in certain fields in production of high-grade oil, which yields the greatest gasoline product.

The petroleum business, in spite of a famous dissolution decree, is highly centralized. Virtually everybody in the country is interested in it as a consumer, directly or indirectly. Many people are interested as producers. The business has already been very extensively investigated by the Federal Government. It is one of those businesses that the Federal Trade Commission ought, broadly speaking, to know all about all the time. The commission is now conducting an investigation—essentially, no doubt, like half a dozen others that have been carried out in the past. That is not enough. There are several businesses, such as oil, packing, steel and iron, coal, as to which the commission should be fully informed all the time, having on file detailed company reports, market data, experts' analyses, on which it could quite promptly and confidently base an opinion concerning such a phenomenon as this rise in gasoline prices, without waiting for any elaborate special investigation.

The commission is comparatively new, and such an equipment as that indicated takes time; but as a great business information bureau it will finally be most useful.

Tariff and Politics

THE question of protection, says President Wilson in urging a tariff commission, "is neither here nor there." What we need, he argues, is a disinterested expert body to study actual conditions as they arise; a body committed neither to protection nor to tariff for revenue only; "as much as possible free from any strong prepossession in favor of any particular policy and capable of looking at the whole economic situation of the country with a dispassionate scrutiny."

If his party adopts this view it ought to be the end of the tariff as a political issue, for it implies a pretty frank disavowal of the historic Democratic dogma of a tariff for revenue only. It implies that protection may be expedient in certain cases and that the rational policy is to examine cases as they arise, for the purpose of determining whether or not protection is expedient. Of course in the present Democratic tariff the question of protection "is neither here nor there."

A great many of the duties are frankly protective as a matter of expediency.

With this view adopted by the President's party, the difference between the two parties would not be over the principle of protection versus the principle of tariff for revenue only. Practically it would be, at most, only a difference in judgment as to what degree of protection was expedient in a given case. That is exactly the question a disinterested expert tariff commission could best determine.

With the tariff off the stage, what difference of principle would remain between the two parties? We do not know of any. A practical cause of division would arise from the circumstances that both sides wanted the offices; but, as neither side would blazon that on its banners, politics would have to find a new issue or confess intellectual bankruptcy.

Conscription of Industry

IT IS said quite plausibly that a large permanent extension of state ownership and state control of industry may result from the war. Spurred by military exigency, England, France and Germany have taken a good many steps on the road to state socialism—which is a very different affair from ideal socialism, for it does not necessarily imply the least improvement in the condition of labor. The situation of the belligerents at the close of the war—with colossal debts, diminished capital, industry disorganized in various branches, and a horde of workmen released from the trenches—will, it is argued, enforce a continuance or even an enlargement of state participation in business.

Perhaps jealousy of private profits on the part of working populations that have made such terrific sacrifices will operate in the same direction.

Indeed, state socialism is a rather natural corollary of conscription. If the state must have all its people duly trained, regimented and ready at a moment's call for national defense, why should it not also have all industry duly regimented, controlled and immediately under its thumb? If every workman must put himself in such condition that he is instantly available to the state for military purposes, why should not industry be in the same condition?

State socialism is a quite logical corollary of conscription. Conscriptionists here should add it to their program.

The Sad Circle

IN 1905 disclosures of graft in certain life-insurance companies inspired a general idea that many profits might accrue to insiders in such companies. Whereupon a flock of busy promoters set out to organize new life-insurance companies and invite subscriptions to the capital stock thereof. A pamphlet before us reviews some two hundred companies organized in the last ten years. It concludes that investors in their securities have lost at least thirty-five million dollars, which, as we recollect it, is considerably more than all the graft disclosed in 1905.

Of course some companies organized since 1905 are in sound condition; but, on the whole, there has been a big loss to investors. Certainly the life-insurance investigation of 1905 was a good thing. But it apparently inspired another graft, nearly as injurious in direct dollars-and-cents cost as that at which it was aimed.

A Good Government Business

THE Government War Risk Insurance Bureau has about ceased doing business. At the outbreak of war, while German cruisers were still at large, companies that write marine insurance were panic-stricken. Insurance against war risk was either unobtainable or obtainable only on prohibitive terms. Without insurance, vessels and cargoes would not move.

Following the British example our Government very promptly went into the business of marine insurance—the bill becoming a law at the opening of September, 1914. It wrote over twelve hundred policies granting insurance for more than eighty million dollars, and received over two million dollars in premiums. Very soon private companies came back into the field and the cost of insurance dropped to a reasonable level.

Of late the Government bureau has had almost nothing to do. Its losses amounted to about three-quarters of a million dollars; so the excess of receipts over expenditures exceeded a million and a quarter.

That is an example of good Government business. For the time being, private enterprise failed to provide a necessary service. The Government quickly stepped into the breach and held it until business adjusted itself to the new condition created by the war. Then the Government stepped out with a handsome profit.

American Shipbuilding

FOR the first time since the Civil War, says the Journal of Commerce in its annual shipping review, it is cheaper to build ships in the United States than in Europe. Two years ago English shipyards could and regularly did underbid American yards all the way from twenty to thirty-three per cent. But war has increased wages and the cost of materials abroad to such a point that American yards can now meet the English price. Of course American yards are choked with business.

This means that American builders are by way of getting the advantage of big-scale standardized production. Broadly speaking, the more ships a country builds, the cheaper it can build them. The cost of six ships built from the same plans is much less than six times the cost of one. The plans alone come to an appreciable percentage of the cost of a single ship. Every piece has to be specially designed and made. One typical case is cited where the construction of a ship required more than a year. A sister ship was ordered and turned out in less than six months.

English yards are handicapped now by the great quantity of government work on hand. That condition will cease with the war. Wages and materials may decline. Meantime, however, American yards are getting a boost that promises well for the development of an American merchant marine.

WHAT IS COMING—By H. G. Wells

HOW FAR WILL EUROPE GO TOWARD SOCIALISM?

A NUMBER of people are saying that this war is to be the end of individualism. "Go as you please" has had its deathblow. Out of this war, whatever else emerges, there will emerge a more highly organized state, that is to say, a less individualistic and more socialistic state, than existed before. And there seems a heavy weight of probability on the side of this view. But there are also a number of less obvious countervailing considerations that may quite possibly modify or reverse this tendency. In this paper an attempt is to be made to strike a balance between the two systems of forces, and guess how much will be private and how much public in Europe in 1930 or thereabouts.

The prophets who foretell the coming of socialism base their case on three sets of arguments: They point out, first, the failure of individual enterprise to produce a national efficiency comparable to the state socialism of Germany, and the extraordinary special dangers inherent in private property that the war has brought to light; secondly, the scores of approaches to practical socialism that have been forced upon Great Britain, for example, by the needs of the war; and thirdly, the obvious necessities that will confront the British Empire and the Allies generally after the war, necessities that no unorganized private effort can meet. All these arguments involve the assumption that the general understanding of the common interest will be sufficient to override individual and class motives, an exceedingly doubtful assumption to say the least of it. But the general understanding of the common interest is most likely to be kept alive by the sense of a common danger, and we have already arrived at the conclusion that Germany is going to be defeated but not destroyed in this war, and that she will be left with sufficient vitality and sufficient resentment not only to make the continuance of the Alliance after the war obviously advisable and highly probable, but also to preserve in the general mind for a generation or so that sense of a common danger which most effectually conduces to the sweeping aside of merely personal and wasteful claims. Into this we have now to look a little more closely.

How the World is Being Made Over

IT WAS the weaknesses of Germany that made this war, and not her strength. The weaknesses of Germany are her imperialism, her Junkerism and her intense sentimental nationalism; for the former would have no German ascendancy that was not achieved by force, and with the latter made the idea of German ascendancy intolerable to all mankind. Better death, we said. And had Germany been no more than her court, her Junkerism, her nationalism, the whole system would have smashed beneath the contempt and indignation of the world within a year.

But the strength of Germany has saved her from that destruction. She was at once the most archaic and modern of states. She was Hohenzollern, claiming to be Cæsar and flaunting a flat black eagle borrowed from Imperial Rome; and also she was the most scientific and socialistic of states. It is her science and her socialism that have held and forced back the avengers of Belgium for more than a year and a half. If she has failed as a conqueror she has succeeded as an organization. Her ambition has been thwarted and her method has been vindicated. She will, I think, be so far defeated in the contest of endurance which is now in progress that she will have to give up every scrap of territorial advantage she has gained; she may lose most of her colonial empire; she may be obliged to complete her modernization by abandoning her militant imperialism; but she will have at least the satisfaction of producing far profounder changes in the chief of her antagonists than those she herself will undergo.

The Germany of the Hohenzollerns had its mortal wound at the Marne; the Germany we fight to-day is the Germany of Krupp and Ostwald. It is merely as if she had put aside a mask that had blinded her. She was methodical and civilized except for her head and aim; she will become entirely methodical. But the Britain and Russia and France she fights are lands full of the spirit of undefined novelty. They are being made over far more completely. They are being made over not in spite of the war but because of the war. Only by being made over can they win the war. And if they do not win the war then they are bound to be made over. They are not merely putting aside old things, but they are forming and organizing within themselves new structures, new and more efficient relationships, that will last far beyond the still remote peace settlement.

What this war has brought home to the consciousness of every intelligent man outside the German system, with such thoroughness as whole generations of discussion and peace experience could never have achieved, is a double lesson that Germany had already gone far to master when she blundered into the war—firstly, the waste and danger of individualism, and secondly, the imperative necessity of scientific method in public affairs. The waste and dangers of individualism have had a whole series of striking exemplifications both in Europe and America since the war began. Were there such a thing as a socialist propaganda in existence, were the socialistic organizations anything better than a poor little back door into commonplace politics, those demonstrations would be hammering at the mind of everyone. It may be interesting to recapitulate some of the most salient instances.

The best illustration, perhaps, of the waste that arises out of individualism is to be found in the extreme dislocation of the privately owned transit services of Great Britain at the present time. There is no essential reason whatever why food and fuel in Great Britain should be considerably dearer than they are under peace conditions. Just the same home areas are under cultivation, just the same foreign resources are available; indeed, more foreign supplies are available, because we have intercepted those that under normal conditions would have gone to Germany. The submarine blockade of Britain is now a negligible factor in this question. Yet there has been, and is, a steady increase in the cost of provisions, coal and every sort of necessity. This increase means an increase in the cost of production of many commodities, and so contributes again to the general scarcity.

A Wasteful Transportation System

THIS is the domestic aspect of a difficulty that has also its military side. It is not sufficient merely to make munitions; they must also be delivered. Great Britain is suffering very seriously from congestion of the railways from the point both of social and military efficiency, and she is so suffering because her railway system, instead of being planned as one great and simple national distributing system, has grown up under conditions of clumsy dividend-seeking competition. Each great company and combination has worked its own area, and made difficulties and aggressions at the boundaries of its sphere of influence. Here are inconvenient junctions and here unnecessary duplications; nearly all the companies come into London, each taking up its own area of expensive land for goods yards, sidings, shunting grounds, and each regardless of any proper correlation with the other; great areas of the county of London are covered with the idle trucks and their separate coal stores. In many provincial towns you will find two or even three railway stations at opposite ends of the town; the streets are full of the vans and trolleys of the several companies tediously handling about goods that could be dealt with at a tenth of the cost in time and labor at a central clearing house, did such a thing exist; and each system has its vast separate staff, unaccustomed to work with any other staff. Since the war began the government has taken over the general direction of this disarticulated machinery; but no one with eyes who travels about England now can fail to remark, in the miles and miles of waiting loaded trucks on every siding, the evidences of mischievous and now almost insuperable congestion. Here touching every life in the community is one instance of the muddle that arises naturally out of the individualistic method of letting public services grow up anyhow without a plan, or without any direction except the research for private profit. A second series of deficiencies in the too individualistic British state that the war has brought to light is the entire want of connection between private profit and public welfare. So far as the interests of the capitalist go it does not matter whether he invests his money at home or abroad; it does not matter whether his goods are manufactured in London or Timbuktu. So at the outbreak of the war Great Britain found that a score of necessary industries had drifted out of the country because it did not "pay" any private person to keep them there. The shortage of dyes has been amply discussed as a typical case. A much graver one that we may now write about was the shortage of zinc. Within a month or so of the outbreak of the war the British Government had to take urgent and energetic steps to secure this essential ingredient of cartridge cases. Individualism had let zinc refining drift to Belgium and Germany; it was the luck rather than the merit of Great Britain that one or two declining refineries still existed. And still more extraordinary things came to light in the matter of the metal supply.

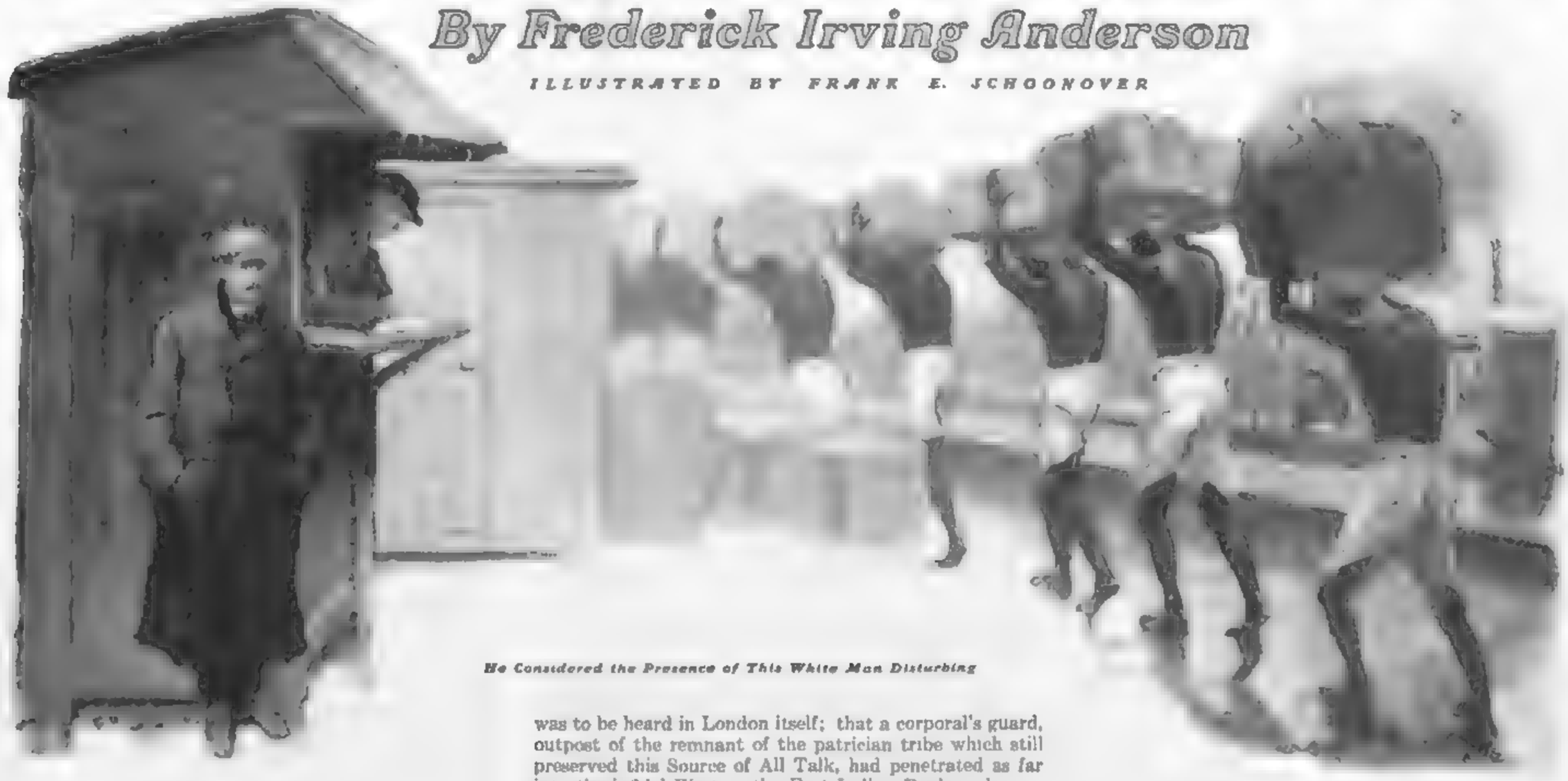
Nobody's Darling

(Continued on Page 73)

THE FLAME IN THE SOCKET

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER



He Considered the Presence of This White Man Disturbing

PALMER was sentenced to die with his boots off, in bed. There was nothing unusual in the mere fact—except that the medical faculty, in their cheery hand-rubbing way, had gone to the trouble in his case to whittle his time allowance down to a very fine point: months, weeks, days—almost hours. And, having calculated when he was scheduled to depart for whither, they kindly presented him with the chart, so that he might while away his declining hours by studying diminishing quantities, than which there is nothing more hypnotic.

They held conventions over him, wrote tracts about him; and strange gentlemen came from great distances to study him under the microscope of their science—and to warn him in a purely academic way how to walk the chalk line, that he might not accidentally break off the point they had whittled to such a nicety. Above all, they were extremely solicitous that he should not disappoint them in his engagement—that, when the sands of his glass finally trickled out, there should be no turning of the thing end on end and beginning over again.

Palmer had spent most of his bland life in coughing and studying dead languages; so he did not permit himself to get excited over the affair, but let them go ahead and plan the thing to suit themselves. They were going to name the phenomenon after him in the end, which was more than he had bargained for. Who he was or whence he came none of this crowd of explorers ever knew. From his name, it was probable that among his ancestors—in collateral lines, at least—there were some who took vows of eternal celibacy and clothed themselves in horsehair for a principle; and others who, journeying to the Holy Sepulcher on foot, brought home palm branches as seals of truth; but this Palmer had no kith or kin.

Neither was there a next friend. If, in the course of his desultory effort to continue being, this highly valued medical specimen had picked up any friendships, he was careful now to destroy them—just as he was careful now not to form new ties that might be cause for regret later on.

What he did do when they handed him the chart was to cast about for a dead or a half-dead language with which to occupy his mind while he was waiting for his train. He had browsed about pretty thoroughly in the dustbin of tongues; but by dint of diligent search he came on the trail of one which seemed to be the very Old Man of the Mountain, so far as etymology goes—to be the very father of Babel—one on which all others came to turn at one time or another, as a polo pony is said to turn on a six-penny piece. There was not much in books about it, it is true, and that much merely said that a white man must slit his tongue like a crow before attempting it.

At this point Palmer indulged in a rare smile; for what could be more fitting for one who was about to confront the end of things than to arm himself with the lingo that came to Man at first hand from his half-brother, the Ape? And, to make his cup more sweet, he found that the chatter was to be heard in London itself; that a corporal's guard, outpost of the remnant of the patrician tribe which still preserved this Source of All Talk, had penetrated as far into the infidel West as the East Indian Docks, where—being too far above caste to be defiled—they permitted themselves to serve in the humble capacity of stevedores. Thereupon Palmer decided that these yellow men, who carried burdens on their shoulders, should be his companions while he was waiting.

Accordingly, with small difficulty, being likewise above caste, he permitted himself to be employed in the humble position of tally clerk on the docks; where, in a leaky shanty, astride a high stool, he sat at an open window peering out under a wooden awning while he penciled incessantly eight hours each day—one-two-three-four-cross; one-two-three-four-cross—as the bales of hemp and jute, the spices, amber, dates that glowed like honey when held up to the sun, and boxes of sandalwood filled with untold mysteries were borne by in a never-ending file from the dull ships to the dirty stores, on the shiny backs of yellow men—backs for the most time glistening with the incessant slanting drizzle.

Here the smells in the air were just a bit more sour, the fog was just a bit more sticky and suffocating, and the wind was just a whit more searching than in any other place in the whole world. It was not exactly the spot the faculty of gravediggers would have chosen—but that had nothing to do with it. Their precious specimen was hard on the trail of the first articulate word—and he was playing hooky! Science could wait; for the time being he had disappeared from the medical horizon.

As the days went by and grew into weeks, and the weeks grew into months, and the gibberish of his yellow companions began to take on form and substance, so that he could translate the sounds into phonetic pothooks of his own devising, he thought less and less of his kind friends, the medical faculty, and the scurvy trick he had played on them. They were in the back of his mind, nevertheless, because each morning he dutifully tore off a leaf of his calendar, noting the while that the packet was becoming lean and dog-eared, as calendars are apt to grow when they approach the end of their allotted course.

The tally clerk was getting on famously. He had, in his time, excavated so widely among the ruins of tongues that he came to this one more than half-prepared; and almost before he knew it he had accomplished the rudiments and was beginning to speculate as to the very history of these primal words and figures themselves. In the evening he would translate his day's catch of phonetic pothooks into concrete sound, twisting his tongue about the weird articulations, more and more delighted as he noted that—if bifurcated speech were required—he could at least keep pace with the crow.

Then the time arrived for the last great adventure—but one; a last great adventure he had promised himself from the beginning if Fate were kind to him and his good friends of the faculty were not too exacting. He had royally disposed of the faculty by the simple act of running away; what Fate had in store for him was another thing—a thing to be tested. One night he painted his body with nutgalls, wrapped himself in a clout and a turban, and drew on a dirty shirt; and, with the utmost patience in the world, he stuck on silky whiskers black as ink, combed them into two parts, tied the ends together in a sacred knot, and tucked the knot under his swaddled headgear, to keep it out of the way. Then he stepped down into the cold winter drizzle. His leather-skinned carcass belonged to him and there was no one to protest at the way he treated it, in any event.

The adventurer slipped through a swinging door into a smelly, crowded room, conscious of a thrill in the doing. It was filled with many men of his new color, men of many tribes and tongues; but all joined in the belief that there is but one God—Allah is Allah! He squatted in their circle as they made room for him—all ears, all eyes; and now and then, with thumping heart, he ventured a word, sometimes a phrase: the set words of a religious ritual that does not vary one jot in tone or inflection and—if one's knowledge is broad enough—furnishes a sufficient answer for all things.

Palmer, in spite of his shivering thews, was happy—supremely happy for the first time in his drab life. Not once, but again and again, did he step down, until finally the coolies made room for him with some show of awe and respect. When a creature speaks only in parables, set in the words of the Prophet, he may be of the Chosen!

One week-end Palmer bethought himself of his neglected friends, the gravediggers; and, drawing on a pair of cotton drawers over his nakedness, he pattered barefooted through the sleet to the brass knocker of the doyen of his almost forgotten faculty, Doctor Menges, and boldly knocked. The servant left the dirty native standing on the cold stones outside while she carried to the physician the soiled scrap of paper on which the man who was to have a disease named after him, and have his name enshrined in the history of pathology, set forth in a correct professional style the data of his case—including daily readings of pulse, temperature and respiration—since the day of his hegira. This was merely to keep the record clear.

Old Menges, stuttering with excitement, came rushing out; but the best he could make out of the native, who regarded him so steadily with bright eyes, were shrugs, gestures that were absolutely unintelligible, and a queer gibber through which from time to time ran the rag of a word of English.

The old doctor, in his desperation, had the man followed—but what white man can identify a heathen once he has shaken himself up well in a room crowded with his fellows?

This record, left by the yellow man that Sunday, is the last word in the strange case of "the patient P"—so far as his career came under the notice of the eminent members of the faculty of medicine which had promised to honor him in print. The tracts still remain; but the

history of the case ends with the scrap of soiled paper signed Ali Ghad. It is assumed by the faculty that this Ali Ghad is a heathen physician of some ilk, with whom their precious specimen came in contact during the days when his diminishing quantities were subdividing the square root of minus unity.

However, Palmer was still Palmer eight hours each day on the docks. Like Doctor Jekyll, he came to a time when he seemed to have little control of that half of his soul which was clothed in yellow skin—the change seemed to be effected without effort of the will, merely the wink of an eyelash. But eight hours a day the lost man sat astride his high stool, and his pencil ran on incessantly—one-two-three-four-cross; one-two-three-four-cross—as the files of jute and hemp, and the crates and cartons of spices, and amber, and dates, and sandalwood boxes filled with mysteries passed by his little window with its wooden awning, on the shiny backs of half-naked yellow men—backs bright with sluicing, never-ending rain.

One day, when the wind was searching his leaky shanty on three sides, with the rain on the fourth, the tally clerk suddenly became conscious that he was not alone—that another white man had sought refuge from the weather under the awning that fitted like the visor of a cap over his shanty window. This was rather disturbing. He had had nothing to do with white men when he could avoid it—and when it was necessary he tried to make himself as undesirable as possible, so they would not take up his time, of which—he was beginning to remember—there was none too much remaining. He jerked an eye over his shoulder to a shelf where sat his fading calendar and a row of paper-bound tracts—presentation copies, duly inscribed by the learned authors who sat on his case.

The presence of this white man was disturbing, he considered, as his thoughts came back to his tally sheets, and the pencil flew rapidly in its one-two-three-four-cross. He was traffic manager of this line as well as its odometer; and now, as the line tangled and threatened to tie itself into a hard knot, he thrust his scrawny neck out under the awning, and with a few short, incisive phrases—such articulate sounds as the ultimate ape must have bequeathed to his half brother—he straightened things out. Then he resumed his attention, through the corner of an eye, to the stranger.

A weird idea suggested itself—possibly old Menges had tracked him to his lair, and this was an undertaker's runner to report on the prospect of new business. He dismissed this thought rapidly however. A passer-by, afraid of the wet probably, was seeking shelter until a gust was passed; but on closer inspection the man did not look like one afraid of the wet; he was sturdy, had an outdoor skin, and even the long ulster he wore could not conceal the fact that he was not soft and flabby. Palmer finally gave him up. After a time there came a lull in the cargo-lightering line, and the tally clerk, assuming that the stranger at the window was not there, pushed back his chair to the far end of the shanty, took down a book, and began inscribing the day's run of phonetic pothooks.

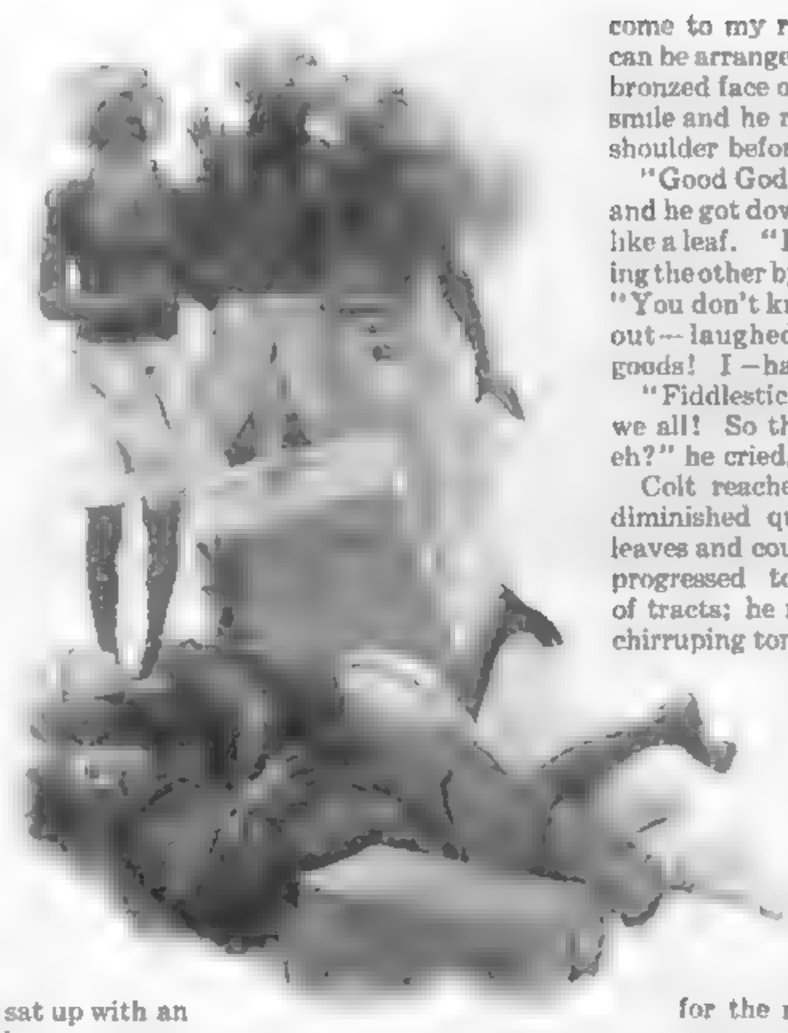
The man in the ulster turned and rested his elbows on the shelf of the window ledge, his broad shoulders fairly shutting out the murky light of day. He fixed the tally clerk with a sharp eye and said quite suddenly:

"Palmer, why aren't you in khaki?"

Palmer stared, thunderstruck. The red disks that lately had been burning on his cheek bones flamed up redder; but he did not answer. The man at the window continued to study the tally clerk minutely, as though weighing something in his mind.

"You can do your bit, can't you?" he asked. Palmer unwrapped his long legs from his stool, but he still held his tongue. "There is a place in the line for you."

A hot wave of rage shot through the tally clerk's blood. Still he said nothing. Who was this stranger, to come here and question him?—him of all men! To repeat the reiterated formula that shouted at him from every poster board in London these days! In the early days of this megaphonic calling on the manhood of the empire he had presented himself, only to be thrust ruthlessly back into the crowd in derision. Who was he to think himself fit for a man's task? That way out had been denied him. Palmer took his eyes off this man who baited him and silently began tracing pothooks again.



The Voice Said: "All is Prepared; But There is Need for Haste!"

Then the stranger spoke again, this time—and Palmer sat up with an electric thrill—in pure Arabic, an accomplishment few white men can boast, because there is a well-nigh unbridgeable gulf between the pidgin Arabic of commerce and the pure article. The sentence, which was long and tortuous and filled with many fine flourishes referring to the past, present and future, could be freely—very freely—translated as follows:

"If you will kindly open the door and let me come in out of this beastly mess of weather, I think I can show you that I am the man you have been waiting for all these months. Palmer, I have had the very devil of a time finding you; and I do wish you would be a little more civil, just to show that you can be grateful."

The tally clerk reached out a long leg and upset the latch on the door so that it swung open, and the man in the ulster came in smiling.

"I thought that would fetch you," he said. "My name is Colt. Look at this." And he unbuttoned the top button of his ulster, drew a packet of papers halfway out of an inside pocket, held them there long enough to show that the top one was stamped with the red embossed seal of the Saint and the Lion; then he slipped them back into the pocket and buttoned up the coat again. Palmer's eyes went from the packet to the eyes of this strange man named Colt and stayed there.

"There is a place in the line for you!" said the man, this time speaking low and in French, and looking about to see whether there was any possibility of being overheard. "You are the only man in England who can fill it. If you can't fill it, it will take an army corps. This is no place to talk. If the learned physician, Ali Ghad, can be persuaded to come to my rooms this evening, matters can be arranged very satisfactorily." The bronzed face of Colt broke into a brilliant smile and he reached out and gripped the shoulder before him with a grip of steel.

"Good God!" said the poor tally clerk; and he got down from the stool, trembling like a leaf. "But—Colt!" he cried, seizing the other by the arms, his eyes burning. "You don't know—I'm—they turned me out—laughed at me—I'm—damaged goods! I—have a journey, shortly——"

"Fiddlesticks! So have I! So have we all! So that's your famous calendar, eh?" he cried, laughing.

Colt reached up and took down the diminished quantity, turning over the leaves and counting them. From this he progressed to the presentation copies of tracts; he read the weird titles with a chirruping tone that was almost sacrilege. One of them ran: On the Metabolism of Farinaceous Solids, relating to the Patient P.

"Well, Mister Patient P.," he said, his eyes twinkling, "we are going to try the effect of sand in your metabolistic functions. Gad!" he broke off. "Old Menges is fit for the madhouse! If he could set eyes on that ragamuffin, Ali Ghad, the quack, I fully believe the mild old fossil would tear him to pieces. Remember," said Colt suddenly and sharply, to rouse the tally clerk, who was still staring wildly, "eight o'clock is the hour, and here is the place. You might roll that up into a pill and swallow it when you have it fixed in your mind."

And with that he opened the door and let himself out in a gust of rain and wind.

So it happened that as the hour struck eight that evening a ragamuffin, who admitted himself to be a physician of the soul, touched the bell in a little house in a by-street and was admitted to a room with drawn blinds. In the center stood a large table on which lay a great map stuck with pins in queer geometrical designs. There was a boxful of pins at one corner; every pin of the scores had meant something once, but a harvest was gathered each day; and pins that meant something one day ceased to mean anything the next. In one section of the map, where the letterpress was speckled as though from powder stains, to show that this was a world of trackless sand, there were no pins.

"They number only about two thousand, all told," Colt was explaining when the clock hands had crossed the bridge of midnight; "but all round them are hundreds of thousands—here, and here, and here. They are stacked up like a house of cards, ready to blow over. They are looking for the word from the two thousand, who are the root and

One Morning He Came on the Three Sand Hills That Were to Stand Sentinel Against His Return

The National Fashion

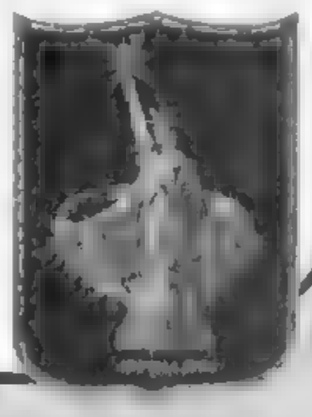
THE Liberty Ring is sweeping over the land like the Spirit of '76. It is a beautiful ring, beautifully made, set with beautiful stones—expressing the biggest thought in the world to-day.

Every patriotic woman in America wants to wear the Liberty Ring.

Give HER a Liberty Ring

It is made of Sterling Silver, finished in french gray, or dull green gold, and set with thirteen bright, gleaming, red, white and blue stones to represent the original thirteen American Colonies. The Statue of Liberty, symbol of Freedom, Justice and Peace, exquisitely engraved and holding aloft a fiery Siam Ruby, stands out just as gloriously as it does to the incoming ships in New York Harbor.

All jewelry and department stores show the Liberty Ring or will get it for you. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us for the name of the nearest who can The Price is $1.00.



COHN & ROSENBERGER, Inc.

Manufacturing Jewelers 1328 Broadway, N. Y. City

Factory at 46 Chestnut St., Providence, R. I.

A full assortment of Liberty Jewelry—brooches, bracelets, bandeaux, lavallieres, hat pins, scarf pins, pins for jewelry sets, cuff pins, cuff links, buttons, medallions, vest chains, watch fobs, bar pins, etc., for patriotic Americans of both sexes. Beware of infringing imitations

What Standardization Means
to Automobile Buyers

IT means VALUE—the utmost in efficiency per dollar of cost. Just to the extent that a car is standardized does the buyer's dollar approach the maximum of purchasing power.

Standardization means definite, proved quality, known manufacturing costs and reduced selling costs.

Of the million autos that will be sold in 1916, 75% will be standardized cars selling for less than $1000.00 each. This remarkable American achievement is the result of standardizing motors, starters, carburetors, speedometers, ignition and lighting systems, transmissions, differentials, tires, wheels, axles, rims, bearings, etc.

Finally the upholstery has been standardized by the almost universal adoption of

DU PONT FABRIKOID

MOTOR QUALITY

40% of all 1915 cars sold were upholstered in this proved, guaranteed material, and in 1916 the total will be nearly 60%.

Fabrikoid is *the* standardized automobile upholstery. It wears better than coated splits (commonly sold as "genuine leather") and has the artistic appearance and luxurious comfort of the best leather.

To get the most for your money, buy a standardized car

Du Pont Fabrikoid Company, Wilmington, Del.

Canadian Factory and Office, Toronto

Rayntite Fabrikoid top material, single or double texture, is guaranteed one year against leaking, but built to last the life of the car

Craftsman Fabrikoid, the artistic and durable upholstery material for furniture and home decoration, is sold by the yard in leading department stores

the branch. If," said Colt, eying his visitor significantly, "one touched"—and he tapped his forehead—"by the Prophet walked among them, talking parables, the two thousand could be turned back to their flocks and herds; and these"—he indicated a group of pins in one corner—"could turn north and give their undivided attention to dear old Abdul, on Gallipoli. Let me see your tongue, by the way. Humph! I thought so. The whole thing filters down to the question of men divisions and corps, Ali. If one man can do the work of forty thousand in one corner, the forty thousand can do the work of forty thousand in another corner."

So the talk ran on until the gray hours; when the ragamuffin left the little house in the by-street he no longer had a name—he had a number. He crawled in through a swinging door to a crowded room reeking with sweaty flesh. Wriggling, hairy figures on the floor stirred uneasily, mumbling testily; but when they saw it was he who talked in parables, in the precise words of the Prophet, they drew aside and made room for him, and he lay down to sleep.

Next day the indefatigable Menges thought he had finally run his quarry to earth, and came snooping about the leaky shanty on the wharf; but a strange white man was making marks on the tally sheet, a man who could tell him nothing of his predecessor except that he had left behind him a small library. Meantime the man with a number instead of a name had shipped before the mast for Aden, praying to strange gods and eating his food from a bowl. Returning from this voyage, he sought out, in the backwater of the habitations that fringe the docks, a certain yellow woman, to whom there came at odd hours many men with beards tied in a loose knot under the turban, speaking in a tongue to which white men are not born.

One afternoon Colt, stumbling among the boxes and bales on the slimy footing of the wharf, head down to the wind and rain, rammed in the very middle a mess of rags struggling forward under a superhuman load of goods; and, as they went down together, the thing began to wriggle and squirm and envelop him like a snake; and to the laughter and jeers of the circle of yellow men, white man and yellow rolled and spat, clutching blindly at each other. The noisome native had Colt's ear in his teeth, cursing all things, from the end of the world to the beginning, when suddenly the voice said, low but distinct:

"All is prepared; but there is need for haste!"

And Colt, whose training taught him never to be taken unawares, wriggling one arm free, fastened a hammer lock about the thing's neck; and while the onlookers crowded forward to witness the end he whispered:

"Time is everything now; to-night at eight!"

Somewhere in the South, at a point previously determined on—as we have a habit of saying in this year of the great war—a little putty-colored gunboat hove to one evening, its trailing blocks picked up a small boat with two passengers—a small boat that seemed to have dropped from the very heavens—and it proceeded on its way. In time the little ship passed through the Straits, under the frowning rock, and out on the blue billows of the Mediterranean. Days later it came on a squadron at the magic hour of evening, when decks were dressed, bands were playing, and the colors dipping in salute to the departing day.

The tall, lanky passenger who had been picked up from the small boat at the spot in midocean previously determined on, sensing the meaning of it all for the first time in his dim life, held himself hard, gritting his teeth to bear the pain of it. What a beautiful world it was!—drums rolling, pennants streaming in the breeze. And yet all this panoply of glory was the curtain behind which lay the fields of dead and dying men! What a way to go out! Then he straightened himself, his eyes kindling. Well, each of these was but one man; and he—he was forty thousand! All war is not destruction. These, shoulder to shoulder, were fighting with bayonet and gun, while he was going out, unfriended and alone, to combat the new allies of an enemy that traded on the religious fanaticism of a simple people.

Again, days later, they had put the Canal behind them and rolled onward through the metallic heat of the little sea that divides two continents of sand. At length, in the dead of night, they came to a stop and a launch swung over the rail. Into the launch stepped a lean, yellow-skinned native, in turban and burnoose, and a white companion. Three miles away lay the low line of sand dunes on the rim of the horizon, a dull purple streak under the starlit sky. The two men in the stern sheets said little

"Heaven-born, who hath brought me Light," said the native in Arabic, "make my peace with the learned physician who plies his profession with herbs and counts one's days to come as we benighted count years that are gone." Then he dropped into easy English: "Old Menges wasn't such a bad sort; but it was the rest of his tribe that I couldn't stomach."

The boat grounded, the native stepped into the shallow water, and for a moment held the other's hand.

"Yonder," said Colt, pointing to the dunes, "stand the three hills guarding the valley, which comes to a close here like the end of a funnel. You cannot mistake the spot. In three months from this night, at midnight, I will await you here."

In the ample folds of his turban the native carried a calendar which, both knew well, did not allow three months—but that was neither here nor there. The native started toward shore and soon was lost in the shadows. When the sun came up the launch was gone, the ship had disappeared, and even the thin thread of footprints in the sand leading up the valley had been forever effaced by the dust of the first zephyr of morning.

One might have watched the little house in the by-street for weeks on end without discovering anything worth speculating about. Errand boys with meats and green groceries; charwomen; the inevitable constable, with fresh instructions as to how townspeople were to behave themselves after nightfall as a precaution against a visitation from the skies; an occasional mechanic or two—the usual ruck that taps at the door of any house in any of the thousands of squares of the great city—with this distinction: inside they became different persons. Some of them saluted; others were saluted.

They sat at the big table, pored over the great map, and deciphered strange characters on little slips of paper. Each slip was identified by a number which meant a man somewhere a long way off.

Of this war it could truly be said that the sun never sets on its bloody fields. To the few who gathered here to compare these slips of paper it was as though they were looking on the world in a drop of water, through the objective of a microscope. From their vantage point they saw myriads on myriads of creatures moving this way and that—some in solid formation; others scattered; others flying like chaff before wind—but all always moving.

The watchers from time to time looked up from their slips of paper and readjusted the pins in the map; sometimes marshaling whole forests of pins in one corner—at others sweeping pins by handfuls into a hungry basket, where they must remain eternally dead. This was a council of men who move in the shadows; who, like their emissaries, are known by numbers—not names. Their deeds alone are recorded; their identities are lost. For them there are no crosses for valor; their names do not shine on illuminated rolls; to succeed, and to continue to succeed, they must forever remain unknown.

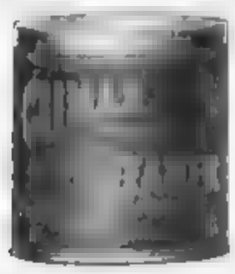
A constable who came in one day, ostensibly to give instructions as to lights and blinds after eight o'clock at night, expressed himself as doubtful about Number 354, who was untried, and a shot in the dark at best. Colt answered by reading from a handful of slips that had come from a fringe surrounding that distant line of sand dunes. One told of a notorious cattle thief who had picked up his tents, his flocks and his wives, and gayly started forth on still another raid, at which the government must look through its fingers; another noted the inconsequential fact that the dignitary of some little wadi—that would not have been called a brook in the moorlands—was dickering with the potentate of a mountain of date trees for the sale of his youngest daughter; a third spoke of the annual caravan across the Empty Spaces—laden this year with the elder men of many tribes instead of its usual boxes and bales of stuffs—which had been turned back by a runner from the sea, with word that *the time was not yet come;* the account of a murderous old saint, who, with a superfluity of

Your Home is Only As Clean As Its Wall Paper

Sweeping simply transfers dust from the floor to the walls. If you doubt this just run your fingers over the wall paper lightly and observe the smudge that clings to your finger tips.

Repapering is too expensive to be done every year. How then can you keep your walls clean and sanitary? This question has been answered in a million homes by the use of

CLIMAX
Wall Paper Cleaner



It's a dry, pliable, non-sticky dough, pink in color, and equally efficient in cleaning Wall Paper, Flat Tones, Frescos, Calcimined Walls and Window Shades.

The operation of cleaning with Climax is simplicity itself. There is no work about it and no experience required. This is what you do:

Take a piece of Climax, as much as you can conveniently hold. Then you wipe the wall or shades with a *light sag stroke*, turn the dough from time to time, and knead the dirt into it. The beautiful colors and design of the wall paper are instantly restored to their original beauty. Climax *absorbs and holds* all the dust and grime.

A can will clean the walls of a fair sized room.

Get some Climax today. Sold by paint, grocery, drug and hardware stores everywhere. If you can't find it at your dealer's, send us his name with 15c and we will gladly send you a full sized can, postage prepaid.

The Climax Cleaner Mnfg. Co.
Cleveland, U. S. A.

wives that would some day drug the market, was preparing yet another pilgrimage to consume more years than he had remaining hairs in his beard; casual statistics of the price of corn, now normal for a quintal; the season's catch of lambs—poor, though the rivulets in the mountains were alive later this year than usual and herds still dotted the slopes; a half-baked fakir, talking in parables, who floated from one ragged nest of palms to another; news of a consignment of turquoises richer than usual coming from the interior. And so on indefinitely.

What wives, cattle-stealing, turquoises and devotional pilgrimages had to do with the shambles of Europe and Asia Minor might seem rather remote to a lay mind; but the constable nodded approvingly as these items of domestic gossip were reeled off; and when he rose to depart he felt almost heartened.

The crux of the situation out there in the desert was this little handful of turbaned patriarchs. To the eye of a white man they appeared to be merely a mob of ragamuffins. To the hordes of yellow men in that part of the world they were the beginning and end of all things—a nod from these bearded sages and the smoldering of a horrible uprising, carefully fanned by a skillful play on fanatical superstition, would burst into flame and spread like a prairie fire. Or, at the lifting of a hand, these millions of yellow men, eager to pass into Paradise at the point of the sword, would continue peacefully in their tents, satisfied that the time was not yet ripe to deliver the world from the yoke of the unbeliever.

The constable shuddered at the thought of how thin was the thread that held the sword suspended. This untried man, who was taking the place of an army corps, began to look like a chance—a flickering chance, yes, and the odds were not by any means sporting; but from the reports of agents on the fringe, which were filtering through, something or other was working its leaven among these people. And the evidence was that the tribes were as usual more intent on cattle-stealing, wife-bartering, and the routine rituals prescribed by their religion, than on whetting their knives for the slaughter of infidels.

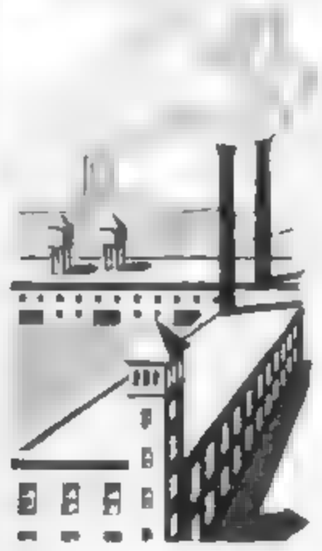
Toward the end of the second month the corps of men which was held in waiting just round the corner from where the trouble might break out was split in half; and a division went north to join its fellow colonials on Gallipoli. If all continued well for another few weeks the rest, except only a handful for police duty, would follow them.

Day by day the wanderer moved on from one microscopical point in the sand to another, with no guide but the stars, no covering but the night. And all the time, whether he sat alone or in the midst of a circle of simple people awed by his words and mien, he spoke in parables, in the exact words of the Prophet. Word of his coming was flashed by invisible means from tent to tent, from one grove of clustering palms to another; for though the wise man, touched by the hand of God, was revered for his teachings, he had another and more tangible value for those among whom he tarried. This was his knowledge of healing; he possessed a rare acquaintance with medicaments, plying the sick with herbs and ointments, and made them whole. In his time, it seemed, he had walked among the most learned of physicians.

When, in the evening, the bearded elders sat about him, he would speak the parable of the Wise Man who, coming on two thieves quarreling over their booty, was implored by each for his aid to destroy the other. He held his peace, saying to himself: "Wherefore should I waste my Substance, since the one I favor would then turn on me, to wrest from me my Treasure? Evil destroys evil! Therefore shall I let them destroy each other, that I may hold that which is mine own." Thus is it given to the Faithful, by ways of peace, to rid the world of unbelievers!

He had no fear, except of himself, that his heart might betray him when he lay down and his senses were locked in sleep. At night he put all from him and went apart from the tents for meditation; for as he closed his eyes a sprite, forever hovering at his elbow, seemed to snatch his soul from his body and bear it away until he found himself again on the high stool in the leaky shanty on the wharf, in the smells, the fog

Manufacturers:
Castings or PRESSED METAL-which?



Hale and Kilburn, founded 1849, employ 3000 men. Originators and large manufacturers of all-steel bodies for automobiles. Also manufacturers of automobile frames and axle housings, pressed steel parts for gas and electric ranges, flying machine parts and all kinds of novelties.

Can you get your rush orders out in quick time?

Do you have much loss from breakage of castings?

Are transportation charges on castings a burden?

We stamp metals in every conceivable form. Many manufacturers are substituting pressed metal for cast iron, steel, bronze, brass or aluminum. We can very likely show you how to discard some of the castings you now use in favor of the lighter, stronger and more economical *pressed metal* shapes.

We invite correspondence from responsible firms regarding their requirements.

HALE AND KILBURN COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
Branches: Detroit, New York, Chicago

Lincoln *and* Lee agreed on one thing

Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee differed radically on the one great question of their day. But on a single point they proved to be in complete agreement—the value of a policy in the Hartford Fire Insurance Company.

Both of these great leaders turned to the "Hartford" for insurance on their homes before the breaking of the storm of the Civil War. In 1859 General Lee took out a policy on "Arlington," his beautiful estate in Virginia, while President Lincoln insured his home in Springfield, Ill., just before he left for Washington to be inaugurated in 1861.

The documents relating to the policies of Lincoln and Lee are preserved in the vaults of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, for there is a true historic significance in the records of the

INSURANCE SERVICE *OF THE* TWO HARTFORDS

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company has helped make American history. Through every war, disaster and conflagration, the Old Hartford has met every honest claim promptly and to the satisfaction of its policy holders.

The Hartford Accident & Indemnity Company carries into the field of casualty and bonding insurance the same high principles and integrity that have always marked the history of the parent organization.

The two companies, between them, write practically every form of insurance but life insurance.

Check on the coupon below the kind of insurance that interests you most. Mail it to us and we will send you full information.

Hartford Fire Insurance Co.
Hartford Accident & Indemnity Co.
Hartford, Conn.

Hartford Fire Insurance Company, (Service Department P-2), 125 Trumbull Street, Hartford, Conn.

Gentlemen

Please send information on the kind of insurance checked to the name and address written on margin of coupon.

☐ Fire	☐ Burglary	☐ Auto Liability	☐ Race Horse	☐ Sprinkler Leakage
☐ Accident	☐ Bonding	☐ Auto Collision	☐ Parcel Post	☐ Salesmen's Samples
☐ Health	☐ Elevator	☐ Auto Theft	☐ Live Stock	☐ Live Stock Transit
☐ Hail	☐ Tornado	☐ Auto Fire	☐ Golfer's Policy	☐ Employer's Liability
☐ Rent	☐ Marine	☐ Plate Glass	☐ Registered Mail	☐ Workmen's Compensation

COUPON—CHECK—TEAR OFF—MAIL

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Trade Mark.

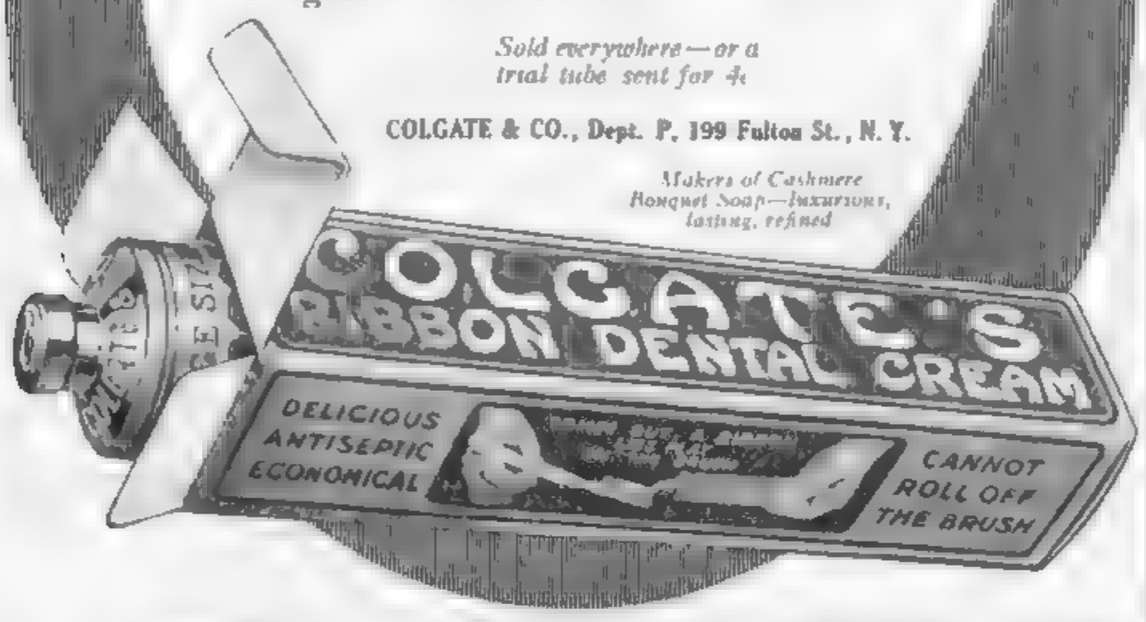
A Dentists' Dentifrice

Ribbon Dental Cream is delicious in flavor—but it has more than that to recommend it. Its cleansing action is safe because it is free from harsh grit and over-medication. Its advertising is free from exaggerated and impossible claims. Trust *your* teeth to Colgate's—and be safe.

Sold everywhere—or a trial tube sent for 4c

COLGATE & CO., Dept. P, 199 Fulton St., N. Y.

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined



3 Common Sense Reasons Why You Should Brush Your Teeth Regularly

1. *Unclean teeth spoil your appearance.*
2. *Unclean teeth mean offensive breath.*
3. *Unclean teeth cause decay, toothache and dentist bills.*

A dirty face is attractive compared with dirty teeth. Every time you speak or smile your teeth are the center of attention. How often do you hear it said, "She would be beautiful if it weren't for her teeth"?

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Brush your Teeth Up and Down

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

Not This Way

An ordinary tooth brush will not clean in the crevices and between the teeth. The Pro-phy-lac-tic is made to fit the shape of the teeth and mouth. Its pointed bristle tufts reach every corner and angle and the high end tuft cleans even the *backs* of the back teeth.

Always Sold in the Yellow Box

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is made in adult's, youth's and child's sizes; rigid, flexible and DeLuxe (colored transparent) handles. A new Pro-phy-lac-tic for each one that proves defective in any way

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO.
32 Pine Street Florence, Mass., U. S. A.

Sole Manufacturers of Pro-phy-lac-tic and Florence Keepclean Toilet Brushes

and the cold chill of the rain; or, again, he would find himself suddenly transported to the neighborhood of the city, joining the slowly winding snake of traffic that rolled hour by hour up Ludgate Hill, the dim outline of the great dome of St. Paul's floating over the rooftops. The gleaming river filled with boats, with their coils of smoke, the arched mighty bridges standing out mistily in the thick air, and the dull glow of the windows on the Embankment, passed in review. From the housetops huge posters shouted at him, reaching down to pluck him by the sleeve, asking if he were not a man, could he not do his bit, did he not know there was a place in the line for him until finally he would find himself wide awake, struggling from his pillow with a smothered "Yes! Yes!" on his lips.

These were the dreams that haunted the lonely man. Old Menges and his crew had their part in them—but that part was, at best, spasmodic and infrequent.

Before the time came when he must turn his face toward the West to keep his engagement in the mouth of the valley that was guarded by the three sand hills, something had worked a miracle on his flesh. The dry air had healed his bruised body; the sun had baked the fever from his skin; his step was firm and his bright eyes no longer burned. The desire to live had been restored to him. The flow in his veins was now quickened by Purpose, where once there had been only Resignation; the Will to Do had replaced the Apathy of Waiting. This in spite of the calendar, from which he had faithfully torn a leaf each night to mark a day forever lost—a calendar long since exhausted. His allotted span was well behind him; and now he was brought to keeping his chart with a bit of chalk, marking the days with the familiar one-two-three-four-cross of other times.

What he had accomplished this lone soldier could not tell. He only knew he had done the immediate thing; that he was leaving behind him peaceful people with no thoughts of a holy war. He did not know that a fringe of men—who, like himself, bore a number instead of a name—hovered round this place, but not in it—because, of them all, only he had the gift of tongues. He did not know that an army corps had been reduced to a division, that the division had been reduced to a regiment, and that the regiment itself was uneasy to move north—though, had he asked, the bearded men among the tents could have told him.

When finally he turned his face west they followed him, begging him to stay among them; but he pointed to the stars, saying that he had his appointed task and that he alone must serve. Then the chiefs were for accompanying him on his journey, for the nest of hills he would thread were filled—so it appeared—with a race of thieves too enlightened to reverence the person of one touched by the hand of God, especially when he rode a camel of price; but the traveler turned back his good friends with more parables. As he penetrated deeper into the hills Number 354 took to journeying in the cool of the nights, under the sky that seemed so close he could all but reach up and touch it. In the daylight hours he hid himself and his beast.

One morning at sunrise he caught sight of the rolling blue sea through the opening in the dunes; and on the next he came on the three sand hills that were to stand sentinel against his return. There he made his last bed. Before he lay down he tightened the heel ropes on his camel, which was tugging at the cords and sniffing the salt air, moving uneasily at every sigh of the land breeze.

"You are going to stay by me until they come," said Palmer, patting the wet flank of the beast. "Maybe they won't come. Maybe they will be too busy elsewhere. And if they don't come I'll need you. But if they do, old fellow, you are going to be footfree; and, as you have been a faithful servant, may you never feel the girth again!"

He lay down, with a happy sigh, beside the creature to which he had dared talk in an infidel tongue, and closed his eyes. Again he was the tally clerk, sitting astride on his high stool at the window ledge in the leaky shanty, drinking in the smells on the air, the thick fog, and shivering in the wind and sleet of a wintry day, as the never-ending line of yellow men, with huge burdens on their backs, stalked by from the dull ships to the dirty stores, to the endless marking of his pencil—one-two-three-four-cross.

Somebody was standing under the awning to avoid the wet—a white man.

Then the white man, who somehow talked in pure Arabic, said: "Palmer, I am the man you have been looking for!" The poor tally clerk, who was conscious of only one engagement, kicked the door open and let the man in. A sudden lurching at his side and Palmer was wide awake. His camel was on its feet, trembling and tugging at its bonds.

"It's all right, old fellow," coaxed Palmer, bringing the creature to its knees again. Then he resumed his couch; this time, as the world faded, he was in rags, struggling under the weight of an immeasurable burden. He saw his friend, Colt, coming through the mist across the slippery dock; steering for him, he collided with him—and they went down together, spitting, biting and clawing. Now he had the man's ear in his teeth; and, as he spat out imprecations in a tongue he had but lately acquired, he paused long enough to whisper in that ear, in his mother tongue: "All is prepared; but there is need for haste!"

Then the thing he was struggling with clutched at his throat. It had ceased to be a white man! It was a smelly mess of rags inside of which an oily body was twisting and writhing like a snake. With a cry of anguish Palmer was awake. Something was choking his breath. The camel was on its feet now, plunging about in the sand, its body swaying against the sky above him as he fought for his life. Palmer had strength now—the strength of a dozen men—forty thousand, he exulted—as his hand fastened on the clutching fingers and tore them loose. Something hot and stinging and wet was in his side. He seized it in his two hands, dragged it aloft, and brought it down with all his might on the black object beneath him. As he fell back he was dimly conscious of the pounding of padded hoofs on the hard sand—then other sounds came to his ears—a volley of shots, a cry ——

When the tally clerk came to his senses he was lying on a cot under an awning. Before him lay the wonderful beach and the sea, with the sun glinting on the crests of the waves. A boat was drawn up on the shore, and away off in the distance, out to sea, a curl of smoke wreathed about a little ship, rolling to the easy motion of the water. Something bound him about the middle, so that he could not move; but Palmer closed his eyes and sighed contentedly.

"Forty thousand men!" he said in a half whisper.

"Yes; forty thousand men!" repeated a familiar voice at his side. "They have all gone north, Palmer."

Colt, who had been sitting at the bed-head, moved forward.

"In my old turban," began Palmer, "you will find my calendar. Will you give it to Old Menges for me? Tell him I ran out of paper toward the end."

Colt chuckled.

"You are going to give it to him yourself," said he. "Fiddlesticks! Did a mangy camel thief, with a knife, think to kill a man that Menges and his whole crew couldn't finish? Well, hardly!"

One night, several weeks later, an under-secretary rose in response to an interpellation in the House of Commons and said:

"The government at last feel themselves in a position to announce that the situation among the tribesmen of the —— Coast and the —— Mountains has so far cleared that an expeditionary force, held in this locality for an emergency, has been released for duty elsewhere. The passing of this shadow speaks volumes for the colonial policy of the empire, which from time immemorial has aimed to foster," and so on.

That same night a ragamuffin who answered to the name of Ali Ghad in his capacity as coolie on the East Indian wharf rang the bell at the home of the celebrated physician, Doctor Menges, and seemed much perturbed at the information that that eminent scholar was absent—detained, in fact, in an alien-enemy concentration camp because of mere accident of birth.

The ragged messenger, in horrible English, begged that a dog-eared calendar without leaves, which he tendered, be forwarded to the physician. Though the calendar was without leaves, it contained a design of pencil markings in one-two-three-four-cross form which seemed to strive for the effect of continuing the numeration of days up to even date. The servants, taking the ragamuffin for a lunatic, accepted the thing gingerly and burned it in the grate.

When the minister held a special service to pray for rain, only one very little girl brought her umbrella.

We are like the rest of that congregation. We knew the rain was coming, but we didn't expect it so soon.

The extraordinary service which Kelly-Springfield Tires give made it inevitable that the demand would increase by leaps and bounds, but we thought we could increase facilities to keep pace with it. We couldn't.

Will you excuse us while we go home for our umbrella? Believe us, this is some shower.

Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires—Hand Made

WE regret that we underestimated the excellence of Kelly-Springfield Tires—or rather, we regret that we did not appreciate the extent of your appreciation of them.

We nearly doubled our output in 1915. We plan an equal increase in 1916. We thought this would keep pace with the demand you would make upon us.

You see Kelly-Springfield Tires are different from other tires. That is why they yield an extraordinary mileage. That is responsible for your big demand.

They are hand-made tires and the miles are built into them—painstakingly and carefully as a machine cannot build them.

Were it merely a matter of buying new factories—or even building new factories, we could keep pace with you. But it is more than that. It is necessary to train the hands which make them. Ordinary workmen will not do.

We have bought a factory. We are about to build another. We have been training workmen for a long time to be ready for the new factories. We are prepared for a big increase. And we will keep pace with future demands.

But we must have time to catch up.

Still it is not necessary that you should be disappointed when you need Kelly-Springfield Tires. But it is necessary that you should give us warning in advance, in order that you may not be disappointed.

If you will simply anticipate your needs and let us know what you want a week or ten days in advance, you can have the tires when you need them.

The present demand for Kelly-Springfield Tires rests upon service rendered. We pledge you that they will continue to deserve your confidence. We will never sacrifice quality to increase production.

You cannot get miles out of tires unless they are built in them.

Machines will make tires quickly, but highly skilled hands are necessary to insure an even product which will yield invariably unequaled service.

Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.

Factories in Akron and Wooster, Ohio
Executive Offices: Broadway and 57th St., New York
Send ten cents for the new game "Going to Market"

WHY A MILLION WOMEN USE The HOOSIER

All the convenience modern science has devised for systematizing kitchen work is in your kitchen when you have a Hoosier Cabinet.

Domestic Science experts have designed and located every Hoosier convenience exactly at your fingers' ends. Skilled mechanics and inventors have perfected the many working features. Nothing has been overlooked that could improve its convenience or add to your comfort. That's why a million women use and praise the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet for the hours of time and miles of steps it saves them. No kitchen equipment compares with it.

No matter how large or small your kitchen, whether new or old, whether you live on a farm or in a city flat or house, you'll find a Hoosier that is a wonderful helper—a design that exactly fits your space and needs at the price you want to pay.

Hoosiers sell at $12.75 to $50.50 according to design, equipment and your location. The price includes freight. You'll find nothing better at the price you pay.

You can have a Hoosier at once and pay for it on our club terms of $1 per week—no need of waiting a day longer. And you get your money back unless you are delighted with the Hoosier you select.

This removes the last reason for delay. *Order* your Hoosier now and save your time, money and strength.

To Architects and Builders

In thousands of houses and apartments now built every year, the kitchens are equipped with Hoosiers. Hoosier Cabinets can be moved easily and come all apart for cleaning. They are rapidly replacing unsanitary, old-fashioned, built-in cupboards. Hoosiers are far more convenient, have no dirt-catching cubby holes, take less space, cost less, and increase the value of the property.

$12.75 to $50.50
according to design, equipment and your location.

Free Book In the new book pictured here are described most of the new ways of saving kitchen work. In this book also are shown illustrations and diagrams of the kitchen of Mrs. Christine Frederick, author of "You and Your Kitchen." Send your name and address and we'll mail you a complimentary copy, *Free*, postpaid. Write today while these books last.

THE HOOSIER MFG. CO.
162 Sidney St., New Castle, Ind.

(787)

Hoosier's many exclusive features won the Gold Medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco.

THE YANKEE CLIPPERS

(Continued from Page 13)

Like the colorful phenomenon after which she was named, the Rainbow's life was not long. She is supposed to have been lost off the Horn in 1848, while under the command of another master than Land. Still, she crowded into her short existence five successful voyages, or as many as the ordinary vessel was capable of making in a similar number of years.

No sooner had the Rainbow proven herself than Aspinwall & Howland commissioned Griffiths to design another clipper, the Sea Witch, for Bob Waterman, one of their captains who had been making their house flag famous by his driving performances in an old flat-floored cotton wagon called Natchez. In the week of the Rainbow's launching Waterman sailed from the Island of Patoe, near Macao, rounded the Cape of Good Hope thirty-nine days out, crossed the Line in the Atlantic on the sixty-first day, and took a pilot off Sandy Hook — 13,955 miles, and seventy-eight days and six hours from his port of departure! The year following Waterman brought the Natchez home in eighty-one days. On neither occasion did Waterman know a contrary wind, but he was a driver *par excellence*, a graduate of the North Atlantic packet service, where sheets were padlocked and halyards racked to prevent faint hearts from shortening sail when an officer's back was turned. And in view of such passages as the Natchez', a vessel of accepted design, it may be readily understood why Griffiths in the beginning had met with such resentment and opposition.

The launching of the Sea Witch was not the drab affair that of the Rainbow had been. The Rainbow had stirred New York's pride and, as if to make amends, the city gave the second Griffiths clipper such a send-off as few merchant vessels had ever received in that or any other port. She was about one hundred tons larger than the Rainbow. Boasting a golden dragon for a figurehead, she cleared Sandy Hook on Christmas Eve, 1846, the tallest ship afloat. Under all sail she spread more canvas than a seventy-four-gun man-o'-war of thrice her tonnage. Though she did not equal the Rainbow's passage out to China she was one hundred and four days to Hong-Kong—she came back in eighty-one days; the next year in seventy-eight days; again in seventy-seven; again in seventy-nine, and once from Java Head in seventy-three days. The passage of seventy-seven days from China to New York has yet to be beaten under sail.

Meantime all the important China houses of Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore had been compelled to adopt the Griffiths design in order to hold their own against New York in the tea trade.

In all of these ports fleets of flyers were on the stocks when the announcement of the discovery of gold in California threw the country and the shipping world into a furor.

Record Rates for Fast Ships

The overland route to California was long and beset by the menaces of Indian warfare and the terrors of desert crossings. The Panama route was unknown. The shortest and safest, though the longest in mileage, lay round Cape Horn. And so to the tea clippers that could make their way to the West in the quickest possible time the droves of goldseekers turned.

Then, as now, our protective laws seized this coast-to-coast trade—a deep-water voyage though it is—to American-built and American-owned vessels. Freights rose as high as a dollar and a half a cubic foot, or sixty dollars a ton of forty cubic feet. Who controlled a bottom capable of doubling Cape Stiff had a fortune in his grasp. A ship of a thousand tons, costing fifty thousand or sixty thousand dollars ready for sea, paid for herself and as much as 25 per cent in addition on the outward passage. Most of the important family fortunes that are household words in the Eastern cities of the United States were founded in that time. Railroading and manufacturing have augmented them, but clipper ships started them.

For every yard to-day on the Atlantic Coast there were thirty then. Builders speeded up until they were turning out ships of doubled and trebled size in from a quarter to half the time it had previously taken them. An instance of this speed in construction is known to the writer in connection with the beginning of the firm of Glidden & Williams, whose flag was to rule long in the California trade. Glidden happened to be in California at the time of the gold discovery, and, foreseeing the demand for transportation that would result, he hurried East overland, obtained financial backing from his friend Williams, and gave an order for the building of two ships. These vessels, which were to continue in service for more than a quarter of a century, were launched sixty days from the signing of the contract. Thirty days afterward they were both outward-bound with cargoes at forty dollars a ton.

But hardly had the first clipper set sail for California when Great Britain, driven to desperation by her decadent and shrunken mercantile marine, threw overboard her ancient protective system, repealed her navigation laws and bade the world welcome to do her carrying. The California clippers accepted the invitation, and British ships were to lie idle in the ports of the Far East, willing and anxious to take London and Liverpool charters at thirteen and fourteen dollars a ton of fifty cubic feet, while skysail-yard Yankees loaded and departed at forty dollars a ton of forty cubic feet, and received a premium of as much as five and six dollars a ton in addition. Britain's new order of things permitted her merchants and owners to buy and build vessels wherever they pleased. But more about that in a moment.

Queens of the Sea Trade

The first flyer to be sent along the course of fifteen thousand miles between Sandy Hook and the Golden Gate was the Memnon, of New York. She cut the time of the passage, which had previously taken from six to nine months, to one hundred and twenty days!

This record was still warm when Griffiths' Sea Witch galloped out in ninety-seven days! The Sea Witch was to shine but a little while. Flying Cloud, an East Boston ship and a creation of Donald McKay, the Rembrandt of American builders, seven months afterward eclipsed her star forever.

On August 31, 1851, the Flying Cloud dashed through the Heads of San Francisco eighty-nine days out from New York! It is the sailing-ship record to this day, a second time equaled by herself, and a third time in 1860 by the clipper Andrew Jackson.

This entry appears in Flying Cloud's log for July thirty-first: "Distance run this day by observation three hundred and seventy-four miles. During squalls eighteen knots of line were not sufficient to measure the rate of speed."

Translated, that means an average of fifteen and six-seventeenths knots an hour for twenty-four hours. Not until 1874 was an ocean-going steamer to attain a fifteen-knot speed. For four consecutive days, earlier in that passage, this queen averaged thirteen and a half knots, and for twenty-six consecutive days nine and three-eighths knots.

Wherever the terms of mile and knot are employed herein they are to be understood as meaning the sea measure of 6080 feet, not the statute mile of 5280 feet.

Another Boston-built vessel to distinguish herself among the pioneers was the beautiful Surprise. By beating the Sea Witch's time twenty-four hours she caused about twenty thousand dollars in wagers to change pockets. From San Francisco the Surprise cut across the Pacific, loaded tea for London at eight pounds a ton, and in less than eight months paid her owners a profit of fifty thousand dollars over and above her cost of construction and all expenses of operation.

Before the Surprise reached England, however, the Oriental, belonging to the same New York house—A. A. Low & Brother—had created a sensation that was to determine history. The Oriental, a brand-new ship, was the first American vessel to land a cargo of tea in London after the repeal of the navigation laws. She had brought this cargo home in the then incredible time of ninety-seven days. She was the first out-and-out clipper London ever saw. Photographs of her were printed; she became the subject of newspaper leaders adjuring Britishers to take a lesson from her or prepare to forsake the sea.

The government copied her lines while she lay in dry dock. Afterward the lines of other Yankee flyers were taken off similarly, but the Oriental was the first inspiration of Britain's builders, who, though they were to launch many beautiful cracks, never succeeded in producing one to vie with American champions. The fastest sailing vessels that Britain or any other foreign nation on earth ever owned were built in or purchased from the United States.

The first British fruits of the Oriental's inspiration were two tea clippers, Chrysolite and Stornoway. So keen was the national spirit of rivalry that when, on January 3, 1852, the Illustrated London News published an article claiming that the Chrysolite and Stornoway had beaten the little Memnon, an immediate challenge was the result.

The American Navigation Club, of Boston, through its president, Daniel Carpenter Bacon, owner of the Gamecock, challenged "the shipbuilders of Great Britain to a ship race, with cargo on board, from a port in England to a port in China and back, for ten thousand pounds a side."

This challenge not having been taken up at the end of thirty days, the Navigation Club announced its willingness to increase the stake to twenty thousand pounds, or a higher sum if agreeable.

This likewise failed to draw fire; but not long afterward Chrysolite and Stornoway, and a dark horse, the Challenger, got a drubbing that shut up their followers for a long time. The two formed part of the homeward tea fleet of 1852, which included the Americans, Witch of the Wave, of Salem, Challenge, Surprise, of New York, and Nightingale, of Boston, named in honor of Jenny Lind.

Witch of the Wave, which got away from Canton at a most favorable period of the northeast monsoon, backed her maintopsail for a pilot off Deal ninety days out.

Stornoway, Challenger and Chrysolite, sailing with a diminished monsoon, arrived out in one hundred and nine, one hundred and thirteen and one hundred and six days respectively.

Challenge, Surprise and Nightingale, sailing at practically the break-up of the monsoon, made the passage in one hundred and five, one hundred and six and one hundred and ten days.

The times speak for themselves. It was claimed for the Challenger that she cleared from Shanghai, and not Canton, thus adding to her mileage. But so did the Nightingale and under less favorable conditions, and beat her by three days. The Americans got eight pounds a ton that year, the highest freight ever paid for tea, and the English bought the Challenge.

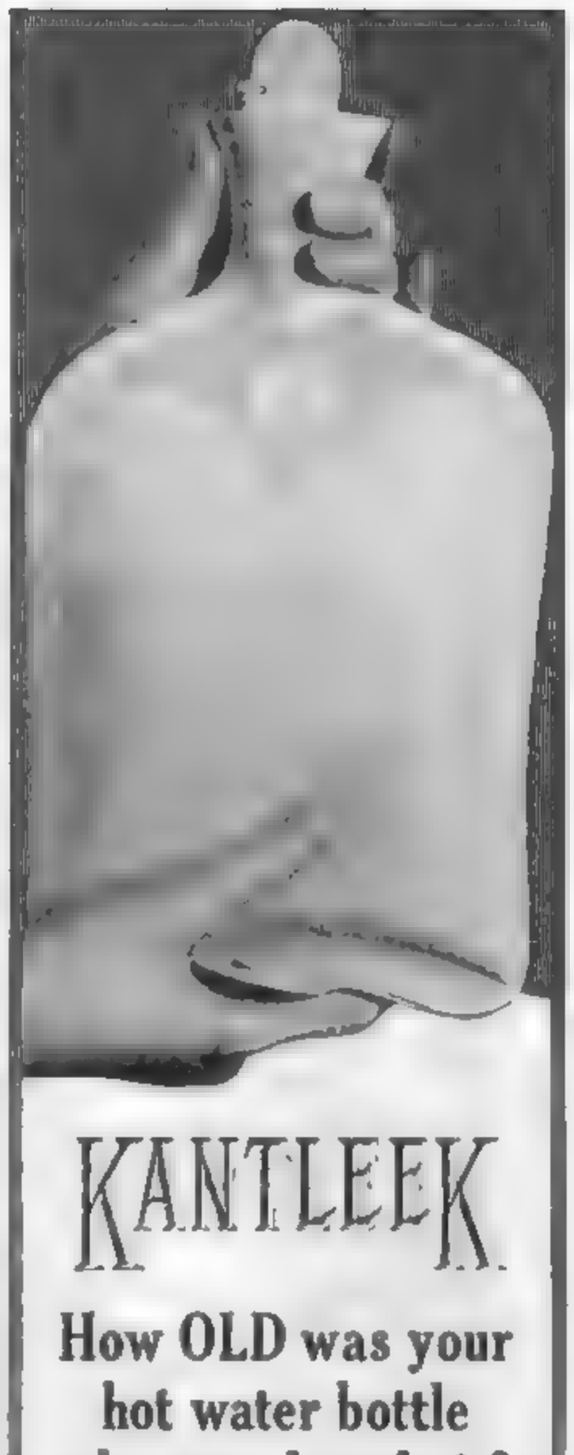
Speed the Spirit of the Hour

The following season the Challenger, arriving out in one hundred and ten days, hoisted a broom to her foretruck, having beaten out Nightingale and John Bertram; but her triumph lasted only until she warped into dock. There lay the Architect, of Baltimore, which had come home in one hundred and seven days. London had been drinking Architect's tea for a week previously and had already chartered her for the next year at an advance over the English fleet of two pounds a ton.

All this while no less a rivalry was going on in the California trade. Speed was the ruling spirit of the hour. No vessels cleared together or within a week of each other from the Golden Gate or the ports of New York and Boston that were not the subject of racing wagers. Such ships as the Sovereign of the Seas, Westward Ho, Cleopatra, Radiant, Phantom, Whirlwind, Simoon, Winged Racers and Red Rover had been launched.

The Sovereign of the Seas, another of Donald McKay's East Boston triumphs, was electrifying the nation with her performances. On her first passage out, after losing fore and main topmasts and foreyard off the Horn, a damage that took fourteen days to repair, she entered the Golden Gate one hundred and three days out from New York. Donald McKay's brother, Lauchlan, commanded her. Returning home, she made history. Loading sperm oil at Honolulu, she sailed on February 13, 1853.

From noon of March fifteenth to noon of the sixteenth she flung three hundred and ninety-six miles behind her; during the next twenty-four hours, three hundred and eleven; the next, four hundred and eleven;

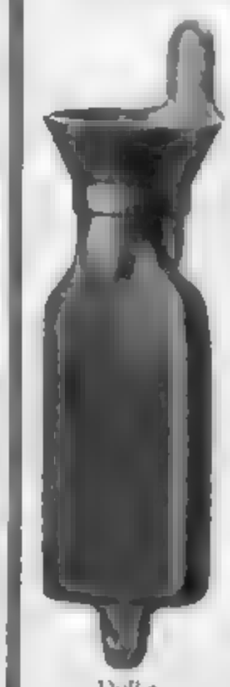


KANTLEEK

How OLD was your hot water bottle when you bought it?

Here is a point about rubber: If it's *pure* rubber it stays good for years. But if it is filled with cheap rubber substitutes—the sort of rubber that *must* be used in a cheap Hot Water Bottle—it grows harder and more brittle every day. A cheap bottle that has been on a druggist's shelf a year is not much good.

Kantleek Hot Water Bottles are made of pure, over-weight, super-quality rubber. That is why they last for years and why we gladly guarantee them for two years from date of purchase. Moreover, Kantleeks don't stay on a dealer's shelves. They are in such demand that his only difficulty is to get them fast enough. Another big point: Kantleeks are not built up of cemented pieces—they are *moulded*. A Kantleek is literally one piece of rubber—the edges are as strong as the sides.



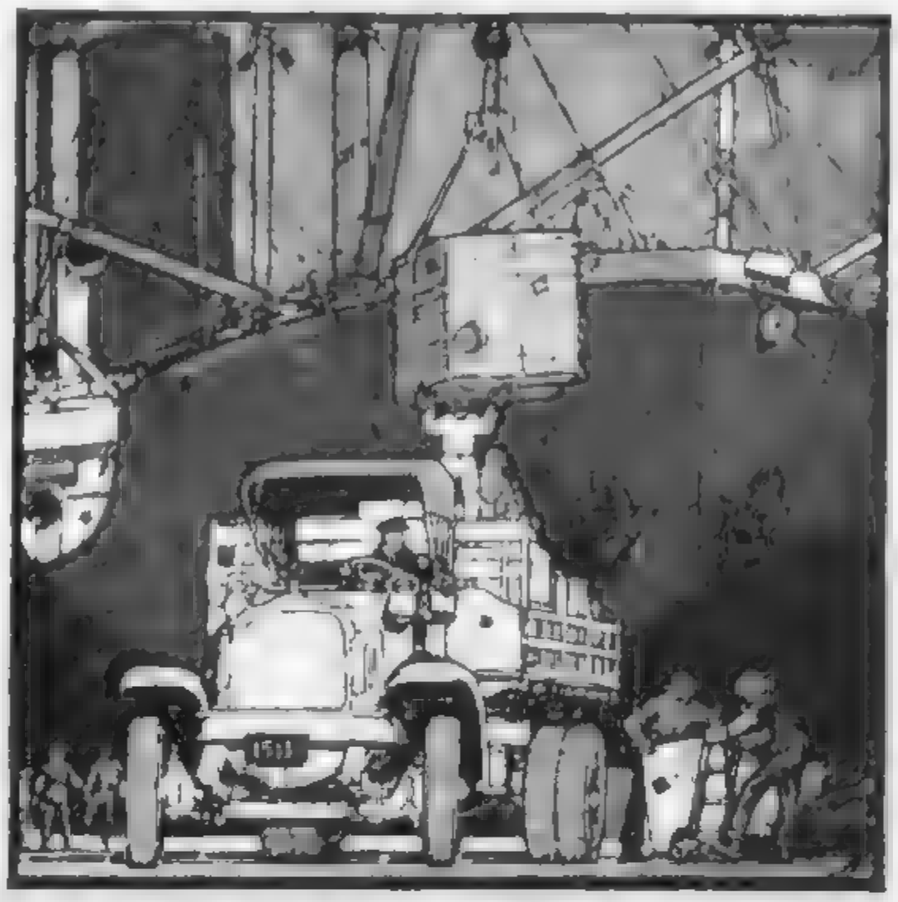
Doll's Water Bottle Actual Size

A Gift your little girl will love

We give you this perfect doll's water bottle if you will send us the name of two dealers who do not sell Kantleek goods, or the name of one dealer who does sell them. Or we will send it for 10c in stamps or coin. We will also send a lot of valuable information about Kantleek Rubber Goods.

Seamless Rubber Company
New Haven, Conn.

White Trucks



Predominate

LARGE USERS PREFER WHITE TRUCKS

IF one were to summarize the choice of truck owners the country over, the verdict could easily be foretold by the simple fact that twice as many Whites are bought every year, and at a higher purchase price, as trucks of any other make.

THE big department stores, the great oil companies, the chief packing interests, the United States Government, own great fleets of White Trucks and add to them year after year.

ONLY GRAND PRIZE for Motor Trucks, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco

The White Company/Cleveland, Ohio

Largest Manufacturers of Commercial Motor Vehicles in America

the next, three hundred and sixty—or at the rate of nearly fifteen and a half knots an hour for the four days. During the run of the eighteenth she averaged seventeen and one-eighth knots an hour, and beyond any doubt she must have logged at times twenty or more. And this record was to stand but a few months.

The Sovereign arrived off Sandy Hook May 6, 1853, eighty-two days out from Honolulu. She sailed again on June eighteenth for Liverpool, crossing from pier to anchorage in thirteen days, nineteen hours, and from the Banks of Newfoundland in five days, seventeen hours. In a week she outsailed by three hundred and twenty-five miles the Cunard steamer Canada, which left Boston on the day of her departure from New York. The Canada's best day's run for the passage was three hundred and six miles; the Sovereign's, three hundred and forty-four.

The Sovereign's eighty-two days from Honolulu went down in a match race between the Contest, of New York, and the Northern Light, of Boston. They sailed from the Gate, twenty-one hundred miles farther from New York than the Hawaiian port. The Northern Light arrived off Boston Light in seventy-eight days and five hours; the Contest off Sandy Hook in eighty days. And while Boston was shouting itself hoarse in celebration of this victory over its rival city, the Comet, of New York, clipped two days off the Northern Light's record. The Comet was another Yankee flyer that the English bought. They rechristened her the Fiery Star and made her an Australian passenger liner.

And now gold had been discovered in Australia and American yards began building for that trade. Donald McKay took the lead, beginning by selling to English owners the Sovereign of the Seas, which during the eleven months that he owned her earned him two hundred thousand dollars. The Lightning followed her, and on her maiden crossing from Boston to Liverpool made a run of four hundred and thirty-six miles in twenty-four hours—a steady average of eighteen and one-sixth knots an hour, the longest day's distance ever covered by a wind-propelled vessel in history. It was 1889 before an ocean-going steamer exceeded this day's work.

The Lightning, three years afterward, was to come within six miles of her own record when, as an Australian Black Ball liner, running her easting down, she made four hundred and thirty miles.

Prominent among the lines striving for supremacy in the Australian trade were the White Star, the same that is plying across the Atlantic to-day, and James Baines' Black Ball Line.

To meet the advantage gained by the Black Ball's possession of the Sovereign of the Seas, the White Star chartered the American clippers, Chariot of Fame, Blue Jacket and Red Jacket. The Chariot of Fame, a McKay ship, went out to Melbourne from Liverpool in sixty-six days; the Blue Jacket, out in sixty-seven and home in eighty-nine.

Donald McKay's Ocean Flyers

During the next two years the Donald McKay yards contributed such ships as the Lightning, the Champion of the Seas, the James Baines and Donald McKay, and the Japan and Commodore Perry to the Australian Black Ball fleet. All were record breakers, but the Lightning and James Baines were the most famous. The James Baines ran in twelve days and six hours from Boston Light to Rock Light, Liverpool; the Donald McKay from Boston to Cape Clear, Ireland, in twelve days.

On her first voyage from Liverpool to Melbourne the Lightning did no better than the Sovereign of the Seas—seventy-seven days; but on her return passage she hung up the record of sixty-three days, making a run of three thousand, seven hundred and twenty-two miles in ten consecutive days and doing four hundred and twelve miles for her best day's work. On this voyage she carried five million dollars in gold and dust.

The James Baines, sailing on December 9, 1854, ran out on the same passage in sixty-three days, making a day's run of four hundred and twenty miles. She came home in sixty-nine days, thus sailing round the globe in one hundred and thirty-two days.

This is the highest authentic sailing-ship speed on record.

Besides the ships mentioned, the British used in the Australian trade the American cracks, Red Rover, Comet, Tornado, Sierra Nevada, Invincible, Belle of the Sea and North Wind. And while they were shuttling back and forth between England and the island continent the Mandarin, Flying Scud, Nightingale, Whirlwind, Flying Dutchman, Panama, Snow Squall and Ringleader were equaling their records in the trade between New York and Melbourne.

It must be kept in mind that during all this brave, glorious period the clippers represented but a small part of merchant shipbuilding, not only in this country but also in Great Britain. There were other trades, and profitable ones, wherein cargo-carrying capacity came before speed. Our shipping engaged in foreign commerce had increased from 943,307 tons in 1846 to 2,268,196 tons in 1857. And, though the evening of our greatness was on us, this total was to go on increasing up to the outbreak of the Civil War, when our total tonnage—river, lake, coastwise and deep-water—amounted to 5,299,175, and Britain's, including her colonies and dependencies, to 5,710,968. American deep-water tonnage alone amounted to 2,642,628; and, besides participating in the business of the world, American ships were carrying 70 per cent of our exports and 65 per cent of our imports.

Glorious Days That are Gone

The United States was the Mistress of the Seas. Ship for ship—clipper or ordinary merchantman—the United States dominated the commerce of the world; but as 1857 was the evening of the clippers, so it was the afternoon of our merchant marine in foreign commerce. That year saw the withdrawal of the subsidies the United States had been paying for a decade to maintain the starred flag on the North Atlantic in competition with Britain's subsidized Cunarders. The day of iron had dawned and we were not prepared for it, either economically or politically.

Still, it is not with steam that we are dealing, but with the ships of sail which moved on their occasions by the grace of the earth's free breezes and not a propeller's thrust. Right up to the beginning of the war they kept their place in the eye of romance. It was in 1860 that the Andrew Jackson equaled the Flying Cloud's eighty-nine-day passage to San Francisco. Bath launched the last American wooden sailing ship, the Aryan, in 1892.

But on the day Grant faced Lee at Appomattox the night of American clipper ships was already far advanced. The majority of them had passed by purchase to alien flags. The few that remained to us were to finish their lives for the most part in the coasting trade, like worn-out, broken-winded thoroughbreds that one sees at times in the shafts of a city milk wagon.

The writer remembers one, the Dashing Wave, as a lumber drogher on the Pacific Coast. Twenty years ago he saw a round shot cut out of her stern transom, where it had been implanted during the war by one of the Confederate commerce destroyers. But there was nothing in the Dashing Wave's appearance then to suggest that she had ever possessed the fleetness to show her heels to an Alabama or Florida. Her back was hogged; her tall rig cut down to bring it within the handling power of ten men before the mast—a fourth of the crew she had been wont to carry in the days when she was young and romance really sailed the seas.

John Willis Griffiths lived to become one of America's foremost naval architects, and long enough to see the white-winged ships of his youth's dreaming become no more than a memory among his fellow countrymen. He died in New York in his seventy-third year. Ancient Greece would have ranked such a genius with men like Archimedes. Rome would have voted him riches. If he had been a Britisher Westminster Abbey would be his resting place and English school children would know him. But he was an American, and he is forgotten save for a few lines in an occasional encyclopedia.

Gone is the clipper, with her studding sails and skysails and moonsails and ringtail spankers and Jamie Greens and jib-o-jibs; gone the tribe of peerless mariners that fretted the uttermost seas with her spurning keel. No more than a painted ship on a painted ocean remains of the great merchant marine they created.

Still, that painted ship is a challenge in this hour of a helpless and hampered commerce—a challenge to a nation to remember its sea heritage and resume the independence on the waters of the earth which it once risked its very existence to establish.

STETSON HATS

YOU men and young men who want the right hat—spirited style, unmatched quality! The Spring Stetsons are ready!

Here is one of the new styles, the *PACEMAKER*. Note the taper to the crown, the swing to the tipped-up brim, the harmony of the hat with the clothes men are wearing this season.

For your other Spring Stetson there are many brisk styles in the *Comfort Derby*—an exclusive Stetson feature. Any Comfort Derby in your size fits easily to your head—no conforming or breaking in.

In this day of scarcity in imported felting furs, it is important to note that our large reserve of high-grade furs enables us to maintain the Quality which men expect in a Stetson.

The Stetson is never an ordinary hat—the only way to match the quality of a Stetson is with another Stetson.

Stetson Hats are always shown by the leading hatters and haberdashers in every city.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

The ALL-YEAR Car

THIS Kissel idea has brought to motorists a new conception of automobile utility and economy.

At the 1915 automobile shows the now universally famous ALL-YEAR Car was the only convertible type. *At the 1916 shows there were twenty.*

But the preference is for the ALL-YEAR Car because its top is *built in—not on.* This construction insures perfect comfort, convenience and rigidity—*without sacrificing appearance.*

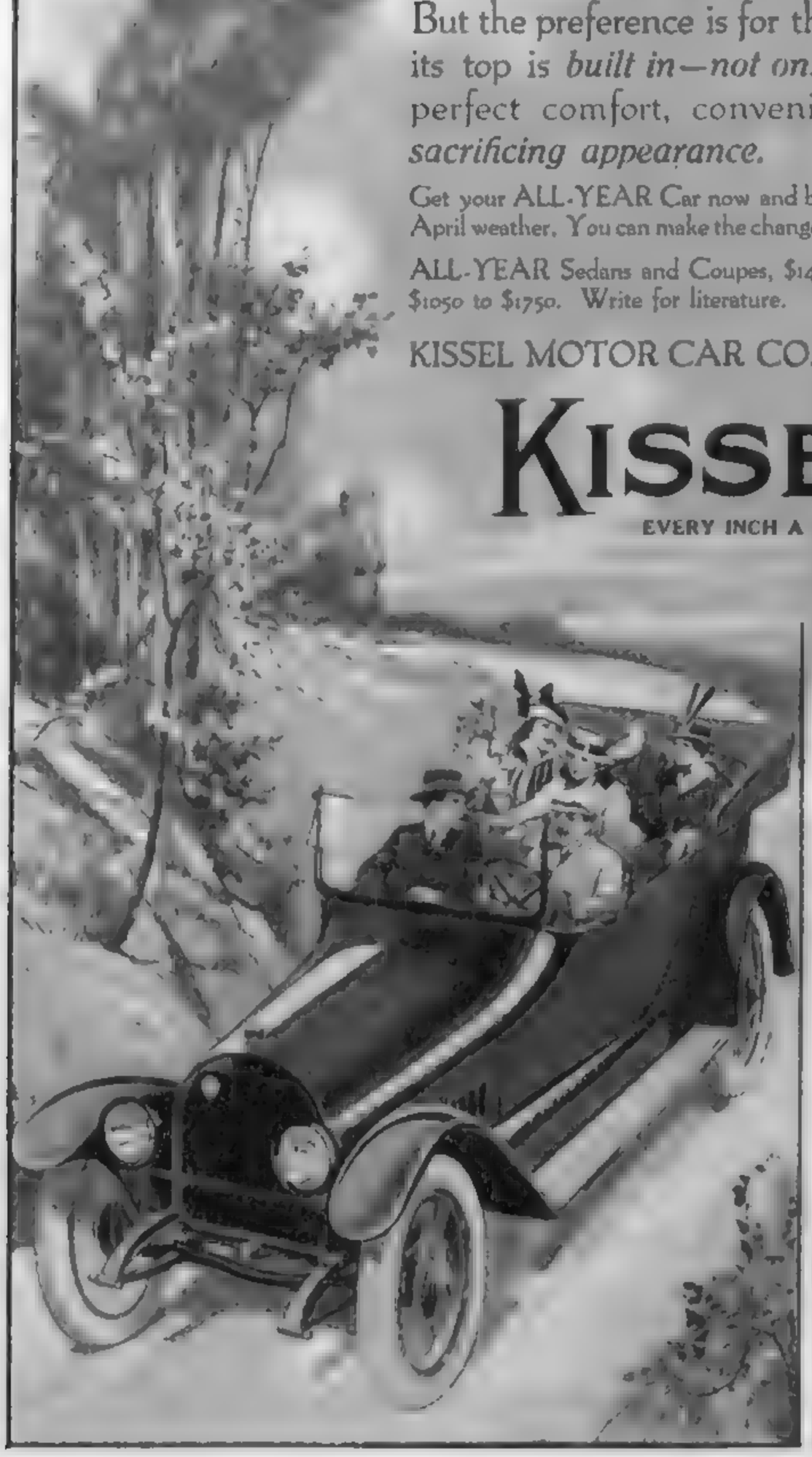
Get your ALL-YEAR Car now and be immune from the vagaries of March and April weather. You can make the change from closed to open car in your own garage.

ALL-YEAR Sedans and Coupes, $1450 to $2100. Touring cars and roadsters, $1050 to $1750. Write for literature.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO., 400 Kissel Ave., Hartford, Wis.

KISSELKAR

EVERY INCH A CAR



ON THE OTHER HAND

(Concluded from Page 16)

legislating until it was black in the face, and yet it always seemed to be the courts' standing on the Constitution which gave civilization the heehaw.

But, on the other hand, he said, it was the saner view to safeguard that valuable instrument—that grand old heritage left us by the foresight of our forefathers, who never saw a safety match, a freight train, a time clock, or a patent gaslighter, but had covered all the leaks, holes, chances, possibilities, tire troubles and blow-outs of eternity. He deplored the disrespect folks had for the law and precedents, and he criticized those jack-in-the-box upstarts who tried to show that the law was unsatisfactory in results, when any competent lawyer knew well enough that it was not the result but how you arrive at it that counts. And he ended up where he had started—at the Constitution, the protector of the weak against the strong.

Of course everybody could see he was right and shook his hand, for he was on the side of caution and safety; and the address was printed in the Daily Pilot. And Blackwell, later on, got admiring letters from some big manufacturers' association and from two Eastern senators and two endowed presidents of colleges, and all was hunky-dory!

That is—it would have been if it hadn't been for Peter Jamieson.

It wasn't many days after the big speech when I went out about dusk one night to look over a piece of real estate up near the Thornton Gray place. The sun was setting over in Iowa, across the river, and I saw somebody sitting on the fence as still as a man cut out of black cardboard and stuck up against the pink light. When I went over the orchard grass, closer, I saw it was the Jamieson boy staring out across the water as though his heart would break.

"I reckon I know what's the matter, Pete," said I.

He pulled up his white flannel trousers at the knees; and, being a friend to me as much as young fellers are to old ones, he said:

"It's serious, all right! Dad and I have had a row. It was about Lucy. And Lucy's had one in her family. Everything is busted wide open for us, Mr. Holland. And I've been tracing it all down and it comes to this fossil, Blackwell. Dad eats out of his hand. All Lucy's trouble and mine come from that old Jabberwock. The only thing in the world I ever learned from him is how to be a sage. All you have to do is to say nothing until there is a demand for noise and then be against everything."

"I have a notion you're right, son," said I.

"By the way, what's the source of income of the old nozzle?" he asked.

"I don't know," said I. "He had a roll of bills when he come here big enough to stuff a feather pillow. And he's been peeling off it ever since."

"Never has any letters?" asked Peter.

"None before he made the speech on the Constitution."

"And no baggage?"

"Not any that he hasn't bought in Bodbank."

"Huh!" said the Jamieson boy, jumping off the fence. "I'm going to do some detective work. You say when he came, 'way back in the early summer, it was on the four-fifty train? I believe I'll start by asking the conductor where he got on."

All that next week I saw Lucy come downtown alone, and her eyes looked as though she had been crying. I suppose love must seem kind of important to young folks when it's put before 'em—just the way a lot of things you don't want look necessary when you see 'em in a mail-order catalogue. And finally one day I stopped her and said:

"Where's Peter?"

"Gone out of town, Mr. Holland," said she. "I know he had a talk with you, because he told me; but he wouldn't say where he was going. And I'm worried. He's been acting so mysterious."

"How is it mysterious?" I asked.

"Why, he bought a camera, and when Mr. Blackwell was not looking he took a picture of him. What does he want of a picture of Blackwell? That man was the cause of all our trouble."

"How's that? He kind of brought you together," said I.

Lucy just turned red and walked along.

Maybe it was four days after that when we had the last act of the play right here under the Phœnix portico.

It was nearly five o'clock and I had heard the four-fifty whistle at Riggs' Crossing and pull into the station, and puff and sigh like something all out of breath and suffering from the heat. And then, about ten minutes later, Blackwell, who was sitting out front, and I heard Nafe Bannon's old hack rattling up the hill from the Levee, and we saw the head of Nafe's Jessie mare rise over the slant of ground, and on it was the same old horse's straw hat, with a grape leaf underneath it to keep the old girl's head cool. Poor old hoss! She's gone now!

So Nafe drove up to the Phœnix door; and Blackwell and I, scowling to keep the sun out of our eyes, saw that there was a heavy load in Nafe's old hack, so the springs of it were all pressed down flat.

I saw there were four men in the old shebang; then the door opened and I saw the four men were young Peter Jamieson, all covered with travel dust and cinders; and Mackie Moulton, the chief of police of Bodbank, smoking a Bodbank Guard cigar; and one of the special officers from the Levee; and a stranger with a gray mustache and a handbag.

This last feller got out and looked round and said: "Where is he?"

The moment he said it Peter walked up to Blackwell and said:

"Mr. Blackwell, you remember me. I am Peter Jamieson. You told everybody that I ought not to be married, and now I wish you'd tell me why."

Blackwell picked up his book and his cane, and stood up like a figure in a hall of statuary—thick in the middle and tapering at both ends.

"Yes, sir; I'll tell you why," said Blackwell. "The institution of marriage is one of the greatest usefulness. Much is to be said in favor of marriage; but, on the other hand, the majority of marriages are not ideal. These tend to bring the institution of marriage into contempt. Therefore, sir, I said that you and the young woman with the golden hair, having by the laws of averages more than an even chance to bring discredit on an old and worthy institution, must not marry."

Peter laughed.

"On that theory you would always advise against all marriages?" said Peter.

"Yes, sir," said Blackwell, puffing out his cheek.

"Look out! Look out!" yelled the man with the hand bag.

But it was too late. Peter said:

"Then, if there were no marriages the institution would be destroyed, wouldn't it?"

Blackwell began to gurgle in the back of his throat. He grew purple in the face. He showed his teeth—the maddest man I ever saw. Then he made a leap at young Peter.

Right away all four of the men jumped on him—and you never saw such a struggle. It was all they could do to hold him down and put the handcuffs on him. They fought and twisted and turned, while the flies buzzed round and the dust flew. The book flew out of Blackwell's hand. His cane rolled into the gutter. Hats were going every which way. But finally they pulled and pushed Blackwell into Nafe's hack, where he lay on the floor like a trussed pig.

"That's the man, all right!" said the stranger to our chief of police.

"Who does he think he is?" asked Moulton.

"Ask him," the other said with a grin.

"Who are you?" asked Peter.

Old Blackwell turned his face round; and in a deep, hollow voice, like the sound of the inside of a mausoleum, he said:

"I am the Hallowed Past!"

"I thought you were Poet Homer," said the stranger.

"That was last year," said Blackwell.

"Look here, Peter," I said, "what's the answer to all this?"

"Simple," said Peter—"escaped from the asylum in Winchendon, Indiana. I'll come back in a minute and tell you all about it."

So Nafe's hack rattled down the hill again toward the station with three men sitting on Blackwell's chest.

As for me I walked over and picked up the book. Blackwell had dropped it in the scuffle. It was Mrs. Mary Louise Covell's Cookbook.

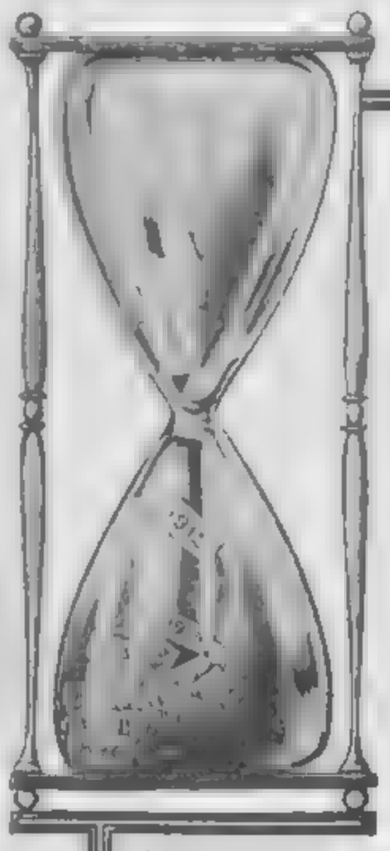
"I'll save this for Lucy," said I.

ARROW COLLARS

HAVE THE DOMESTIC SATIN LAUNDRY FINISH THAT IS THE QUALITY MARK OF THE HIGHER PRICED COLLAR

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc. MAKERS

"THE GOTHIC"
AN ARROW
HIT 2 for 25 cents



More Years Per Dollar

is what you require in a roof. Cheap roofings are cheap because they are made of cheap materials. Pay a little more at first. Buy RU-BER-OID and forget that you have a roof.

Pronounced RU as in RUBY
RU-BER-OID ROOFING
COSTS MORE - WEARS LONGER

has proven its long-wearing qualities in hundreds of cases by giving over 20 years' service without repairs. No other prepared roofing has this record.

RU-BER-OID, made in Slate Gray, Tile Red and Copper Green, is *permanently* weatherproof; it is fire-resisting and is not affected by intensive heat or extreme cold.

RU-BER-OID Shingles (Gray and Red) cannot curl or split. They are easily laid and are most attractive in appearance.

Your dealer can get the genuine RU-BER-OID for you. Beware of more than 300 imitations. See that every roll you buy bears our trade mark. Look for the "Ruber-oid Man."

THE STANDARD PAINT CO.
NEW YORK and CHICAGO

Free Building Books

If you are going to build or roof a barn, home, bungalow, poultry house, garage or factory, the information contained in these books is valuable to you.

Mail the coupon today.

Building Book Coupon

THE STANDARD PAINT CO
568 Woolworth Bldg., New York

Send complete kit of RU-BER-OID and Samples (or write on a separate sheet) marked X below for

[ ] Residence or Home
[ ] Poultry House
[ ] Bungalow
[ ] Barn
[ ] Your Own Garage
[ ] Your Factory
[ ] Asbestos Roofing

If a dealer, check here [ ]

Name

Address

Royal and Titled Owners of Knight Motored Cars

His Majesty King George V. of England and Emperor of India
Her Majesty Queen Mary
Her Majesty Queen Alexandra
His Majesty William, Emperor (Kaiser) of the Germans and King of Prussia
His Majesty Nicholas, Emperor (Czar) of all the Russias
His Majesty King Gustave V. of Sweden
The Empress Dowager of Russia
His Majesty the Emperor (Mikado) of Japan
His Majesty Alfonso, King of Spain
His Majesty Albert, King of the Belgians
His Majesty King Ferdinand of Bulgaria
His Majesty Constantinos, King of the Hellenes
His Majesty Haakon, King of Norway
The Maharajah of Kapurthala
The Rajah of Barwani
Latafat Allay Khan Mohamed Khan
The Duchess of Bedford
The Duke of Portland
The Duke of Calabria (Prince Ferdinand of Bourbon)
Le Duc de Leuchtenberg
The Duke of Medinaceli
The Duke of Saragossa
Prince Antunni
Prince de Broglie
Prince de Chimay
Prince Colonna
Prince Hatzfeldt-Wildenburg
Prince Kotschoubey
Prince Lobkowitz
Prince Murat
Prince Obolensky
Princess Tenicheff
Le Duc Louis de Decazes
Prince Constantin Bellosselsky-Belozersky
Princess Serge Bellosselsky-Belozersky
Prince Christian Kraftzu-Hohenlohe Oehringen
Prince Czartoryski
Prince Alexandre Murat
Prince Albert of Thurn and Taxis
The Marquess of Salisbury
The Marquess of Bath
The Marquess of Anglesey
The Marquess of Graham
Le Marquis de Lavalette
Le Marquis de Polignac
Le Marquis de Talleyrand
Le Marquis de Vallabar
The Earl of Derby
Lady Caroline Gordon Lennox
The Earl of Mar and Kellie
The Earl of Craven
The Earl of Lonsdale
The Earl of Dunraven
The Earl of Berners
The Earl of Clarendon
The Earl of Cairns
The Earl of Londesborough
The Earl of Ancaster
The Countess of Craven
Countess Schlick Hohenlohe
Count Bernstorff
Count de Bergeyck
Le Comte de Biagioni
The Comte de Bousies
Count van der Burcht
La Comtesse Cheremeteff

In Europe Knight Motored Cars Cost $4000 to $8000

In Europe, virtually none but Royalty, the Nobility and the extremely wealthy own automobiles.

Their selection of a car for personal use naturally is governed entirely by the distinction the car has attained on its performance record.

So European motor car builders have gone to the utmost extremes to determine which type of motor will actually give the quietest, smoothest, longest, most constant service.

Their tests have been exhaustive and thorough to the last degree and their conclusion that the equal of the Knight-type motor does not yet exist is almost universally accepted as final.

Without exception the leading European-built motor cars have Knight-type motors.

The Daimler of England, the Panhard of France, the Mercedes of Germany and the Minerva of Belgium, are all Knight motored cars

Royalty and Nobility own these cars to the exclusion, practically, of all other types.

And for their Knight motored cars they pay from $4000 to $8000

$1

Roa

"Ma

The Willys-Overland

Royal and Titled Owners of Knight Motored Cars

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales
His Royal Highness the Prince George of Greece
His Majesty King William II. of Wurtemberg
His Royal Highness the Ameer of Afghanistan
Her Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Sweden
His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught
His Royal Highness the Grand Duke Cyrille
Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess Vladimir
His Royal Highness Prince Arthur of Connaught
His Royal Highness Prince Henry of Battenberg
His Highness Ernst Duke of Altenberg
His Highness Henry XXVI., Reigning Prince of Reuss
His Highness Adolphus Reigning Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe
Le Baron Beyaerde
Le Baron de la Faille d'Huysse
Baron Evain
Baron Snoy et d'Oppuers
Baron von der Dorf
Baron von Heereman
Baron Ivanoff
Baron Van den Hove
Baron von Knorring (Private Counsellor)
Le Baron de Neufize
Baron Pecsteen
Baron Rolin
Le Baron de Rasquert
Le Baron Snoy
Baron van Wedt
Baron von Zuylen
Baron Emile Wedekin Beugers
Baron C. de Borchgrave
Baron B. de Borchgrave
Le Baron Pierre de Caters
Baron P. de Crawhez
Baron A. Crassier
Le Baron Gabriel de Grez
Baron Kervyn de Meerdael
Baron Kervyn de Volkaersbeke
Le Baron de Nieuport
Le Baron Ruzette de Roest d'Alkemade
Baron A. Van Reepinghen
Baron P. Van Reepinghen
Baron Max von Schoultz
Baron Rodolphe von Sweden
Baron Rodolphe von Strantzky
Captain the Honourable Charles Fitzwilliam
The Honourable Lancelot Lowther
The Right Honourable Sir Horace Plunkett
The Right Honourable Sir Ernest Cassel
The Right Honourable Lord Justice Cozens
The Honourable W. F. D. Smith
Captain the Honourable G. B. Portman
The Honourable Evelyn H. Ellis
The Right Honourable [illegible]
The Honourable [illegible]
Sir George Whichcote Barnett

Here is a Car Equally Efficient For But $1125

Your pride of ownership instantly responds to the charm of the noiseless motor of a well built Knight motored car.

There is a delightful thrill in the smoothness with which the motor "picks up" without any disconcerting "choking"—without the slightest hesitation or vibration.

But the truly remarkable superiority of the sleeve-valve motor lies in the fact that—

Though all other motors soon begin to grow noisy and to lose power and smoothness—

The sleeve-valve motor grows steadily quieter with use, and increases steadily in power, smoothness and all around performance

Because of our enormous output we are able to price the efficiency equal of the best foreign Knight motored cars at $1095 for the roadster, $1125 for the touring car, $1500 for the coupé and $1750 for the limousine

Without hesitation we recommend the purchase of these cars for the greater all around efficiency of the motor and its much longer term of usefulness

The Overland dealer will show you these cars and demonstrate them.

Model 85 B
125
ster $1095
a. b. Toledo

e in U. S. A."

Company, Toledo, Ohio

Model XX—One of our many standard delivery bodies for Ford chassis

HIGHLAND COMMERCIAL BODIES
ARE *BETTER* BODIES

We have specialized for years on standard bodies for [illegible] and [illegible] and it represents the maximum of fitness, style, efficiency and sturdiness.

We make a special line of delivery bodies for the Ford chassis. Thousands of them are in use.

And many of the largest makers of heavy-duty trucks come to us for bodies to satisfy the needs of their most exacting customers.

Look for our trade mark—the Highlander

[illegible]

Free Booklet—"Body Blows"

[illegible]

The Highland Body Manufacturing Company

[illegible]

BECOME
A NURSE

We have trained thousands of women in their own homes to earn $15 to $25 a week as nurses. Send for "How I Became a Nurse"—248 pages with actual experiences. 42 illustrations. Catalog free.

[illegible] Year

The Chautauqua School of Nursing

305 Main St., Jamestown, N.Y.

THE PLUNGE

(Continued from Page 10)

She laughed. The cloud passed from her brow. She was of a forgiving nature.

"And now your wicked Anjou blood speaks out, eh?"

She drew her ankle in coquettishly. She put a fresh cigarette in her long amber tube. Their third cup of tea was so exhilarating that they could not bear to part.

"We've made a day of it," said he; "well, then ——"

"Well, then, let's make a night of it!" she cried.

"Yes!" he said. "I'll dress at my aunt's, and I'll call for you at your hotel in time for dinner."

"Eight o'clock?"

"Yes; eight, or a little earlier."

Reclining in her long, low car, Agatha, wrapped in furs, took leave of him gayly. He pressed her hand, blinking in the fierce white light of her great lamps, and she glided swiftly away.

Ruthven, stumbling a little, groped back through the darkness to the hotel to await the countess. He drove home with the countess in the old and shabby Falicon barouche.

"It's a wonder you don't get a motor, Aunt Anne," he said.

"A carriage," she answered grandly, "is more in our tradition." Though fat and old and poor, she also had a certain morgue. "A carriage is cheaper, too," she added.

"Yes, I suppose it's cheaper," he agreed.

"But you," she said, "won't have to watch your pennies after to-morrow." The fat old woman pressed his hand and peered at him through the darkness with a gay tenderness that was elephantine yet sincere. "Lucky boy!" she whispered.

"But suppose Patricia turns me down."

"There's little fear of that—after all she has said."

Sitting very erect beside his aunt in the lumbering barouche, he looked straight out into the darkness with a frown.

"I almost wish she would turn me down," he muttered.

"Why," said his aunt, in a hurt, startled voice, "why, Francklyn!"

He gave a nasty laugh, then relapsed into silence. The carriage lumbered down the dark boulevard to the slow trot of the fat old horses. The fat old coachman's back was bent; his head drooped forward; he seemed to be asleep.

"Why, Francklyn, I thought you were wrapped up in your diplomatic future!" said the Countess de la Tour de Falicon in a strange, dreary voice.

"So I am."

"Then"—there was relief in her voice now—"then you couldn't do better than marry Patricia, could you, dear? Of course, if you were like other young men, I'd oppose such a marriage—I'd oppose it for both your sakes as heartily as I pushed it. For Patricia de Craye is a jealous and exacting woman. Like all rich American wives, she'll make her husband toe the mark. But you'll suit her. You'll more than suit her. Absorbed in your work, you were never one to run after the girls. You've always been, in fact, a woman hater."

"Yes, a woman hater! Yes, oh, yes, of course, a woman hater!" And he gave that loud, nasty, grating laugh again.

His aunt started. "I wish you wouldn't laugh that way."

"But," he said—and he laughed that way again—"but it's so funny to be marrying a grandmother, isn't it? I suppose Peter de Craye and his wife will call me father. But will their little girls call me grandfather?"

"Those things will arrange themselves," said his aunt in soothing tones. "You lunch with Patricia to-morrow, and to-morrow evening Senator Corcoran dines with us. Think of that. There may yet be another Ruthven secretary of state."

"Yes," he said, in a low voice. "Yes; secretary of state; that was my ambition." Then he laughed again. "But it's funny all the same, at my age, to be a grandfather."

"That pretty girl you just left," said his aunt, "has put you out a little. But beauty, remember, is only skin deep."

"I don't know about that," he answered. "Perhaps young minds are just as much the noblest and fairest as young bodies are the noblest and fairest." He hesitated, then—"How," he asked bitterly, "oh, how could you and Patricia arrange such a marriage as this?"

"Passion," his aunt said gravely—her own tragic union had been passionate "passion doesn't make the happiest marriages."

"It does," said he.

"If it lasted," she mused.

"It does," said the unfortunate young man.

His aunt sighed. The horses jogged on through the darkness; the coachman drooped and nodded; and at last the big, shabby carriage drew up at the big, shabby villa, and a *valet de chambre* in a blue apron and enormous felt slippers threw open the nail-studded door with a flourish.

"Jules," said the countess sternly, "haven't you made your toilet yet?"

Jules, the *valet de chambre*, gave an indignant start. He was unshaven, his hair was unbrushed, he wore no collar, and all the dust he had stirred up in a long career of housecleaning seemed to be ground into his stale and gritty person. Nevertheless he answered proudly, his head flung proudly back:

"No, madame la comtesse; I have not had time to make my toilet yet. The staff of servants is so small here that I am always overworked."

"That will do, Jules," said Madame de Falicon.

Jules turned to go, but one of his huge slippers fell off. With a grunt of mortification he halted, stooped, and drew the slipper on again hurriedly, his mistress watching him with a disdainful smile. Then, when he had shuffled away at last, she said:

"It's impossible to get a decent man-servant unless you're rich. These seventy-franc-a-month wretches are worse than useless."

"Is that all a man-servant gets over here—seventy francs, fourteen dollars, a month?"

"Isn't it enough for such riff-raff?"

Ruthven sighed his assent. Then he mounted to his big, shabby, cold room to dress. While dressing, he rang again and again for Jules. He wanted Jules to light a fire and put the buttons in his evening shirt. But Jules had gone back to his warm cot, his Paul Bourget, and his yellow packet of cigarettes, and he did not propose to stir till dinnertime.

Ruthven, shivering in his cold room's yellow gaslight, tried with numbed fingers to push a stud that was too big through a buttonhole that was too small. Hang! The shirt bosom was as stiff as iron. The stud would not enter. His raw, cold finger tips smarted, his teeth chattered, and he thought enviously of the army of tall, efficient men-servants falling over one another in old Patricia de Craye's well-lighted and well-heated château. A pleasant thought. Only it brought with it thoughts of old Patricia herself. He saw Patricia's face. And thereafter Patricia's face would not leave him. All the way to Monte Carlo on the train it haunted him. He could not escape—he would never escape—those brown waves of dry, dead hair, the sagging cheeks coated with powder, the sunken mouth's scarlet slit, the loose pouch beneath the chin, and the decrepit figure in its gay, girlish dress.

"But to-night, at least, is mine!" he mused, as he entered Agatha's hotel.

She awaited him in a corner of the hall beside a small orange tree glittering with golden fruit. Her maid at his approach retired discreetly. The young girl, tall and slim in her white gown, rose from a huge armchair, and, as she advanced timidly, it seemed to Ruthven that happiness itself advanced, that Paradise opened, and all the birds of Paradise sang round him in the shining and perfumed air.

"I like you best without that wig," he said.

And his happy eyes dwelt on the bright hair rippling back from her warm brow. Her happy eyes dwelt on his lean, distinguished elegance as she answered:

"And I like you best in your evening clothes. They make you look so sunburnt."

They went in to dinner at once. There were, for a wonder, prices on the menu. Ruthven, after assuring himself by means of a rapid arithmetical calculation that he stood in no possible danger of exceeding his quarter's income, ordered only the rarest dishes. The meal began with fresh Astrakhan caviar—black globules, as big almost as peas, which melted on the tongue deliciously.

"I'm very happy to-night, Agatha," he said, in a sad voice. His sad gaze, across the little white table with its flowers and pink-shaded lights, dwelt on her beauty. Her décolleté gown revealed all the translucent loveliness of her arms and neck and shoulders. But he would hardly have believed her so robust. In the molding of her shoulders there was something heroic and antique. And above her shoulders' awe-inspiring splendor the face, brilliant and slim and flushed, was young—adorably young—young as a child's face.

"I'm very happy," he sighed, "and happiness is rather a rarity with me."

She looked up from her plate with sympathy, though not with surprise. It was odd, but she nearly always affected men like this, so that first they bragged their heads off, and then afterward, when her spell reached its climax, they groaned out their life's sad story, all their humiliations, disappointments, failures.

"But I thought you were very successful," she said gently.

"Oh, successful ——"

"Why, yes. That ministry to Athens ——"

He winced as from a twinge of neuralgia.

"Listen, Agatha. Do you want to hear a hard luck story?"

She nodded pensively.

Then Ruthven, eating and drinking with good appetite, began. His, he said, was no mean ambition. From boyhood he had desired to be a diplomat, a real diplomat, a diplomat like Prince von Bülow or Sir Edward Grey. There would be no shirt-sleeve methods in his diplomacy. In him America would at last put forth a diplomat of Old World type.

How he had worked at Harvard! He had been president of his class two years running. He had belonged to Nu Gamma. (Nu Gamma—N. G.—is the only decent Greek letter society.) He had played end on his class team, though it had nearly killed him, for his frail form was in those days quite unfit for football; and he had graduated *magna cum laude*, though the dreadful grind had given him a slight dose of brain fever, for he was, unhappily, and always would be, rather slow in the uptake.

"No, Agatha," he said, "I'm no genius." He looked up from his plate and shook his head sadly at her. His morgue was quite gone. His eyeglass hung neglected on his white waistcoat. "What little I achieve I have to work for—hard—damn hard," he said in humble tones.

On his graduation he obtained his first appointment in the diplomatic service second secretary, at a salary of six hundred dollars, to the Rumanian embassy. He did well in Bukharest. He mastered languages, customs, court scandals and state secrets. And slowly, slowly, he rose. Yes, despite his poverty, he rose, making up for his poverty perhaps by his extraordinarily careful labor, his reliability and his elegance—for elegance counts in the diplomatic world.

"Many a millionaire ambassador I've coached," he said. "Those fellows do everything wrong. They stroke their cheek while conversing with royalty, or else they stand with their hands in their pockets. They go in for foot ease—soft kid boots, congress gaiters, and elastic sides. They never learn what to wear. Why, they wouldn't learn in a lifetime that here on the Riviera it's a crime to wear a tail-coat. They'd be sure to turn up at the Var races in frock and topper—and needing a shave," he added, with a bitter smile.

He nodded in scorn over the memory of his millionaire pupils, dismissing them with a phrase. "Shirtsleeve diplomats," he said.

Then he described his one decent appointment, his appointment to Haiti, a sheer piece of luck, due to the murder of Lanigan. And he hadn't finished pinching himself in Haiti to see if he was dreaming when the other side came back into power again, and he was laid on the shelf.

Laid on the shelf!

That was a year ago. A year on the shelf. And during that year he had moved heaven and earth for another appointment. In vain. He was poor, they told him. Despite his training, despite his birth, there was no opening for a poor diplomat. The best they could give him was a consulship, the consulship to Nice. He, a Ruthven, offered a miserable plebeian Nice consulship! It was an insult.

"A consul," he explained to her, "is nothing at all, you know. Why, a consul has no more social standing than a policeman."

She nodded thoughtfully, her elbows on the table, and she glanced thoughtfully at the sunburnt and elegant young man. He sat in a downcast attitude, his chin sunk on his shirt bosom. He was rather a snob, no doubt. He attached a truly ludicrous importance to such trifles as high birth, daily shaving and smart dress. Yet, snob or not, she felt very sorry for him. She looked up to him again, too. Why did she look up to him? She looked up to him on account of his thirteen years' hard work that had all ended in failure. Poor fellow! To have failed after such hard work! At his age to be laid on the shelf! She looked up to him, too, on account of his sincere ambition. It was not a very noble ambition, the ambition to be a big diplomat; it was, perhaps, even foolish; but weren't most men's ambitions foolish? She knew one fine old veteran who had been working sixteen hours a day for twenty years in the ambition to monopolize all the various machines for sewing shoes. There was another splendid chap, a neighbor, who had died of overwork in the ambition, a lifelong one, to corner some sort of food. Yes, ambition for ambition, Ruthven's was quite as good as the average, and Agatha felt in her young heart the glow of a tender and maternal pride as she regarded him. He was sincere, he was industrious, he was down; and she would be glad, glad, of the chance to help him up. Besides, he was so distinguished looking! It is better, of course, to be distinguished looking than merely handsome. Ruthven looked like a wicked young Roman emperor or grand duke. And yet, best of all, he was not really wicked in the least. But how he had nibbed at luncheon, to be sure! She must make him pay for that.

The coffee was brought on. Ruthven sighed, he leaned back in his chair, and through the fragrant wreaths from his long black cigar he regarded the young girl mournfully and dreamily, his eyes almost closed. How beautiful she was! Her face's beauty, delicate and childlike, gave him a kind of fatherly feeling, the feeling of a protector. But—and the contrast was piquant—but the beauty of her arms and neck and shoulders, their dazzling loveliness, their heroic, their antique mold, filled him with awe, evoking in his mind visions of dim, vast forests, moonlit vales, and mystic mountain caverns—visions of those august, still and solitary places wherein pagan goddesses met their mortal lovers. For Agatha in her décolleté gown was a pagan goddess.

"But your luck has turned now, hasn't it?"

He started. Reluctantly, with a great effort, he came back with her from those mystic mountain caverns.

"What?" he said.

"Your luck has turned now. The ministry to Athens ——"

He shuddered. "Don't speak of it," he said hurriedly.

"But ——"

"No, no! Don't speak of it!"

She thought he was properly ashamed of the lies he had told her, and therefore she took pity on his confusion. He, for his part, his chin sunk on his shirt bosom again, remembered that he was letting himself go, that to-morrow he entered into lifelong bondage, that he had only a few hours left—there was no more time to waste—and yet ——

And yet, beautiful as Agatha was, he felt no desire to clasp her in his arms, no desire to kiss her. It seemed hang it—it seemed to be her soul rather than her body which attracted him. Her soul! The soul of a girl like her! What a fool he was! It must be true that woman haters were the easiest. But never mind. It was not yet too late. At supper he would drink a lot of champagne, and then ——

It struck nine, and they crossed over to the little theater. There, till midnight, they saw the Russian Ballet dance to divine Russian music. They saw Nijinsky, the youth of genius, dance Scheherazade and Petroucka and Le Spectre de la Rose. Nijinsky's dancing was wonderful. Ruthven sat very quiet under its spell. Now and then, however, he emitted a deep sigh.

At the end of the ballet he suggested supper; but Agatha, with a little yawn and smile, refused.

"But ——"

They stood shivering before the Casino. The gardens slept in the moonlight. The emerald grass and delicate, brilliant flowers in that intense cold seemed unreal.

"No," she said, "I'm tired."

She looked a little tired, standing beside him bareheaded in her fur-trimmed cloak, holding her skirt above her slim white ankles and high-heeled, pointed white shoes.

"But this, then, is the end," said Ruthven, in a lost voice.

"No; not the end," said she.

They crossed to the hotel in puzzled silence. In puzzled silence they entered the spacious, lofty hall. The hall was empty. She gave him her hand, while with the other hand she still held her white skirt above her slim ankles and high-heeled, pointed shoes.

"Good-night," she said.

"But, but ——"

Then, suddenly, he perceived the absolute impossibility of treating her as he had thought to do. No, no. He must treat her as if she were perfectly beautiful of soul as of body. He could not treat her otherwise. So, no doubt, it was just as well to part at once.

"Good-night," he said, in a sad and resigned voice. "Good-by. This is the end."

"Oh, why do you keep saying it's the end?"

"Because it is."

Their hands were still clasped. They had been clasped a long time now. He dropped her hand, though it seemed delicately, plaintively, to cling to his, and he bowed low, turned, and strode out. He seemed to hear, as the door swung to behind him, a sigh; but of this he could not be sure.

Shivering, he crossed the square in search of a taxicab. The streets were white with moonlight, and in the still cold the gardens, with their emerald turf and delicate, brilliant flowers, again struck him as unreal.

So it was all over, eh? His dream of letting himself go had come to this. Before him now lay nothing but success—and Patricia.

Why had he left her so? What had possessed him? Was he mad? When ahead lay nothing but Patricia—and success!

To leave her like that! He must have been mad, surely. To leave her like that, when, to-morrow, there would be nothing, nothing.

Now, however, even amid his desolation, a warm wave of joy swept over him, and he was glad that he had treated Agatha with reverence.

Perhaps, if they had met earlier, he might have tried to reform her? It was, of course, too late now. No time to reform her now. He would be a grim old grandfather to-morrow.

But forth from the Casino a crowd of young men and girls ran gayly. They hurried laughing across the moonlit square toward Ciro's. Their youth, their elegance, their joy filled him with bitter rage. He stood stock still looking after them, while about his mouth in the moonlight played an expression as if he were chewing ashes.

"Motor back to Nice, Monsieur Ruthven? Take you back for fifty francs, sir."

"No! Damn it, no!"

His head was in a whirl. He hurried over to the hotel again. Perhaps she had not yet gone to bed. Even if she had, he would ask her to get up. He kept telling himself angrily that he didn't propose to be robbed of all joy. He kept chewing ashes.

The spacious hall was still empty, but on a marquetry table he saw her cloak and long white gloves, and there in the distance the young girl herself sat in an armchair before a great stone fireplace wherein a fire of olivewood flamed.

She sat looking into the fire with a strange air, her knees crossed, her cheek resting on her palm; and on his appearance she said without surprise in a dreamy voice:

"I knew you'd come back."

He stood beside her in silence. She looked up at him and smiled faintly. The firelight flowed over the white translucence of her bare arms and neck and shoulders.

He drew a small stool beside her, seated himself, and hurriedly took the slim hand that lay on the arm of her chair. The slim hand yielded itself up to him willingly enough. There was an enormous pearl, the pearl of the afternoon, on the forefinger. To his pressure a tremulous pressure replied.

"Agatha ——"

He swallowed. He grimaced and swallowed again. His collar was choking him.

In the silence she gazed into the fire with her mystic and serene smile.

"Agatha ——"

He thought he was going to ask her in a Mephistophelian voice to come out to supper with him, but that warm wave of joy swept once more like music through his heart, and the young man cried:

"Agatha, will you marry me?"

Her hand, lying in his, made a little, startled movement, and she turned languidly toward him; but, before she could speak, Ruthven blurted.

"Listen, Agatha. Don't say no yet. Listen. This life would be hard to give up; it would be hard to give up for both of us; but isn't it degrading? Yes, it is degrading. It degraded me to a point where I was willing to marry a rich woman for her money in order to get that Athens ministry. And I'd have done it, too—only we met. Oh, yes, it's a degrading life; but I've got an old farm in New Hampshire, an old stone farmhouse—and oh, Agatha, we could be very happy there, with cattle, and chickens, and crops; and every evening, after the healthy, open-air day, we'd sit by the fire together, we'd sit by the fire like this, you and I together, with books and magazines; and in time, perhaps, there'd be children, our children, that we'd tell fairy tales to, as our parents told them to us, in the evening, round the birch log fire, while the wind howled outside, and the snow—the blown snow ——"

He halted. He saw that he had failed altogether to put in words the picture in his mind, the bright, still, firelit picture, a symbol of the clean and enduring happiness of marriage, and in despair he pressed his inarticulate lips to her hand. Then he said dismally:

"Could you give this luxury up and come away and be a poor farmer's wife in the New Hampshire mountains? Oh"—his voice warmed again—"Oh, it would be glorious! I can't make it seem so, but it would."

She had been listening with an air of delicate sympathy, an air of delicate perplexity, too. Now, as he held her palm to his hot cheek, she said:

"But my father ——"

He interrupted her hurriedly:

"There'd be plenty of room for your father on the farm. He could help with the stock."

A wave of firelight flowed over her face. Was she smiling? Laughing? She was actually laughing!

He stiffened, something of his morgue returned, and unconsciously he dropped her hand.

Ah, well, he might have known she would laugh. He was only a poor man, a failure, while she spent as much in a day as he did in a year. No, he had nothing to offer her but family, high birth, titled relations; and what good were these without money? They were no good. No good at all. It was only to be expected then that she would laugh at his offer of marriage. Why, a girl of her exquisite loveliness was probably getting splendid offers of marriage—from rich rakes and millionaire drunkards—all the time. What a stupendous failure he was! He had failed in diplomacy, and now he had failed—he, a Ruthven—in his attempt to make a misalliance. But no; it would not have been a misalliance; he loved her too dearly to tolerate that word; their union would have been, he firmly believed, a happy marriage. And there she sat laughing at him! He clothed himself in morgue to hide his pain, and with a hand that trembled he screwed his glass into his eye and looked haughtily at her.

"You dear!" she said.

His heart leapt. After all, she was not laughing. She was smiling; she was smiling tenderly. He swallowed and waited with anxious mien for what was to come.

"Of course," said Agatha—and her hand sought his and nestled in it again—"of course you don't know who my father is. How could you, when you wouldn't once let me speak of him? I suppose you were afraid he'd turn out to be too awful, eh? Well, my father is Jordan Kirby."

Ruthven's monocle dropped from his eye to his shirt bosom with a sharp little clatter. His mouth hung open. He became hot and prickly all over.

"Not Jordan T. Kirby?" he stammered.

"Yes, Jordan T. Kirby."

"Dear me!" His head was in a whirl, but at the same time he was happy—happy—incredibly happy. And it was not the young girl's wealth which made him happy.

(Concluded on Page 44)

Are the Habits of your firm Good

Every business firm has some sort of an individuality. Because it is representative of a number of individuals it has habits also.

Habits of making mistakes—habits of accuracy—habits of inadequate information—habits of having complete data on hand—habits of using forms which do not fit standardized binders—habits of tidy, systematic methods of office and factory—and an innumerable number of other negative and positive merits.

What are the "habits" of your firm?

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

manufacture all kinds of office equipment.

They have created right habits for over 56,000 firms in the United States, and made it possible for them to have the work done in the neatest, quickest way with the least amount of effort.

Neatness and appearance (even though a small factor) is the best kind of "welfare" work in raising the estimation of the employees, as well as increasing their efficiency in working for a firm who buys the right kind of material with which to work.

Baker-Vawter Company put on the market the first loose leaf ledger—the first steel storage unit—the first five-drawer correspondence file—and innumerable "first" forms and systems.

When a better file—a better binder—a better form—a better office tool of any kind is wanted—Baker-Vawter Company will be the first to produce it. Pioneer always—Leaders always.

Don't ask what Baker-Vawter Company make in office equipment.

Say, rather, what you want, because Baker-Vawter Company supply everything necessary for the most exacting accountant and the most involved systems of accounting.

Don't think because your requirements may be small that you are not to be just as highly appreciated and receive just as much care and attention and accuracy as large buyers.

Where and how would you like to improve the habits of your firm—what particular office form or office tools would you like to know more about?

Probably the following list of books will help you to decide.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Originators and Manufacturers, Loose-Leaf and Steel Filing Equipment

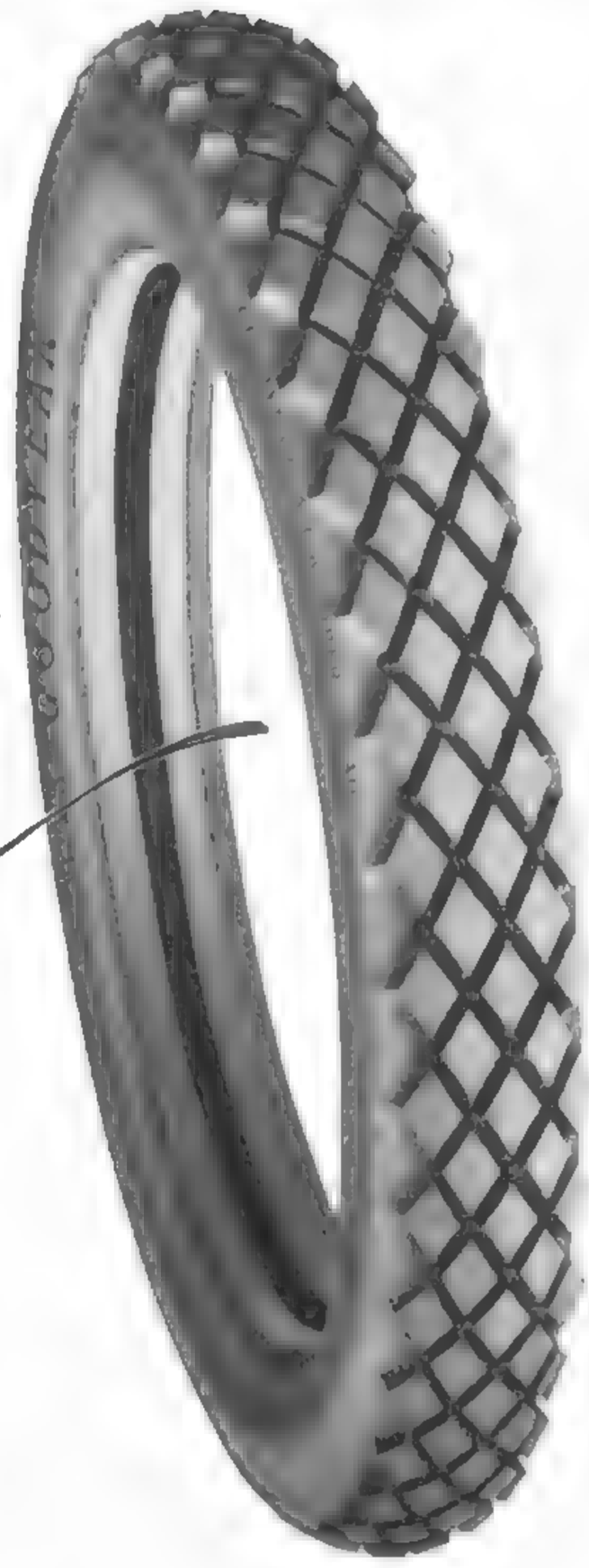
Benton Harbor, Mich. Holyoke, Mass.

Sales offices in 42 cities—salesmen everywhere.

Sign and mail coupon for the book or books which interest you most.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY (Address either)
Benton Harbor, Mich. Holyoke, Mass.
Dept. 226
[illegible] "Monthly Billing" (Book)
[illegible] "Loose Leaf Profits" (Book)
[illegible] of Inventory to Profit" (Book).
Filing Devices and Supplies (Catalog)
Name
Address

Every 3rd New Car a Goodyear Car



SIXTY well-known motor car manufacturers specify Goodyear as the regular tire equipment on their product.

More than half of them ship all their cars with Goodyear Tires.

Of the remainder, none uses Goodyear on less than 20 per cent of his output; and most of them on 50 per cent or more.

Included in this list of 60 are the leading motor car manufacturers of America.

Their cars sell all the way from the lowest prices up to the $5,000 mark.

Their plants cover hundreds of acres of ground and contain thousands of acres of floor space.

The combined production of these 60 manufacturers totals three-quarters of a million motor cars annually.

Their factories give employment to an army of upwards of 100,000 men.

Their combined capital of hundreds of millions represents the bulk of all the capital invested in the automobile industry.

The tire-buying of these motor car manufacturers amounts to millions of dollars yearly.

Their preference for Goodyear Tires is so marked that one out of every three cars manufactured this season will be Goodyear equipped.

Though many tire manufacturers compete for this business, Goodyear occupies the unique position of furnishing the tires for one-third of all the cars scheduled for production during 1916.

Does the fact that Goodyear Tires are preferred by the motor car manufacturers above all other brands, really mean anything to you as an individual tire buyer?

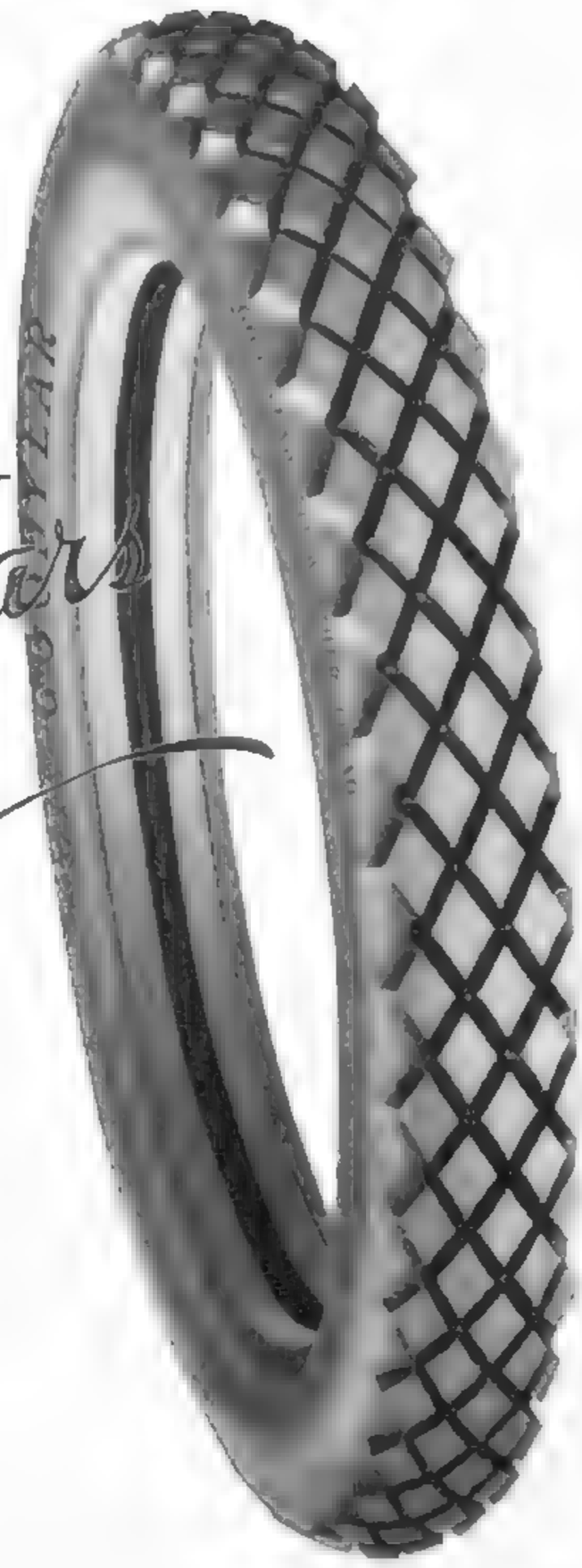
Well, let us look into the subject and see.

You may have thought that motor car manufacturers buy tires largely on the basis of price. But this is not true.

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TIRES

Easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere

More Goodyear Cars than any other



AUTOMOBILE makers are jealous of the tire performance of their cars. If tires do not last—perhaps the car is blamed.

Through dealers and their customers, motor car manufacturers have a thousand avenues of information by which they keep posted on tire performance.

They are constantly on the alert to determine which tire meets with the widest popular approval.

Some have their own exhaustive tests and trials for determining tire-value—elaborate machines which rip and tear and gouge a tire to pieces.

When an annual tire contract is to be let, it is frequently a matter of millions in money.

But it is also something infinitely more.

When automobile makers choose a certain tire, they announce to the world that in their judgment, this is a tire worthy of their cars.

They have almost 200 tire brands to choose from, and out of this list, Goodyear is given overwhelming preference.

Now the truth of the matter is, that these motor car manufacturers could "save" money by selecting one of many other tires.

But their deliberate and combined judgment is that they will do better by themselves, and for their public, by paying more money for Goodyears.

They translate that conviction into action by the marked preference which they give to Goodyear Tires.

Do you not begin to see that this constitutes the strongest kind of a moral and practical endorsement for Goodyear Tires?

What else can this mean except that motor car manufacturers have found, and that individual tire buyers have found, that the last cost of Goodyear Tires is less?

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TIRES

Easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere

25% Bran
In Flour Foods

A fast-growing custom.

The bran supplies a natural laxative effect.

And bran contains the phosphates of the wheat.

Use ¾ white flour and ¼ bran. But not ordinary bran. It must be in flake form and tender.

Pettijohn's Flour is that combination. Flakes make the bran efficient. Softness makes it dainty.

Use like Graham flour. Use in place of white flour. Thus some food can, for every meal, be made hygienic.

One week's results will convert you to bran foods forever.

Pettijohn's

Flour *Bran Flaked*

This is 75 per cent fine patent flour mixed with 25 per cent special bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe. Price, 25 cents per large package.

Pettijohn's Breakfast Food is soft wheat rolled into luscious flakes, hiding 25 per cent unground bran. A morning dainty liked by everyone. 15 cents per package.

Order from your grocer. New-tried recipes are on the packages.

The Quaker Oats Company

Makers — Chicago [1181]

$1 DOWN

A few cents a day (payable monthly) will soon make you the owner of a Burrowes Billiard or Pool Table for your home or on its own legs. Put up or taken down in a minute. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 ft. (standard). Cues, balls, etc. free.

BURROWES

Billiard and Pool Table

Rubber Cushions are the best made. Prices of Tables from $15 up

FREE TRIAL

Write for illustrated Catalog and full particulars of our free trial offer, prices, terms.

The E. T. Burrowes Co.

845 Center Street Portland, Me.

It's a Shame

to drive ordinary nails or tacks into your newly-papered walls. Have you ever tried

MOORE PUSH-PINS

10c per packet

For your heavy pictures, hall racks, etc. weighing up to 100 lbs. use Moore Push-less Hangers — the Hanger with the Twist. 4 sizes, 10c per packet

At ordinary hardware (five-cent and other) stores or sent by mail, postpaid. Illustrated booklet, How to Point Your Pictures, sent free.

MOORE PUSH PIN CO., 103 Berkley St., Philadelphia, Pa.

(Concluded from Page 41)

Ah, no. His whirling, leaping mind took no account of her wealth. What made him happy was the knowledge that he had been horribly mistaken in her—the knowledge that Agatha was good—the knowledge that her young soul was after all as white and fair as her young body.

"Dear me!" he said. "I was on the wrong tack, wasn't I?"

"You certainly were."

She laughed softly. Her hand, lying in his, turned softly this way and that, as if it sought a place to nestle closer in.

"Jordan T. Kirby," he muttered. "The Kirby six-hundred-dollar six-passenger six sixty. A New Hampshire farm isn't much to offer Jordan Kirby's daughter."

She bent toward him impulsively, her young bosom swelled, and he saw that, though she smiled, tears glistened on her lashes. Their faces drew close together—closer—closer together. They gazed deep now into each other's eyes. Each found the other's eyes strangely luminous and sad. Then, as it were unconsciously, without any volition of their own, their lips met—parted—met again ——

Agatha, with a breathless laugh, sprang to her feet. He rose and stood beside her.

"Do you know what makes me so happy?" she said. "It's that you thought I was poor." She touched daintily her lashes still wet with tears. "To take father in at your farm! To let him help you with the livestock!"

Leaning against the mantel beside her, Ruthven smiled awkwardly.

"I was on the wrong tack," he repeated.

"Listen," she said. "That farm will be very jolly now and then for a summer holiday, but for a regular thing I prefer diplomacy. Don't you?"

"Yes, but ——"

"How pleased father will be!" she went on dreamily. "Father promised me, if I married an American instead of a foreigner—father was so afraid I'd marry a count, you know—so he promised me—oh, I'm ashamed to tell you the dowry father promised; but certainly poverty won't handicap you any more."

"I'm not thinking" Ruthven gulped. He was still dazed. "I'm not thinking about that, dear."

"No, I know you're not. You thought I was a pauper."

She laughed; then her brows knit in perplexity.

"But how could you think me a pauper when you saw the way I was living here?"

He gulped again. He fiddled with his eyeglass. His face was very red.

"The fact is, dear, I thought—I thought you were a—show girl."

"Oh, how jolly!"

For an instant she seemed delighted, then she frowned.

"Was it my clothes?" she said coldly, as if to herself. "No, it couldn't have been my clothes, for Lady Cornwall's are worse."

"Much worse," the young man agreed.

"Perhaps, then, it was because I was alone?"

"Yes," he said. "That must have been it. I was on the wrong tack, of course. I know nothing about girls. I'm only a woman hater, you know."

She swayed toward him—her nature was forgiving—and she let him clasp her in his arms and kiss her mouth again. Then, her hands on his shoulders, she tried, laughing softly, bending far back, to push him away; but he held fast to her supple waist.

"Oh, you'd better be going," she said.

"I don't want to go," said he. "It's only one o'clock. That's early for Monte Carlo. Come out somewhere to supper."

She agreed at once. As he folded her cloak about her glistening shoulders, she said:

"Father arrives from Egypt on the yacht to-morrow. There was an accident. That's why I'm alone."

"On the yacht, eh?"

"Promise me you'll like father. He'll like you awfully. He'll be so glad you're a native-born American instead of a foreign count."

"It oughtn't to be hard to like Jordan Kirby."

"And you must dine with us to-morrow night."

"No. You must dine with me—at my aunt's villa in Nice. Senator Corcoran will be there. We were to have arranged about that Athens ministry. But, of course, now ——"

"Of course, now," she said, "you'll be in a better position than ever to take the Athens ministry."

He put his glass in his eye to hide his embarrassment.

"I don't see what I've done," he stammered, "to deserve all this."

She took his arm and, pressing it tenderly against her side, she said.

"You offered to sacrifice your whole future for me when you thought I was only a show girl. Don't you know it counts for a lot to be loved like that?"

As he opened the door, she smiled and added:

"Besides, you know, an ambassador isn't a bad match for poor little me."

Then they went forth into the winter moonlight. The white square was empty. Shivering in their furs, they hurried up the white hill toward Ciro's. The palm gardens, the emerald turf, and the brilliant, delicate flowers in the intense cold seemed unreal.

THE DESERT STRAIN

(Continued from Page 17)

appeared with the information that the latter might consider himself discharged from service.

"You bally 'eathen schemer!" he shouted. "Just think of the hirreparable mischief you've done! Now git hoff the premises before 'is lordship 'as you put hoff!"

But success had transformed the Moor into a very different creature.

"Dog of an unbeliever!" he screamed in his native tongue. "Dog of an unbeliever and vile travesty on horsemen, profane no longer the abode of a noble animal with thy detestable personality!"

The dog of an unbeliever did not know what the words meant; but as they were reenforced by a good Moslem jab from the business end of a pitchfork he had no trouble in guessing their purport. He capitulated and at once sought Lord Godolphin.

The tale of the Moor's duplicity filled his lordship with rage; and, though he did not dismiss him from his service, he gave him an opportunity to learn that the English language contained possibilities in invective not inferior to his own. As the wily Moor truly observed, however, this made but little difference, as Roxana was now in foal to Scham.

In due season Roxana produced a fine colt, which was named Lath. Lord Godolphin's views now began to change; for as Lath grew and developed he proved far superior to any of the get of Hobgoblin. And when, as a two-year-old, he easily beat the best youngsters in England the value of his sire was fully established. Hobgoblin was deposed from his place of honor and Scham installed in his stead as head of the stud, his owner giving him his own name; for Scham was none other than the famous Godolphin Arabian, now reckoned one of the greatest sires in all equine history.

Breeders now bred back again and again to the Arabian strains till the blood of the Darley and Godolphin Arabians was in all their racing stock. And thus originated the English Thoroughbred; for thoroughbred simply means bred thoroughly to the Arabian stock that formed its foundation.

Bred strictly for racing and with consummate skill, the Thoroughbred is now greatly modified from the type of those early progenitors; faster now at the run than any Arabian, he is also larger, requires more feed, and when put to a sufficiently long and hard test is less enduring. It is, therefore, wrong to call him, as has sometimes been done, an improved Arabian; for the Arab can still beat him on long distances, and in all his essential and distinctive qualities has never been improved by any outcross.

Now why was this foreign blood, so little appreciated and with the additional handicap of ingrained prejudice, able to win its way to the front and become the most honored strain from which the Thoroughbred has sprung? Or, to put the question into more concrete form, what is an Arab? and why is he so strikingly different from and superior to all other horses? The majority would doubtless reply: "Because of the care with which he has been bred by the Arabs." But this does not, by any means, answer the question in full.

The Arab was a separate and distinct evolutionary type, superior to and more highly developed than any other horse in the world long before his domestication. And from the time of his domestication down to the present he has not only been carefully bred but guarded, as no other horse has ever been, from admixture with other blood.

To grasp fully the significance of these facts, it must be understood that the horse was in process of evolution in widely different parts of the world at the same time, there being evidence of his existence in all four of the great continents—though in America he seems to have become extinct at some prehistoric period.

Such different environments produced different results. It was in Arabia and that part of Northern Africa known to the ancients as Libya that he reached his highest perfection. There he was more beautiful, more fleet of foot, more enduring, and of a more amiable and domestic disposition. Certain structural differences also mark the horse of those regions. He has one less vertebra in the spine and two less vertebræ in the tail, the brain cavity in the skull is larger, the skull itself shorter, and the lower jaw more slender. And the ulna, or small bone in his foreleg, is complete, while in all other horses it ends in a splint.

These anatomical differences, all indicating a higher evolutionary development, were unknown for many years, because it was assumed that all horses were structurally alike; and in the study of any subject it is never wise to take too much for granted. The differences in the number of vertebræ were first noted by the French naturalist, Sanson; the other differences more recently by Professor Osborne.

I have referred thus to the generic distinctions of the Arabian horse because they are so little understood, and because a knowledge of them is essential to a true estimate of his value. His more obvious and better-known characteristics are as follows: In size he is rather small, rarely weighing much over nine hundred pounds, but still able to carry a heavy man all day without fatigue. His conformation is the most perfect to be found in horses and his way of carrying himself peculiarly proud and aristocratic. His neck is long and arched and his tail is carried very high—"Like that of a cock," as an ancient authority quaintly observes. This way of carrying the tail is extremely characteristic and is conspicuous in the earliest and crudest representations of him. With the single exception of the Thoroughbred, he is the fastest of horses at the run, and for long distances can beat the Thoroughbred. He is more courageous than other horses and in disposition he is remarkably gentle and docile.

One characteristic, frequently overlooked in descriptions of the Arab, is the color of his skin. It was discovered by Upton that the skins of all pure-bred Arabs are dark, whatever the color of the coat. In a white Arab mare that I owned a few years ago—white being a color where we should least of all expect to find a dark skin—this feature was conspicuous. The black of her skin showed in her nostrils and round her eyes in a way that was strikingly beautiful and in some indescribable way contributed strongly to that peculiarly aristocratic look so characteristic of the race.

But the most important of all the characteristics of the Arab horse is his persistent stamina and vitality.

The Anazeh tribes, who are the great horse breeders of Arabia, include all pure-bred Arabs in five great families called Al Khamish—The Five. These families are descended from five very famous mares—for the Arabs trace the pedigrees of their horses through the female side and not through the male side, as we do—which were owned many centuries ago by a certain Sheik Salaman.

The mares to which each of these families traces its descent were all animals of distinguished performance. Living, as they did, centuries ago, and only their pedigrees being placed on record, more or less romance has, without doubt, become interwoven with their history.

As an example of these histories, carefully treasured and handed down from generation to generation, let us take the

account of the founder of the Keheilet Ajuz family, as given in Borden's illuminating little work on the Arab horse:

"The history of Keheilet Ajuz comes to us surrounded by a romantic halo thrown round her by the people among whom she was born and lived. It is related that a certain sheik was flying from an enemy, mounted on his favorite mare. Arab warriors trust themselves only to mares; they will not ride a stallion in war. The said mare was at the time far along toward parturition; indeed, she became a mother when the fleeing horseman stopped for rest at noonday, the newcomer being a filly

"Being hard pressed the sheik was compelled to remount his mare, abandoning the newborn filly to her fate. Finally reaching safety among his own people, great was the surprise of all when, shortly after the arrival of the sheik on his faithful mare, the little filly, less than a day old, came into camp also, having followed her mother across miles of desert. She was immediately given into the care of an old woman of the tribe, *ajuz* meaning an old woman hence her name, Keheilet Ajuz, 'the mare of the old woman'—and grew to be the most famous of all the animals in the history of the breed."

The descendants of Keheilet Ajuz are to-day among the most highly prized of all pure-bred Arabs. And, whether we believe or not this story of her youthful performance, that she was an animal of phenomenal vitality and endurance, even among a race of horses where these qualities are conspicuous, is beyond all question.

Why Cavalry Horseflesh is Scarce

Having shown what the Arab horse of to-day really is, let us now take a glance at the needs of our cavalry and see what the Arab has to do or, at least, ought to have to do with it.

The chief difficulty in the situation is that the inducements to raise cavalry horses are not sufficiently tempting, and farmers will not raise them so long as they can make much more money raising heavy draft stock.

Now this brings us to the very practical and pertinent question of what ought to be done to remedy this situation. To me the answer seems clear, being simply that the Government should cease depending on outside supplies and raise its own horses on its own breeding farms. Such farms could be easily established on land already belonging to the Government or on such other land as it might choose to acquire. The advantages of such a system would be manifold. It would insure a regular and dependable supply. It would also make possible the raising of horses of exactly the right kind, which in itself would make it worth while; for the difference in the efficiency of a cavalry equipped with the right kind of horses and one equipped with the wrong kind is incalculable. Moreover, the system would probably be little if any more expensive than the one now in vogue.

But what is this horse of the right kind, this special and distinct type, to which I have referred? In a nutshell, he should be a horse that can carry the requisite weight and go fast and far without breaking down or tiring; and also be able to do these things, when necessary, on short rations.

Small Horses the Toughest

Going more into detail, he should be compact in form, strongly built, with short back, slanting shoulders and large lung capacity. He should have feet of fine and tough fiber, and clean, flat limbs, of strong formation and hereditary soundness. In size he should not be very large, ability to do what is required of him being all that is necessary and anything beyond this a detriment rather than a help.

In this matter of size there is so much misconception that it requires a little elucidation. In the popular mind strength and endurance are often confounded with size; but if the recorded performances of phenomenal activity and endurance—by horses carrying good-sized men on their backs, for otherwise the tests would be worthless—be examined the performers will almost invariably be found to be comparatively small horses

Why is this so?

All wild horses, in all parts of the world, are comparatively small, and in this state they not only get no grain or shelter but frequently have to go considerable distances at high speed. From this natural type the skill of man has bred horses of far larger size, those of a ton in weight being not uncommon; but the farther we get from the natural type of horse, the greater the need of artificial support and upkeep, such as grain, shelter, and the avoidance of maintaining for any considerable time a high rate of speed. Therefore, among our breeds of domestic horses those in which the skill of man has been directed to perfection in form and the development of the more essentially equine qualities, rather than to increase of size, are invariably the hardiest, the most enduring, and the strongest in proportion to their size.

All the qualities I have mentioned as being so essential to a cavalry horse are possessed by the Arab in a higher degree than by any other, and in any plan for raising cavalry stock he should be given first place as sire. Government breeding farms, headed by Arab stallions, provide the surest of all ways to an efficient cavalry America, too, has greater facilities for such work than any European country.

The question may naturally be asked whether a sufficient number of Arabs could be found to form the foundation for Government breeding farms. To obtain enough of both sexes for such a purpose would doubtless be impossible; but that enough stallions could be had to make a very fair start is beyond question. These could be crossed upon selected mares of American stock. Then, if all the resulting half-bred fillies were reserved for breeders, and pure-bred Arabs be strictly adhered to as sires, a very few years would suffice for the production of a magnificent lot of half-bred and three-quarter-bred Arabs; for it is astonishing, when such a method is followed, how rapid is the increase.

I should add that the blood of the Arab is extremely prepotent, and so predominates over that of the stock on which he is crossed that his half-bred sons and daughters partake of his characteristics much more than those of their dams, though many of the three-quarter-breds might almost pass for pure Arabs.

For Government breeding farms the great need, of course, would be to have always enough pure-bred stallions for sires. As one stallion can be mated with a great many mares in a single season, the number needed would not, comparatively speaking, be large; and when once a good start is had the best of all ways to supply them is to raise them.

Recent Performances of Arabs

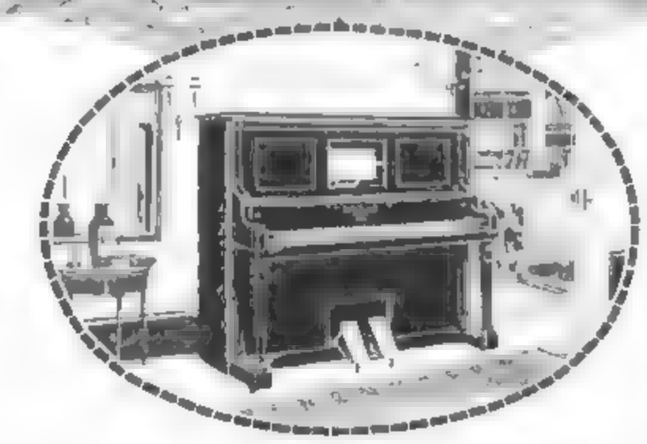
After all I have said of the Arab, to cite individual instances of his qualities when under severe stress would seem needless; but as so many are accustomed to think of his exploits as things of the past, and we are now considering him as a practical factor in the supplying of a great present-day need, I may perhaps properly cite a few of his more recent performances—peaceful, it is true, and in a country where there is now no war, but, nevertheless, illuminating.

On October 30, 1912, Captain Frank Tompkins rode the pure-bred Arab stallion Razzia from Northfield, Vermont, to Fort Ethan Allen, a distance of fifty-one miles, and back the same day. The horse, which stood 14.2 hands high and weighed nine hundred and fifty pounds, carried a hundred and seventy-five pounds on his back. The most important feature in the performance, however, was that after this journey of a hundred and two miles in a single day he showed no weariness and was in condition the next morning to repeat the feat.

On September 16, 1913, in an endurance race, the course being a hundred and fifty-four miles over rough and hilly roads, and which was open to horses of all kinds, the three horses to come in first were all pure-bred Arabs. Halcyon, the winner, stood 15.1 hands in height, weighed only nine hundred pounds, and carried a hundred and eighty pounds on her back. Her time for the hundred and fifty-four miles, including all stops, was thirty hours and forty minutes.

Perhaps no better example of the stamina and vitality of the race could be found than in Field Marshal Lord Roberts' Arab horse. Lord Roberts rode this horse for twenty-two consecutive years, campaigning meantime in Afghanistan, India, Burma and South Africa; and during the whole of that time the horse was never sick and never lame.

In recommending Arabian blood as the best of all for producing cavalry stock I am by no means unmindful of the merits of other breeds, many of which have their special uses, in which they have no rivals.



The VIRTUOLO
THE "INSTINCTIVE" PLAYER PIANO
An Instrument Ahead of its Time

FIVE years ago when the Virtuolo was first placed on the market it was recognized as an invention *absolutely new* in players; its success was instantaneous.

Today the new Solo Virtuolo is an achievement unparalleled in the player piano industry. It is still the *newest* in players—something decidedly more than an ordinary player.

This advertisement cannot describe the Virtuolo adequately. You must *see* and actually *hear* it, to realize the big advance over ordinary players.

There is a dealer near you who will be glad to demonstrate it to you—in his store or in your home. Therefore—mail attached coupon now, and don't put off the experience of "discovering" the Virtuolo a day longer.

Hallet & Davis Piano Co.
Established 1839
146 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Makers of the Hallet & Davis Piano and the Virtuolo "Instinctive" Player Piano. Sole Distributors Conway Pianos and Player Pianos

OSTERMOOR
Mattress $15. up
Look Forth at the Morning After a Perfect Night's Rest
If your dealer can't supply, do not accept a substitute, but send us $15 for a full-size Ostermoor, express prepaid. Money back if not satisfied after 30 days' trial
A postal brings 144-page book of mattresses, springs, cushions, etc., with many samples of tickings.
OSTERMOOR & COMPANY 116 Elizabeth Street, New York
Canadian Agency, Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

Will make a White Spot on any white woodwork in your home

Enamolin

The Magic of ENAMOLIN

Enamolin will transform old, dingy, discolored surfaces into glorious white and lasting enamel effect and protect them for years.

These are our claims for Enamolin

Whiteness—It is so snow-white in color that it will make a white spot on any white woodwork in your home.

Durability—It will not crack, peel or check under the severest test and when soiled can be easily washed to its original porcelain-like whiteness with soap, Sapolio or Pearline. Your painter or decorator will confirm this statement.

The Floor Varnish worthy of use in the same room with Enamolin, is——

Namlac
FLOOR FINISH

EMIL CALMAN & CO.
ESTABLISHED IN 1850
100 William St. New York

THE FRANKLIN CAR

Simplicity and Results versus *an Eyefull of Motor Mechanism*

JOHN TIMBS, the historian of American invention, says that the history of every mechanical development has been from crude directness at the start to extreme and burdensome complexity—then to a *finished simplicity* that makes the complex stage seem absurd.

* * *

Fulton's Steamboat had a single cast-iron cylinder and one piston.

Marine driving power was at the stage of enormous quadruple expansion engines when Parsons invented the Steam Turbine in 1884.

In Belfast, Ireland, in 1897, was invented a new type of *turbine fan for moving air.*

This application of the *turbine principle to the rotary fan*, moving vastly larger bodies of air than was ever before possible, has in less than a generation set many lines of invention forward fifty years and has all but *revolutionized* certain well-known industries.

It is this principle that is behind the *Franklin System of Direct-Air-Cooling—the biggest step ever taken in the simplification of the Motor Car.*

* * *

Think of it! Here is an engine with *no water* to carry, none of the annoyances that go with water—freed of the 177 parts of the complicated water-cooling system.

If you want a clear idea of just what it means to get rid of these 177 water-cooling parts, step into a repair shop. Look at the honey-comb radiator, with its 5000 cells, its pipes, pump, connections—a complex system of small-bore water passages, inviting trouble from leaks, from mud and sediment, from freezing and boiling.

* * *

Look at the Franklin Engine! The *only moving part* in the Direct-Air-Cooling System is the air-suction fan, and *that fan is itself part of the fly wheel.*

Nothing to get loose, nothing to break down, nothing to oil, nothing to adjust, nothing to replace.

Franklin Direct-Air-Cooling Gets Rid of these 177 Water-Cooling Parts

1 Radiator
2 Steel washers for fan bearing
2 Felt washers for fan bearing
1 Retainer for felt washer for fan bearing
1 Adjusting nut for fan bearing
1 Check nut for fan bearing adjusting nut
1 Lock washer for fan bearing adjusting nut
1 Bracket for fan on engine frame
1 Nut for fan shaft
1 Washer for fan shaft
1 Lock nut for fan shaft
2 Nuts to attach fan bracket to engine frame
2 Lock washers for fan bracket nuts
1 Fan driving sheave and starting ratchet, lower
1 Fan belt
1 Grease cup for fan
2 Bearings, complete for fan shaft (each end)
1 Filler cap for radiator
1 Gasket for radiator filler cap
1 Strainer for radiator filler
1 Drain cock, complete, for radiator outlet
1 Bush for radiator outlet drain cock
1 Sleeve for radiator outlet drain cock
1 Gasket for radiator outlet drain cock
1 Strainer for radiator outlet drain cock
1 Spring washer for radiator outlet drain cock
1 Nut for radiator outlet drain cock
1 Cotter pin for radiator outlet drain cock
1 Bracket to attach radiator
1 Stud plate for bottom of radiator
1 Stud for radiator bottom plate
4 Shims for radiator attaching studs
4 Nuts for radiator attaching studs
4 Washers for radiator attaching studs
4 Washers, rubber for radiator attaching studs
4 Lock washers for radiator attaching studs
1 Lace for radiator
1 Hose connection from radiator to motor.
2 Hose clamps
1 Tie rod between radiator and dash
2 Cap screws for tie rod on radiator
2 Lock washers for tie rod cap screw
1 Shield for outer radiator
1 Fan assembled complete
1 Fan spider with flanges and pulley
4 Blades for fan spider
1 Fan shaft
1 Cone for fan bearing
2 Ball races for fan bearing
2 Ball retainers for fan bearing
16 Steel Balls for fan bearing
1 Pump
4 Capscrews to attach pump to engine
4 Lock washers for pump attaching screws
1 Pump body with bushing
2 Bowels for pump body
1 Bushing for pump body
1 Gland nut for pump body bushing
1 Packing for pump
2 Pump covers, with bushing
1 Gasket for pump
8 Screws for pump cover
1 Bushing for pump cover
1 Pump impeller
1 Pin for pump impeller
1 Cross for pump driving shaft
1 Pump shaft short, for impeller
1 Pump shaft long, for outside driving gear
1 Outside driving gear for pump
1 Bushing, long for pump shaft
1 Bushing short for pump shaft
1 Key for pump shaft
1 Drain pipe for pump
1 Cap for pump drain pipe.
1 Grease cup for pump
1 Brass pipe on top of cylinders, for water circulation
1 Brass pipe on side of cylinders, for water circulation
6 Studs for water circulation pipes
6 Lock washers for water circulation pipe studs
6 Nuts for water circulation pipe studs
3 Gaskets for water circulation pipes
1 Hose connection from radiator to motor
2 Clamps for rubber hose connection from radiator to motor
1 Hose connection from pump to motor
1 Hose connection radiator to pump
4 Clamps for rubber hose
6 Studs to attach water circulation pipes
6 Nuts for water circulation pipe studs

With this complicated, trouble-inviting water-cooling system, compare the simplicity of *Franklin Direct-Air-Cooling—its only moving part a powerful turbine fan, which is itself part of the fly wheel.* No water to carry—no leaks, no freezing, no boiling. The Franklin is the only car that can run 100 miles on low gear, regardless of locality, weather or road conditions, and it holds the world's record for oil economy—1046 miles on a gallon of oil.

Touring Car—$1950, F. O. B. Syracuse, N. Y.
Actual Scale Weight, 2650 Pounds.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

THE FRANKLIN CAR

The Most Advanced Type of Motor Construction in the Automobile World

Inspect the Franklin chassis! Notice the freedom from all torque rods and reach rods. Notice the one-piece fastening of the full-elliptic springs—eliminating the usual links, pins and other forgings.

No superfluous parts to driving system. The single-unit direct-connected starter does away with the gears on the fly wheel and the attendant shifting mechanism.

The transmission foot-brake does away with fifty per cent. of the usual rods, rod ends and pins.

* * *

Consider for a moment what such simplicity means in the life of the car, in the ease of control, the saving of time, trouble and upkeep expense.

It is the *mechanical complexity* of the average car that drives its *upkeep cost so unreasonably high.*

Nobody knows this fact better than the Used Car Dealer, who is confronted every day with the problem of selling cars with too much machinery.

The motorist who takes *efficiency* as his measure of value, rather than quantity of mechanism, should know the *Franklin Car*—the most *advanced type of motor construction* in the automobile world.

* * *

The fundamental design of the Franklin is so far in advance that the earliest Franklin Cars produced are doing good service today.

The Franklin was the *first four-cylinder car* built in America—and a six-cylinder car when cars in general were still in the four-cylinder stage.

The *Franklin cylinders had valves-in-head thirteen years* before automobile designers in general took them up.

The Franklin was the *first car with the throttle control*—first with the *single intake trunk*—the first to establish *automatic lubrication*—the first to use *full-elliptic springs without reaches*—the first *light-weight* car, and the most *flexibly constructed car today.*

It is the policy of the Franklin Company to build a car that will perform a *service* for the *man who owns it* and for the *dealer who sells it.*

* * *

The Franklin is the only car that has averaged *32.8 and 32.1 miles to the gallon of gasoline in two National Tests.* It is the only six-cylinder car that ever went 55 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

It is the car that is practically *free from tire troubles*, and delivers its owners an *average of 9030 miles* to the set of tires.

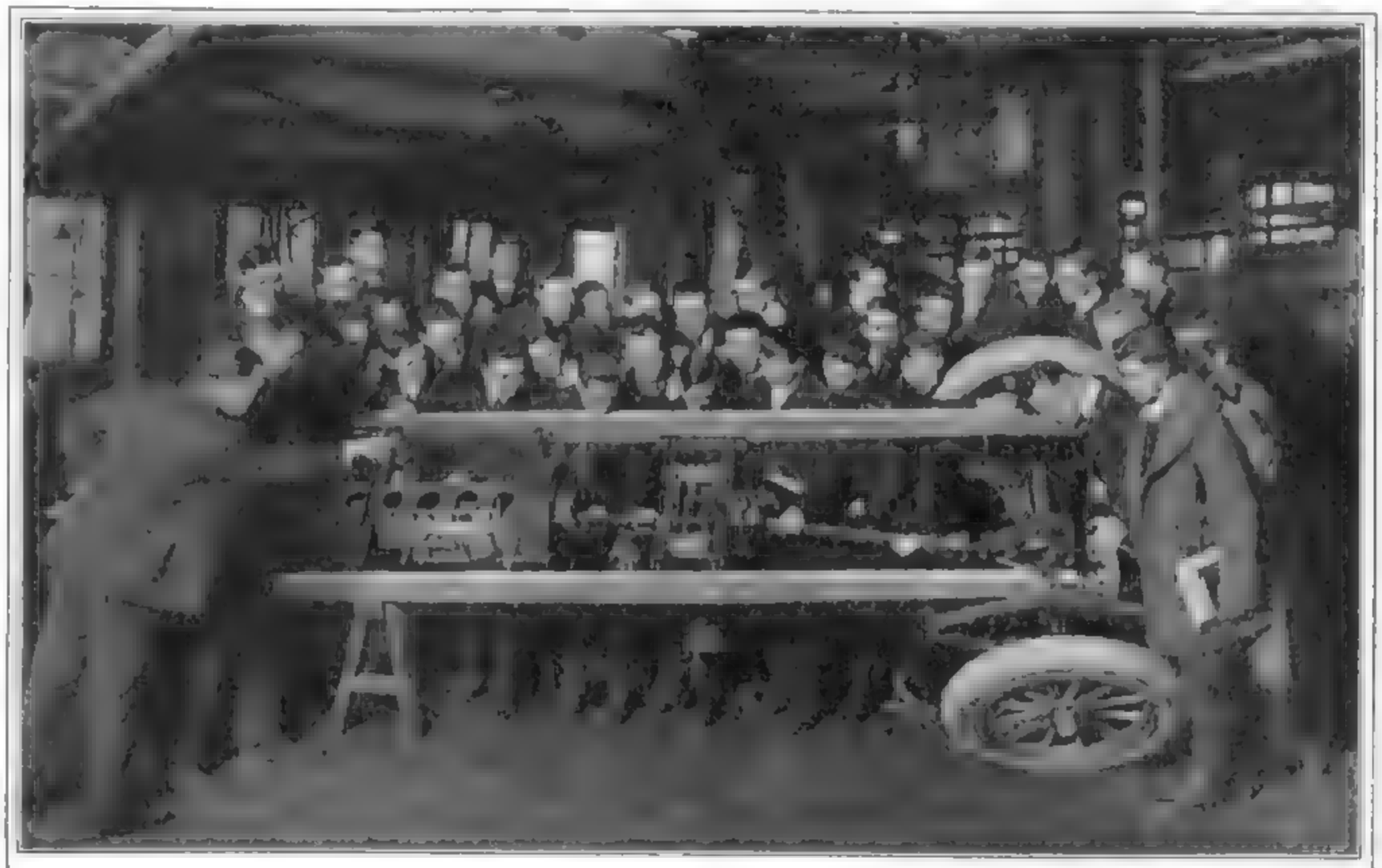
It is the only car that can run *100 miles on low gear*, anywhere, any time.

It is the car that holds the *world's record for oil economy*—1046 miles on a gallon of oil.

It is the *only car* men and women, old and young, can *ride in all day without undue fatigue.*

It costs less to run than the cheapest car made.

Performance, service, not "features"—this is the principle of the Franklin Car.



The Franklin Chassis exhibited to the Engineering Class at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute as a demonstration of *finished simplicity in motor car design.* Notice the freedom from all torque rods and reach rods. Notice the one-piece fastening of the full-elliptic springs—eliminating the usual links, pins and other forgings. Consider what such simplicity means in the life of the car, in the ease of control, the saving of time, trouble and upkeep expense.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Serves More People in More Ways than any Institution of its Kind in the World

JOHNS MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

Johns-Manville
AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES

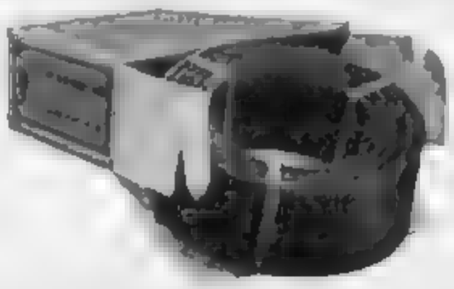
Think *first* of Safety —*then* Consider Wear

YOU use brake lining for safety—the safety of yourself and of those who ride with you, as well as the safety of your car. Therefore *safety* should be of first importance in choosing your brake lining.

The safety of J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining has been abundantly proved. It has met every motoring condition squarely. It has guarded the safety of high tonnage motor trucks through traffic, down hills and around sharp bends. Even on industrial machinery, where the braking requirements are infinitely more severe, it has demonstrated a safety and dependability that provide positive proof of its supreme fitness for motor car service.

J-M Non-Burn is made from pure, long-fibred Canadian Asbestos, reinforced by strong, brass wire. It is entirely free from perishable materials and is not affected by the most intense frictional heat, water, oil or gasoline. *It possesses the wearing qualities demanded by economy as well as safety in service.*

When your brakes need re-lining insist upon J-M Non-Burn. If your dealer cannot supply you, communicate with the nearest J-M Branch.



Cartons containing exact sizes for popular makes of cars, if desired.

Other J-M Auto Accessories

Speedometers
Horns
Shock Absorbers
Spark Plugs
Non-Blinding Headlight Lenses
Fire Extinguishers
Windshield Attachment for Ford cars
Automobile Tapes and Fuses
Packings and Gaskets

We will supply you with full information covering all of these lines. Write today.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
294 Madison Avenue, New York

50 Branches Service Stations in All Large Cities

THE PURPLE MONKEY

(Continued from Page 20)

traces his title back to the field of Runnymede, has recently come to America to look over some properties in the West, where the family have large interests.

During last week's blizzard, while Lord ——, with characteristic sportsmanship, was walking in the evening, despite the fury of the elements, up Fifth Avenue, a photograph was whirled from the window of an adjacent mansion and fell at his feet. His lordship picked it up and at once became enamored of the face there portrayed. He immediately instructed his solicitor to advertise for the owner of the picture. Needless to say, both upper Fifth Avenue and stageland are agog. Who is she? As his lordship's intentions are not only honorable but serious, we may hope before long to chronicle the conclusion of a courtship begun under the most unusual if not extraordinary circumstances.

"That unconscionable ruffian!" I moaned. "Think of printing all that stuff when he admitted he knew it was all buncombe!"

And then I suddenly realized that, after all, it was myself who was responsible for the whole wretched thing. I—Roscoe Thompson—was the father of that young English ass; and I had given birth to him simply to save the cantankerous old duke—Roscoe Thompson, in other words—from disgrace. I shuddered to think what the afternoon might hold in store for me. What other horrors the ingenuities of the Fourth Estate might make public! Oh, for a desert isle, without even a wireless apparatus!

"Here's a rough one!" said Jimmie McCray, laying a damp extra from the Universe's presses on the desk in front of me. "I heard 'em calling it and went down. There must have been a sorehead in that bunch of lobsters."

Like the Planet, the Universe had reproduced the picture, and carried it in the center of the page; but the nature of the reading matter relating to it was entirely and shockingly different.

"This Girl *May* Marry a Lord!" it announced, italicizing the "may." "Anyhow, Lawyer Wants to Know Who She Is!"

"Lawyer Roscoe Thompson, of —— Wall Street, who claims to have a large English clientele, comprising the richest and smartest folks in the Almanach de Gotha—ad.—when interrogated about a personal emanating from his office, and inquiring as to the identity of a certain beautiful young person, *said*—ital.—that he had no interest in the matter himself, but was acting on behalf of a certain young lord. This YOUNG LORD is the son of a cantankerous old DUKE. So, look out, girls! Lawyer Thompson also says the young lord is a very nice, handsome young man. We looked all through the office for the young lord, but could only find Mr. Thompson. Nevertheless, we were assured—by the lawyer—that he was a really-truly person."

As I perused this atrocious libel my face flamed with wrath and humiliation. "Nothing will happen to reflect on Roscoe!" Oh, Lord! Oh, young English lord! What would my wife say? And that miserable editor?

Furiously I snatched my telephone from its hook and called up Billings, the great man, my—friend.

"Look here," I shouted vociferously; "that's a fine trick you played on me! You haven't handled this thing on the level. It's disgusting—shameful!"

"My dear boy," he answered—and I could hear him choking back a laugh—"I didn't write it. I didn't even send a reporter. They pounced on it for a sure-enough sensation.

"You must have let drop something—given the show away. Of course it's cheap; but what difference does it make—to a man of your standing?"

"That's the trouble!" I wailed. "Don't you see what an ass you've made of me?"

"No," he answered unsympathetically. "I don't. I never told you to give out that ridiculous story. If people don't believe it, really it's not my fault. If you've been made to look silly you've only yourself to blame for it."

And this being quite true I had nothing more to say.

The other evening papers carried the story—and most of them the photograph—on the front page; and, while all printed in full the account of the young lord and the crotchety old duke, several hinted that these were, to some extent at least, mythical. Indeed, by dinnertime I felt myself a very much abused and discredited man, and I would not have entered my club for all the dukes in the British Isles. I pass over discreetly my painful interview with the lady who trusted that nothing would happen "to reflect on Roscoe."

■

AT THE breakfast table next morning my wife handed me the Universe, with a queer look in her eyes and the single sardonic sentence:

"They've found the creature!"

A slight recrudescence of interest took place in my otherwise disgusted spirit. I was bored with the whole affair, and yet —— But one glance at that front page and I turned a sickly green. There was the picture and—horror on horror!—there, in an inserted cut, was a wretched facsimile of myself, taken presumably when I was about nineteen years of age, and labeled "Roscoe Thompson."

"I'll kill that Billings!" I roared, crumpling the paper in my hand.

Then curiosity triumphed over outraged dignity. I spread the sheet carefully out on my knees.

"MYSTERIOUS FAIR ONE SOON LOCATED!"

How that word jars on the sensitive ear! Could a mysterious fair one be dis-located?

"A LEADING MEMBER OF THE CAST OF THE PURPLE MONKEY

"Miss Irene St. Claire, one of the statuesque showgirls who stroll about the stage at the Palladium, where The Purple Monkey is now playing, is being deluged with congratulations over the consequences attendant on the loss of her photograph two nights ago. By an extraordinary freak of fortune the picture was found by a young English nobleman, said to be a client of Mr. Roscoe Thompson, a well-known lawyer, of Wall Street. As a result, the peer has been searching high and low for the original. It will now, turn about, become the business of those interested in Miss St. Claire's future to try to find the peer, who, Mr. Thompson assures us, actually exists.

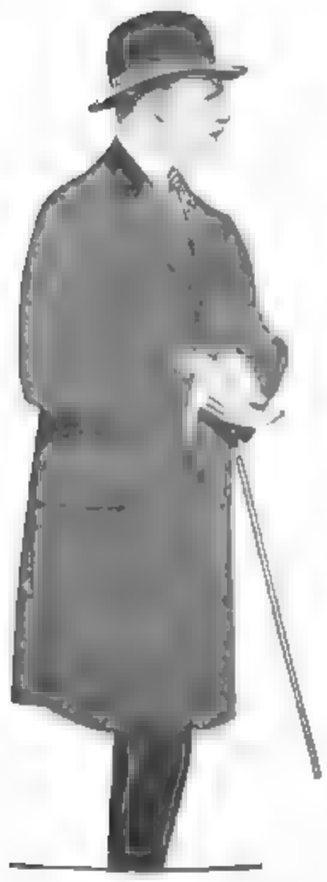
"There are persons sufficiently skeptical to see in this romantic story only an unusually successful scheme of an adroit press agent. If anything like this has been put over on the Universe we take off our hats to Miss St. Claire, and also to Mr. Roscoe Thompson, whose standing at the bar renders it difficult, however, to see how he comes into the affair."

"I should think you would want to go and hide somewhere!" said my wife, biting her lips. "A common showgirl! What will people say?"

"I'd like to," I answered miserably, "only there's no place to go. Anyhow, you may remember you said that anyone could see she was a lady. I suppose reporters will be interviewing me all day." Then I tried forced jocularity. "Haven't you a photograph of some long-deceased male cousin that I can pass out as Lord Roscoe of Roscoling, The Nave, Berry-on-Wicks, Hants? You see, I've invented this wretched young man and he's simply got to be. My office will be full of Purple Monkeys all day!"

I couldn't eat my breakfast, and as I left the house the only farewell caress I received from my wife was a frigid peck. Oh, my lost youth! Why had I cared that the face in the picture was alluring? What difference could it possibly make to me? Wasn't I safely, securely and permanently married to a wonderfully efficient woman? And yet I knew in my heart that if some other fellow had found my wife's photograph on Fifth Avenue he would not have sought for the original, nor would any newspaper have joined in the pursuit of her. What was it that the picture—and probably the original—possessed which would lead men to forsake their daily tasks and perhaps their firesides? The fatal gift!

I found myself wondering what she was really like. A stupid fool probably; and yet the picture had a piquancy that absolutely negatived any idea of dullness. I formed a sneaking resolve to go to see The Purple Monkey that very night—just out of curiosity. You see, that is the first step. It was undoubtedly what started Eve on her unfortunate adventure with the apple.



A smart top coat, silk serge quarter lined, fashionable fabrics.

Men of smart tastes, of all ages, find the "Boxer" a splendid overcoat for general wear.

You'll like the loose back and trim shoulders.

Ask your dealer for the "Boxer" and look for our label.

Makers of good overcoats, raincoats, trousers, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, summer clothing, golf and automobile apparel.

Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties

CHICAGO

GRAND OPERA AT HOME

An absolutely new idea in a music book. It relates the stories of the twelve most popular grand operas in an interesting way, with the music of the principal songs arranged for playing or singing. The list includes *Aida, Bohemian Girl, Carmen, Cavalleria Rusticana, Faust, Hansel and Gretel, Lohengrin, Lucia di Lammermoor, Rigoletto, Tales of Hoffman, Tannhauser and Il Trovatore.* List price 75 cents. For sale at all music or book dealers' Free illustrated catalogue of the "Whole World" Music Series on request.

D APPLETON & CO. 35 West 32nd St. NEW YORK CITY

Bind Your Own Books

Make your records or loose papers into a book with the

"CADO" L.E.B. Filing Binders

(Pat. Applied for)

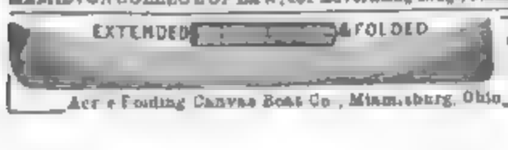
Easily Attached or Removed

Send $1.00 for special offer of 4 dozen Binders (½ to 2½ inch capacity) and pair of pliers.

CUSHMAN & DENISON MFG. CO.
240 West 23rd St., N. Y.

LAW STUDY AT HOME BECOME AN LL.B.

Only [illegible] resident law school in U. S. Conferring Degree of Bachelor of Laws—[illegible] by correspondence [illegible] standard resident school [illegible] same instruction by mail [illegible] class room lectures. [illegible] 50 prominent lawyers. Guarantee to prepare graduates to pass bar exam [illegible] nation. Only law school giving Complete Course in Oratory and Public Speaking [illegible] Over Officials, Business Men, Noted Lawyers and Students [illegible] Large Handsomely Illustrated Prospectus. Special courses for B[illegible] LAW, 461 Advertising Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



Catalog Free

Ace Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

Our progenitors wanted to see what it was like. And in that frame of mind I arrived at my office.

I found my two partners, Judson and Hardwick, awaiting me there in a cynical and belligerent attitude. They were sitting in my room, holding what appeared to be a council of war and regarding with cynical disfavor a vast pile of mail matter piled high on my desk. They were both exceedingly conservative, as befits New York attorneys.

"This won't do at all, you know!" exploded Judson in obvious irritation. "The office is being made ridiculous. Really now, that story about the young lord—it's all over town. I can't go to my luncheon club without having a lot of fellows guy me about it. And you ought to have some regard for your own reputation—even if you haven't for ours."

"Well, I had to say something, didn't I?" I ventured plaintively. "It was the only thing I could think of, and ——"

"What on earth possessed you to put that fool advertisement in the paper anyhow?" snapped Hardwick. "A college boy's trick! I should think your wife ——"

"Don't mention her!" I protested. "Your thoughts are undoubtedly surprisingly accurate. I've made an ass of myself. I fully admit it. I might as well go farther and confess that, though I had a reasonable excuse, which I won't go into now, I also had a pardonable curiosity as to the original of that picture. I was led astray by a pretty face and I've made an unrighteous mess of things. That's all there is to it. What more can I say?"

Judson drummed on the arm of his chair and glowered out of the window.

"Heavens! You've said enough already. I don't suppose there's anything we can do—except to drop it; but if you think you are going to have this office all filled up with actresses and chorus girls ——"

"Judson," I interrupted, "what are you talking about? Why, I haven't even seen a chorus girl."

"Oh, you'll see 'em all right!" he grumbled. "Look at that pile of mail. I can smell it 'way over here."

I sniffed. It was indeed true. A weird conglomerate odor permeated the office, emanating from the letters on my desk. I couldn't help laughing at the expression of disgust on Judson's homely face.

"Well!" I exclaimed. "Let's open the mail and see what's here."

I took the top envelope off the pile—a pale, purple missive—and slit the envelope with my knife. It was dated "Brooklyn, New York, January 19, 1915," and was written in a beautiful high-school Spencerian. It ran:

"*Dear Friend:* Seeing your personal in the Universe, I hasten to reply. The photo is that of my dear sister, who died last year. They say I am surprisingly like her in every respect, both in face and figure. Under the circumstances I have no doubt your client would find me a perfectly satisfactory substitute. Please reply at once.

"Truly yours,
"LOUISE HUFFER."

"Great Jehoshaphat!" cried Hardwick. "What effrontery! She's almost as much of a liar as you are, Roscoe."

I picked up another—a soiled white one:

"*Lawyer Thompson:* I see your ad., and it is Irene St. Claire, one of the Purple Monkeys. If this information is of value to you kindly send P. O. money order for five dollars to GILBERT N. WEED,
"19 Dow Street, City."

"Gilbert is certainly Johnny on the spot," remarked Judson with a dry grin. "And he has an eye to the main chance."

He got up, poked the envelopes about with his forefinger, and selected a large one done up in red ribbon.

"Try this," he suggested.

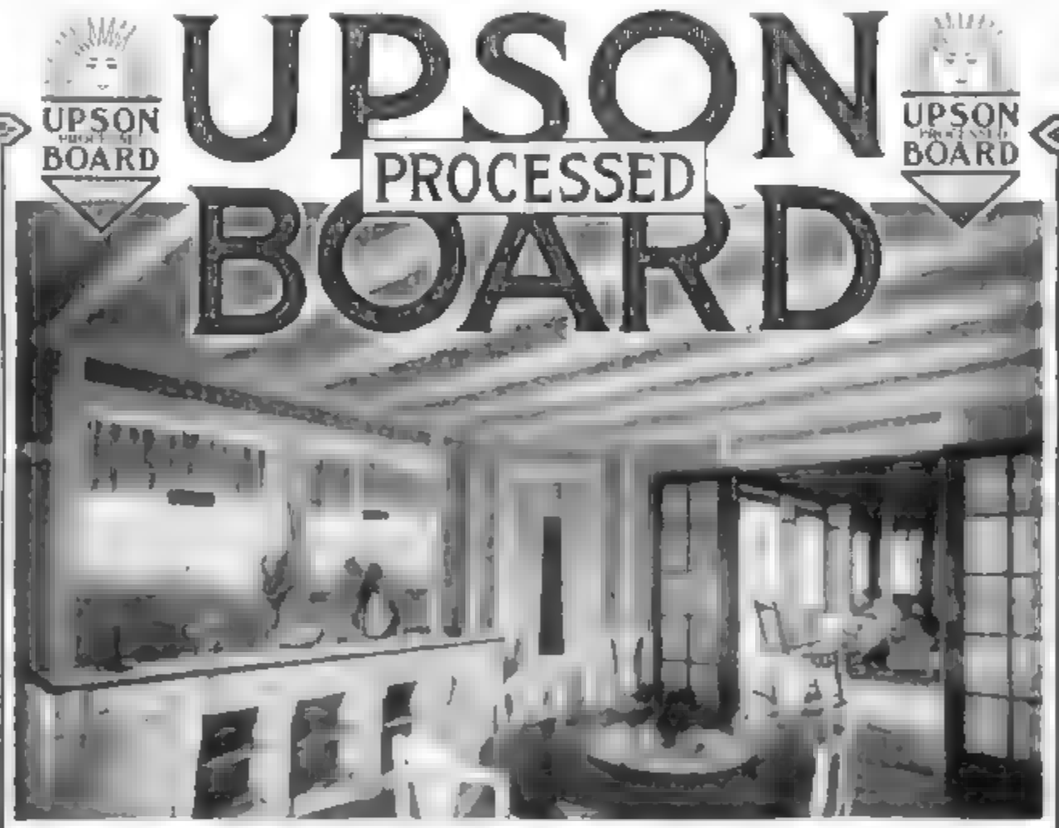
It contained a long letter in German script, together with the photograph of a stout damsel of unattractive physiognomy. The writer explained at great length, aided by multitudinous quotations from the Scriptures, from Heine and Goethe, that facial beauty was but transitory, and that man should seek in his helpmate rather the more lasting glory of the soul. When it came to spirituality, the lady asserted that she was 'way above par. She felt sure that the *Gnadiger Herr* would soon tire of the effervescent and deceptive charms of the face in the photograph, and offered in its place a galaxy of household virtues epitomized in her own person.

"What SHALL I do with this Ceiling?

"It fell yesterday, barely missing my little girl, and marred my beautiful table.

"I can't bear to think of plastering and re-papering, because I know just what it means—days, maybe weeks, of muss and litter, and all my house-cleaning to do over again!"

"Upsonize—it's the modern way," advised her up-to-date carpenter; "plaster never was satisfactory. I've done over so many interiors with UPSON PROCESSED BOARD that I'm mighty enthusiastic about it—and everybody likes it." And in this photograph you see how she solved her problem once and for all:



The carpenter easily put on Upson Board, right over the old plaster. The work—painting and all—was done in a few days, and with so little muss that she used the room at meal-times.

Now her paneled walls and ceiling, painted in soft, velvety tones, are artistic and permanent—more effective and more beautiful than plaster or paper. Now they are washable—she can always keep them fresh and clean.

She needn't be afraid of another accidental leak—it won't hurt *this* ceiling. UPSON BOARD can never chip, crack or fall—like plaster, or become unsightly, like wallpaper. No more repairs and expense to fret about!

UPSON BOARD, you see, is the most nearly perfect lining for walls and ceilings of every room of every building—from costliest mansion to simplest cottage or garage.

But do not confuse DEPENDABLE Upson Processed Board with other wall boards. It is DIFFERENT. Really "artificial lumber," made of *pure wood fibers* compressed into strong, hard, stiff wood-like panels. It looks, feels and works like lumber. Every panel is SCIENTIFICALLY PROCESSED: kiln-cured, to lie perfectly flat. Waterproofed. Surface-filled, requiring only one or two coats of paint and saving from $5 to $15 a room over the painting cost of other boards.

You will see the difference between Upson Processed Board and all other boards when you get the Upson Board sample we have for you. And when you get also the valuable book on "Beautiful Interiors" and see what handsome, livable homes Upsonizing makes—you will understand why 80,000 satisfied UPSON BOARD users say, "Nothing but UPSON BOARD for me!"

Just mail the coupon today.

THE UPSON COMPANY

Fiber Board Authorities LOCKPORT, N. Y.

NOTICE TO DEALERS:

You now can get Upson Processed Board in great panels 64 inches wide—the widest board made. Gives practically unbroken wall surface. The Upson line is COMPLETE. Write for full particulars of attractive, quick-profit proposition. Our selling policy is fair and permanent!

THE UPSON CO.
231 Upson Point, Lockport, N. Y.
Send me (Check) Today
Name
Address

It's the clean, sweet sap of the Sapota Tree

In tropical regions grows the Sapota Tree. Botanists call it the "Achras Sapota." Its buds turn into delicious fruit. It yields a creamy sap for Sterling Gum.

In the late Fall of the year, the rainy season comes. The sap rises. The trunk of the tree is tapped. The milky sap flows out, rich, pure and clean.

Then they boil it into buff-colored cakes. The cakes are wrapped and sent to the Sterling Kitchens.

As you enjoy your Sterling Gum, remember the clean, sweet sap of the Sapota Tree. Remember the gloved hands that guide its making into Sterling Gum.

The 7 points of Sterling excellence are:

Point 1—Crowded with flavor
Point 2—Velvety body—NO GRIT
Point 3—Crumble-proof
Point 4—Sterling Purity
Point 5—From a daylight factory
Point 6—Untouched by hands
Point 7 What?

Peppermint in Red Wrapper
Cinnamon in Blue Wrapper

The Sterling Gum Co. Inc., New York The Sterling Gum Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

"The poor German nut!" grunted Hardwick. "I hope you're not going to waste this firm's time going through all that rot."

"Oh, no! I'll put Jimmie on it," I answered. "He'll enjoy doing it and it may enlarge his outlook on life."

VI

I WAS about to put this design into execution when the office boy unexpectedly announced: "Miss St. Claire."

"Oh, my hat!" groaned Judson. "Here's where your fun begins. You've let a female genie out of the bottle and she'll roost on your shoulders for evermore."

I did not pause to indicate to my learned partner that he had hopelessly confused two well-known literary references. But what he intended to convey was quite plain enough and doubtless quite true as well.

"Only it isn't my funeral. Just let me get out of here!" he besought me.

"No you don't!" I snapped. "United we stand, divided we fall—for a young English lord. Remember the old duke is a joint client of all of us. Show the lady in!"

"Help! Help!" chattered Hardwick, retreating to the window.

"Miss St. Claire!" intoned the office boy, swinging wide the door, with tender grandiloquence.

And Irene burst upon us.

Not as a dream she came, not as an ethereal spirit or wistful dweller in mysterious half-shadows, but as a full-blooded, stalwart young goddess, with a golden gleam dancing in her hair and reflected in her eyes, which gave her the appearance of making her entry under a spotlight.

"Well," she cried gayly, demolishing the three of us in one smashing glance, "where's that young English lord?"

It is difficult to portray the effect of her sudden appearance. I think she had timed it with true dramatic instinct, and that her demand for the young lord was also a carefully prepared line, for her next sentence was out of character with her debonair delivery of the first.

"I s'pose you've been expectin' me?" she inquired, loosening her brightly stained boa of "arctic fox," its head fitted with China-blue glass eyes.

Hardwick was the first to recover.

"Why, certainly," he replied, taking her in with obvious appreciation. "Of course we've been expecting you. And, now that you are here, we are glad to welcome you to our midst. Permit me to introduce my partner, Mr. Silas Judson, and my still more distinguished and celebrated confrere, the Honorable Roscoe Thompson."

"Oh, you are really Mr. Thompson?" she inquired, beaming dazzlingly on me and extending a white and very strong young hand. "Only think! Honest, I can't ever thank you for what you done for me! It's immense! Those other girls are just green with envy. They'll hardly speak to me. But don't tell me it's a fake! I couldn't bear it! I really couldn't."

She looked round for a chair and Hardwick pushed one forward. She sank into it complacently, clearly enjoying the situation, and I saw that Irene was all her picture had suggested—and more. She was an athletic young blonde, with a startlingly brilliant color—all her own—an impudent little nose, slightly retroussé, and a pair of almost coal-black eyes. The combined effect of all these can best be described as stunning.

On her golden yellow hair was fitted a white toque trimmed with a smaller but equally spurious fox. Her dress and coat, patently ready made and somewhat threadbare, were of a bizarre salmon color; her white gloves slightly soiled.

"I hope you don't mind having my maid wait outside," she remarked politely. "Of course I don't go anywhere without her, you know."

Through the door I caught sight of a very black and exceedingly small elderly negress, who was swinging her feet from the "mourners' bench" near the telephone exchange.

"Not at all! Not at all!" returned Judson. He elevated himself stiffly. "I trust you'll excuse me if I go back to my work. Glad to have met you, Miss—Miss ——"

"St. Claire," she completed. "So long! I'll see you later perhaps."

The immaculate Judson gave a horrified gasp and disappeared in the direction of his own end of the suite. Hardwick likewise rose.

"I fear I must be going along too," he announced regretfully.

Irene gave a rippling laugh.

"I hope I'm not going to scare all of you away! Mr. Thompson, you'll stay with me, won't you?"

"Indeed I will," I reassured her.

At that moment I was glad I had made a fool of myself glad of everything only to have seen Irene. As had been said of another celebrated character, I began to feel that it was a liberal education to have known her.

Irene rose and closed the door cautiously after the retreating Hardwick.

"On the level," she shot at me with humorous intensity, "is there any young English lord?"

"Why—why—of course there is!" I stammered. I could not for the life of me have disappointed her. "Yes, indeed; certainly! He was here only a few days and then he sent word to the office that he'd been called away—quite suddenly—to—to Texas."

She eyed me with half-drawn lids.

"Why do you doubt it?" I demanded brazenly with gaining confidence. "Do you think I'd deceive you?"

"Oh, I don't know." She looked down at her lap with a little smile. "Men are so—queer!"

"You don't suppose an established law firm would insert an advertisement like that for a joke, do you?" I inquired with severity.

She raised her black eyes to mine innocently.

"I don't know!" she replied: "Lawyers do funny things sometimes. At first I thought perhaps the manager—if he wasn't such an old pig—might have done it to give the show a boost. You see it really is a rotten show, all except our part; but last night the afternoon editions had it that the picture was me—the place was jammed. All the Johnnies were packed in the front rows just like sardines. You can't imagine what it's done for me!"

"I'm more than delighted," I averred.

"Of course it's all right enough to come from a good old Southern family—we had quantities of slaves before the war—but a hundred dollars per isn't much for a girl to dress on and pay the landlady, is it? And Eliza's salary besides! You can't live on lobster and cut flowers, can you? And it's something fierce to try to get any notice in the papers. It's very discouraging sometimes. You meet such vulgar people! The stage is no place for a lady—take it from me!"

"So you're a Southern girl?"

"Oh, yes. My parents lived on the Eastern Shore of Maryland."

Somehow Irene didn't look like the Eastern Shore of Maryland, but temporarily I took her word for it.

"Now tell me all about the earl!" she cried confidentially. "I hope he'll like me!"

"I'm sure he will; he'd be a fool if he didn't," I added, all prudence cast aside.

"Oh, Mr. Thompson, you flatter me!" simpered Irene. "But what is he like? You know there's been a strange swell-lookin' Johnny sittin' in the front row for three nights—fourth from the right; and I thought maybe it was him was it?"

"I hardly think so," I answered, and a shade of disappointment appeared in her eyes. "The—hem!—earl has not had time to attend the theater. He's been very busy."

"Well, who is he?" she demanded. "What's his name?"

"I am not permitted—my professional relation ——"

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" she retorted. "He won't eat you! And I won't tell anybody. Is his father a real duke?"

"I don't know any dukes that are not real," I equivocated. Literally this statement was the solemn truth.

Her foot tapped the floor impatiently.

"I don't s'pose you could tell me what he looks like?"

"Oh, yes, I can! There's no harm in that," I said. "He's about five feet ten, broad-shouldered, dark, with blue eyes" I could see Jimmie in the far distance—"and has a very attractive smile."

"Oh, what a dear!" she exclaimed with obvious satisfaction. "How old is he?"

"Twenty-four," I asserted positively. "He's really a charming young fellow. I'm sure you'll be quite wild about him."

"Maybe," she admitted demurely. "Of course I've had plenty of attention. There was a gentleman in Chicago—in the slaughterhouse business—just crazy about me. He had twelve thousand a year. Only he was too common for anything! I've had

(Continued on Page 53

Spencer Heaters

Steam, Vapor Hot Water

Home office of Scranton Life Insurance Co., Scranton, Pa. Architect, Edward Langley. Heating Contractors, Gaylord & Butler Co. Boiler capacity, 24,000 sq. ft.

Residence of Mr. Allen J. Read, Denver, Colo. Architect, Horace M. Grieg. Heating Contractor, Jacob J. Jager. Boiler capacity, 1000 sq. ft.

—Why not reduce *your* coal bills one-third to one-half?

—Why shovel coal several times a day when the "Spencer" is coaled but once in 24 hours?

—Can you imagine anything more comfortable than steady, even heat maintained 10 to 12 hours without any attention?

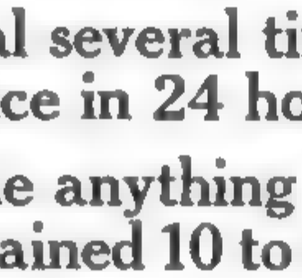
THOUSANDS of "Spencer" owners in all parts of the country have answered these questions with absolute satisfaction to themselves. Their actual experiences in homes, apartments and buildings of every type, often with "Spencers" installed 20 years ago, conclusively prove the remarkable economies of the Spencer Heater.

Reduce Your Coal Bill Spencer Heaters burn no more tons of the small, cheap sizes of hard coal (No. 1 Buckwheat or Pea) than ordinary heaters do of the large, expensive sizes.

A "Spencer" will also burn non-coking soft coals, semi-anthracite, lignite, etc., with much less attention and smaller fuel consumption. Owners' actual average reductions in coal bills amount to from 30% to 50%.

Coal Once a Day The 24-hour coal supply of the Spencer Heater requires refilling but once in a day and a night in ordinary weather, and never more than twice in severe.

Cut Down Heater Care Its steady, even heat, maintained 10 to 12 hours without any attention, relieves the women of a household from tending fires, and saves night attendance in apartments, greenhouses, garages, etc.



"Spencer" Steam

Use Half Capacity In Spring or Fall when the weather is mild, you can reduce your boiler capacity one-half by using only one side of the heater. The convenience and economy of this must be self-evident.

A "Long-Term" Investment The "Spencer" is a paying investment, because it saves its cost in a few seasons. Its economy and efficiency also increase the selling value of property and attract and hold tenants at good rentals. You cannot afford to be without these qualities in your heater. Tests prove the "Spencer" gives the maximum of heat from the minimum of fuel.

"Spencer" Hot Water

Investigate the "Spencer" The more you find out about the merits of the "Spencer" the more insistent you will be on securing one. Let us refer you to an owner in your vicinity. **Talk it over with your architect. Ask your fitter**—he can install a "Spencer" on any steam, vapor or hot water heating system in any type of building.

Write For Valuable Books

Catalog and convincing booklet of owners' experiences sent on request.

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY, 800 People's National Bank Building, SCRANTON, PA.

BRANCHES:

N. Y. CITY, 101 Park Ave. Cor. 40th St.
CHICAGO, Railway Exchange
PHILADELPHIA, Morris Bldg.
BOSTON, 136 Federal St.
ST. LOUIS, Chemical Bldg.
DETROIT, Ford Bldg.
BUFFALO, 1377 Main St.
MINNEAPOLIS, Plymouth Bldg.
DENVER, 211 Sixteenth St.
DES MOINES, Observatory Bldg.

CANADIAN SALES REPRESENTATIVES:

WINNIPEG, The Waldon Co., Cor. Main and Portage Ave.
TORONTO, The Waldon Co., Lumsden Bldg.

TO REDUCE COAL BILLS

Spencer Heater Company, 800 People's Nat'l Bank Bldg. Scranton, Pa.

I am interested in reducing heating costs. Please mail your books free.

Name _____

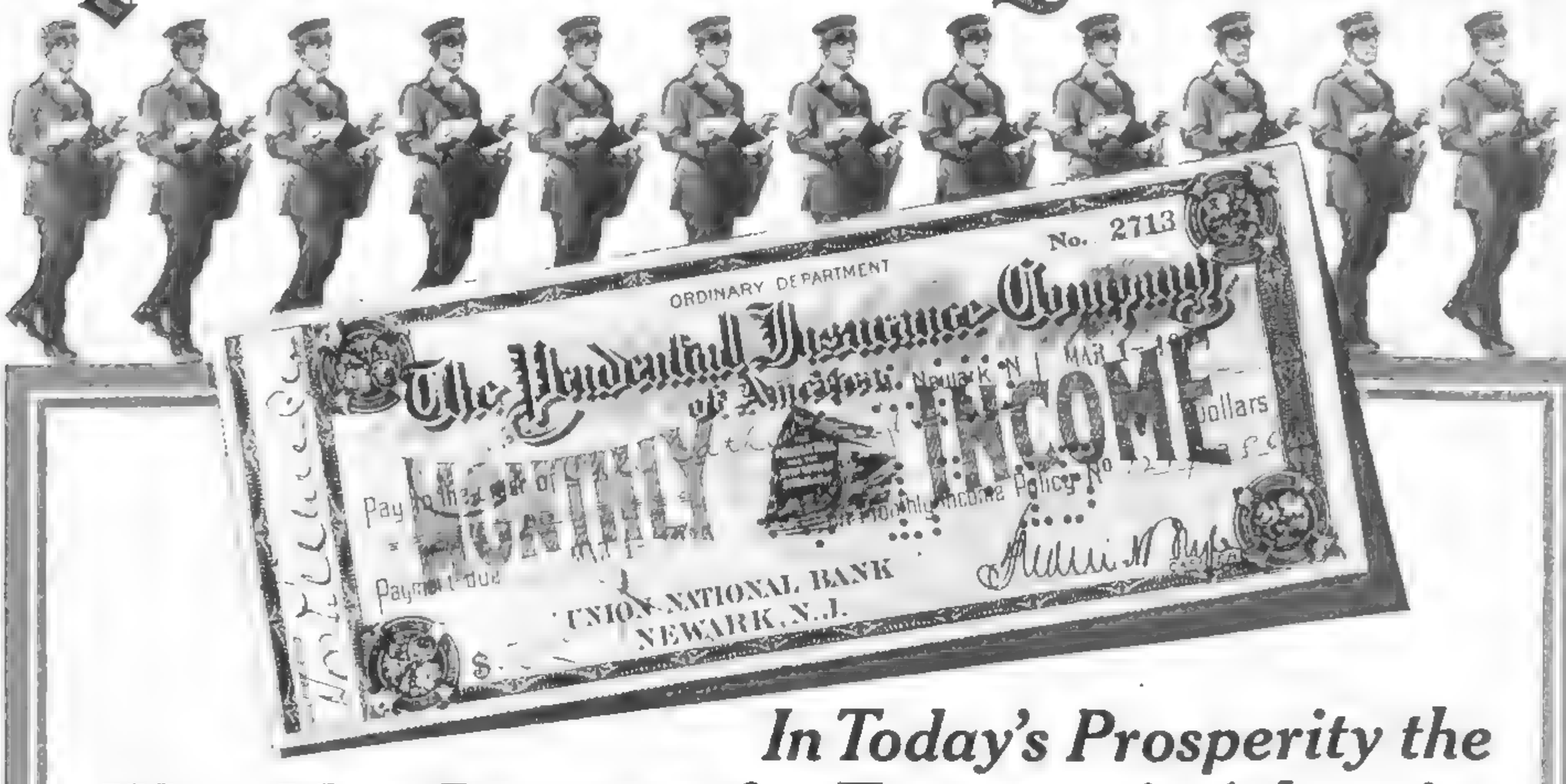
Address _____

My heating contractor _____

Prudential Day

The National Pay-Day

The First of Every Month



In Today's Prosperity the Wise Man Prepares for Tomorrow's Adversity

HIS is the wisdom of observation—his foresight anticipating the approach of age, the decline of his earning capacity, the curtailment of his resources.

Beyond that, he pictures the possibility of his widow, his children, his loved ones, struggling for very existence in a battle for which they are ill-fitted, unprepared.

Strong today, he provides against a needy tomorrow. He safeguards the future of those who may live after him. Not a big, round sum in a single payment—so easy to unwisely invest—but an assured amount on "Prudential Day, the National Pay-Day," the first day of each and every month during the lifetime of those he protects with a

Prudential Monthly Income Policy

"Insurance That Insures Your Insurance"

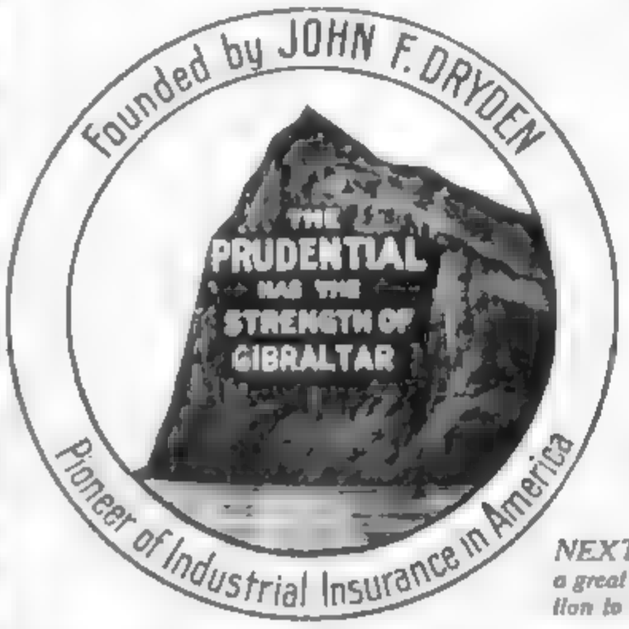
Upon maturity of the policy the insured, if living, may enjoy a regular monthly income for 5, 10, 15, 20 years, or for life—an income that immediately becomes effective for his beneficiaries in the event of his untimely death.

"PRUDENTIAL DAY" in your home means: The prompt payment of rent, living expenses, household bills; a guaranteed assurance of comfort; a life-long safegua.d against privation, hardship, drudgery, self-sacrifice.

For the provident there are no mischances. The greatest tribute to any man's memory is:

"He Left Them Well Provided For"

Talk with the Prudential representative in your town. Let him tell you about the various Prudential policies—all the best kinds of life insurance for the whole family, at low cost. Or write—TODAY—to DEPT. 140.



The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Incorporated Under the Laws of the State of New Jersey

FORREST F. DRYDEN, President — Home Office, Newark, N. J.

NEXT MAY Newark will begin to celebrate its 250th anniversary with pageantry, music, a great industrial exposition, and sports of all kinds. The Prudential extends a cordial invitation to you to visit its Home Office when you are in or near Newark during the celebration.

"My Company!"

—the proud statement of every Prudential policyholder—the far-reaching effect of *Mutualization*, whereby policyholders are owners of this Company and entitled to draw dividends: the result of a vote by the stockholders of the Company, giving the directors authority to purchase controlling stock, *and turn it over to the policyholders.*

For the dollars and cents of these policyholders had developed a Company having its beginning in a basement office in 1875 to a point where, in 1915, its policies numbered over 13 Millions, and the amount of insurance in force was more than 2 Billion 700 Million Dollars!

Thus Prudential policyholders have acquired control of the Company, and, beginning this year, will receive their proportion of the Company's earnings.

(Continued from Page 50)

hundreds of offers—but I wouldn't think of accepting any of 'em. And I've never cheapened myself either. A lady wouldn't—and it don't pay anyhow. I've always been terribly particular about who I took jewelry from. Father said a girl on the stage had to be more careful than anybody else, and I've always remembered it. Of course a real lord is different. Oh!" she cried suddenly, rising to her full height and lifting a glorified young face toward the office door. "There he is! It's all true! It's all true, but he couldn't have gone!"

I have seen many women supposed to be beautiful, but I have never beheld anything more lovely than Irene at that moment.

With lips slightly parted, a riotous flush on her delicately molded cheeks, her breast heaving tremulously, she stood poised like a young Diana who sees Apollo parting the branches of the forest. Thus radiantly expectant, she greeted Jimmie McCray as he entered, hat in one hand, cane and gloves in the other—for I remembered he had asked permission to see a friend off for Europe that morning.

"So you didn't go to Texas after all!" she trilled in a voice full of silver bells.

"Me, lady? Sure not!" he answered uncomprehendingly but with a smile that returned her own with interest. "Me? Texas? Not on yer life!"

Trim, muscular, clear eyed, frank featured, it flashed on me that few young aristocrats could compete with Jimmie McCray as mere men. They stood gazing at each other open-eyed, as though they had suddenly stumbled on each other in some primordial wilderness. She was the first to break the silence.

"Wasn't it funny—the way you found my photograph! I can't imagine where it came from—unless I dropped it going to tea at the Plaza."

Jimmie threw an inquiring flash in my direction. I shrugged my shoulders. Things must take their own course. I had had enough of interfering. Let Jimmie do as he liked—pretend he was a lord, a duke, or anything else. Whatever part he elected to play, it let me gloriously out. I hung on his lips as he hesitated for the smallest possible fraction of a second.

"Wasn't it though!" he echoed with enthusiasm.

The meager answer satisfied her. Did she suspect then—had she always suspected?—the apocryphal character of that young English lord? Or didn't she care? Was it love at first sight and all else swept recklessly aside? I was never fully satisfied on that point. Like most of her sex Irene kept certain sacred secrets forever unrevealed. At any rate, she gave him her hand and he bowed over it much as a real lord might have done.

"The world is a pretty small place after all," she murmured in her best accents.

I suspected it to be a line from The Purple Monkey, of the banality of which I afterward discovered it to be a fair sample.

"Ain't it!" he responded with eagerness. "And what a pipe it was to spot you! Of course your bein' a swell actress made it dead easy!" he added with fine gallantry. "Why, everybody in town recognized your photo as soon as the papers printed it. Look at that silly pile of mail—just a lot of fool people writin' in to say you was Irene St. Claire."

She gave a little sigh of complete contentment.

"Have you seen the show?" she asked. "Gee, but it's rotten!"

"No, I ain't seen it," he answered; "but I'm going to to-night all right. I bet no show with you in it can be rotten. I bet it's the finest show in town."

"I wouldn't bet too much on it," she laughed. "Say, talk about lemons! You ought to see that pony ballet; most of 'em are widows of the War of 1812! And the star comedian gets his wheezes out of the Farmers' Almanac."

"I don't care, so long as you are there!" he informed her. "I bet that old show pleases me, and ——"

"Mr. Thompson!" called my secretary, sticking his head through the doorway. "Chicago is calling you on the long distance in Mr. Judson's room."

When Chicago calls me I wait not on the order of my going. It means something about People's Gas. I dashed out, leaving the two young things together and nearly knocked over Eliza, the black-faced maid, who had left her seat on the mourners' bench and was hovering near the threshold.

It was over half an hour before I got off the wire—there was a bad connection—and I was obliged to spend another thirty minutes discussing the situation with Hardwick. When at last I went back to my room I discovered Irene and Jimmie sitting on opposite sides of my desk, like that tiresome Gibson man and girl we all know so well, engrossed in each other's conversation. I did not have it in my heart to disturb them, so I returned to annoy Hardwick instead. At the end of another half hour I peeked in again. The room was empty. Eliza, also, had disappeared.

"What became of the young lady who was in my room?" I inquired of the office boy.

"She and Mr. McCray went out together about ten minutes ago," he grinned. "An' I heard 'em say sumpin 'bout lunch."

The telephone called me again just then and for a space I forgot all about Irene, Jimmie, my wife, the picture, and The Purple Monkey. My own luncheon hour came and went, and the hands of the clock pointed to four before Irene returned.

"I thought I'd come back," she said, slipping quietly into my room and sitting down beside me with only a slight flush to indicate any embarrassment, "just to tell you that I'm on—and I don't care, really!"

Her sloelike eyes gazed at me with just a hint of reproach.

"You must think I'm an awful goat," she confessed, and the eyes twinkled involuntarily. "Of course I am a ninny."

"You're a dear!" I assured her in as fatherly a manner as I could assume. Oh, Roscoe!

"But you really can't blame me!" she pouted. "When you were so serious about it. How was I to know? If there wasn't any young lord"—she challenged me with point-blank suddenness—"why did you advertise?"

I dropped my eyes before her appealing glance. I couldn't trust myself. I'm forty-nine, yet —— I wanted to kiss her—in a strictly paternal fashion, of course—and tell her the true reason, the only genuine reason, for that advertisement—namely, that both Billings and I were just plain men, like Jimmy or anybody else, and wanted to find her, whether it would do us any good or not. And I felt a conviction that it would not do—wasn't doing—Roscoe any good.

"It would take a long time to explain it to you," I replied awkwardly. "It—it was nothing but a business proposition."

"Oh!" she answered. "Well, I'm glad to have met you anyway!"

She rose and held out that same graceful, practical little hand to me, and I pressed it with as much self-restraint as I could muster.

"That's a real nice young gentleman who works for you," she added. "He took me out and blew me to a swell lunch."

"He is a very respectable young man," I replied, conscious of a feeling of jealousy. Why was I forty-nine—and married?

"Good-by!" she said politely. But across the threshold she looked back over her shoulder. "Good-by, old duke!" she whispered, and blew me a kiss.

For an hour—I confess it unabashed—I sat alone dreaming of Irene. Then I pulled myself together and swept the whole pile of missives from my desk into an old scrapbasket behind the safe, with a mingled feeling of relief and yet of tender regret. So far as I was concerned, the affair was over. The worst was known. Now I safely could return home and assure my wife that from now on nothing would happen "to reflect on Roscoe."

VII

I MADE no inquiries of Jimmie the next day, and he on his part vouchsafed nothing. Neither did Irene come back again. Once more I dared go to my club and life took on its customary hue. No more photographs of beautiful young ladies fell fluttering at my feet, and Judson and Hardwick, except for occasional veiled allusions to my skittishness, courteously refrained from opening old wounds.

Jimmie, however, gave evidence of a sudden and complete demoralization, save that his raiment became more modish than ever. He not only arrived shockingly late at the office in the mornings but he would disappear most unaccountably, sometimes even before lunch; and one Saturday he did not come at all.

Yet I hesitated to remonstrate with him. How did I know but that, perchance, he was serving me more effectively in his absence than in the office? Certainly he had

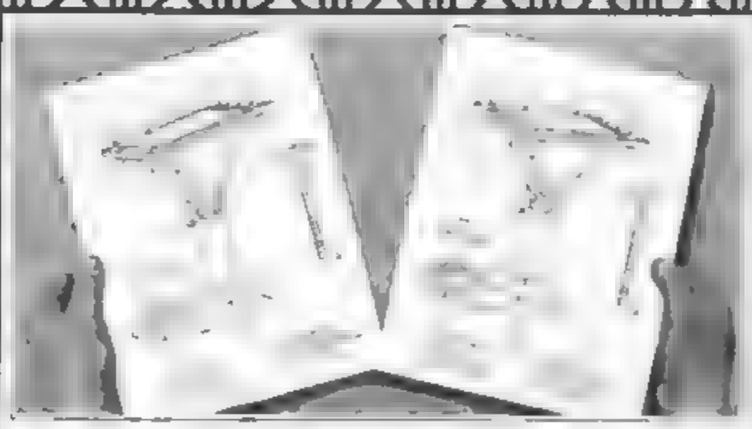
This machine—prints five thousand exact duplicates of a letter or form an hour. First copies ready within fifteen minutes. Your typist can operate it—saving time, money, trouble. And the cost for the electrically driven machine is only one hundred and sixty dollars

In thousands of America's biggest business organizations the new mimeograph is doing important work that could be done by no other means

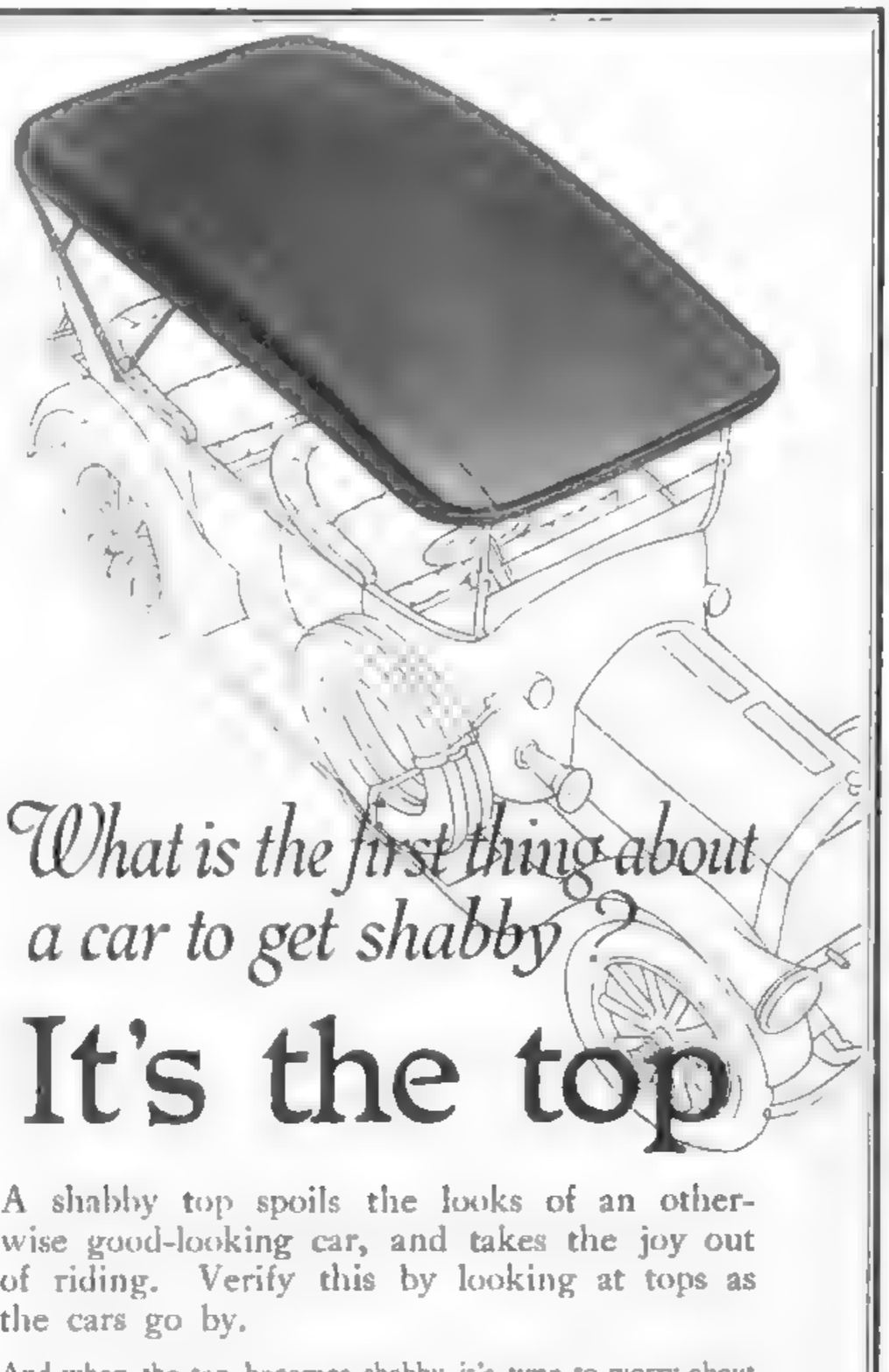
MIMEOGRAPH

EDISON-DICK

Send for booklet "K"—showing how a waxless stencil has revolutionized office printing. A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—also New York.



This process—produces duplicates so like the original that a magnifying glass shows scarcely a difference. It involves no typesetting or cut making. Drawings, typewriting and handwriting can be printed on the same sheet in one simple and speedy operation. It opens new and big possibilities for forward work in offices, factories, schools and drafting rooms.



What is the first thing about a car to get shabby?

It's the top

A shabby top spoils the looks of an otherwise good-looking car, and takes the joy out of riding. Verify this by looking at tops as the cars go by.

And when the top becomes shabby it's time to worry about cracks and other top troubles. These do not happen if the top is

Pantasote

Pantasote is the highest priced top material on the market, and when you say that about any standard goods, there is a reason intimately connected with highest quality.

Now, here is the point:

Pantasote costs the car manufacturer about $1.00 more than the next highest priced material and not over $3.00 more than the cheapest, but this excess cost on a 10,000 car output takes from $10,000 to $30,000 out of the manufacturer's profit.

What is he to do?

He'll do what you say, if enough of you say it. He may do something for *you* alone if you insist. And remember that all tops look good when new.

You will find Pantasote on Pierce-Arrow, Locomobile, Hudson, Cole, Marmon, Paige, Chandler, Westcott and other high grade cars. Look for the Pantasote label and be sure it's a genuine Pantasote top.

THE PANTASOTE COMPANY
1750 BOWLING GREEN BUILDING NEW YORK CITY

unexpectedly rescued me from Irene on the day of her first appearance, and he might—if he was not discouraged by the necessity for mere work—succeed in doing so forever. But he became worse and worse, so far as the performance of his duties was concerned; and I really should have spoken to him about it had he not at last one day waylaid me as I was leaving the office—he selected a day on which we had received an unusually large fee—and struck me for a raise.

"You see, sir, I'm going to be married!"

"Married!" I exclaimed, feigning great astonishment. "And to whom?"

"Miss Irene St. Claire," he answered with what might under other circumstances have been suspected of being a slight grimace.

"Well, well!" I whistled. "I thought she had her eye set on some member of the English aristocracy!"

This time Jimmie actually grinned.

"You see, sir, you ain't used to women like I am," he told me confidentially.

I wondered how James had had the perspicacity to divine this, and yet at the same time I experienced a certain feeling of resentment. Didn't Roscoe look like a man of the world?

"Now this girl of mine, Irene, she's a dandy all right; but she's just like all the others in one way—that is, they're all looking to get married. And why shouldn't they? It's natural. That's all what they call society is for, ain't it? Only, between you and me, I don't believe she ever fell for that young-lord business."

"What do you suppose she thought?" I inquired.

"Why, that some old guy had got soft on her picture," he answered innocently. "You see, the woods are full of old geezers that like to go snooping round the stage entrances. Not that she'd take up with any baldhead, but she might sort of look him over, y'understand, to see if he was on the level. When she walked in here I guess she sized it up at first for either you or Mr. Judson or Mr. Hardwick—and then I just happened to step in. Gee, but she bowled me over the first crack out of the box! And we got on great! So I asked me mother how she'd like to have a daughter-in-law. 'Is she willin' to work?' says she. 'Sure—I guess so,' says I. 'Well, bring her over and let me look at her,' she says. So I took Irene over the next Sunday afternoon and me mother liked her fine. She don't want no young lord—she just wants a man!"

"Well, she's got one, all right!" I told him. "How much of a raise do you want?"

He only wanted twenty-five dollars a week and I gave it to him, wondering how he would manage to get along with such an expensive young creature on that basis, for I recalled her remarks about the difficulty of a civilized single existence on a hundred.

"Don't you think you're taking a chance, Jimmie," I asked him, "in marrying a girl that has possibly had her head more or less turned by the stage, has luxurious habits and is used to a whole lot of attention from men in general?"

Jimmie laughed conciliatingly.

"Mr. Thompson," he said, "don't you worry about Irene having her head turned or bein' obliged to feed on lobster and champagne. She's a solid little bundle of common sense and more'n half supports her old father and two kid brothers on her fifteen dollars a week."

"Fifteen dollars a week!" I echoed. "Why, she told me she was getting a hundred!"

"Oh, that was only a con," he laughed. "She has a pretty good walking part in the show, but a 'clotheshorse' gets only fifteen dollars, as a rule—sometimes as high as twenty-five. Anyhow, her father—he's a plumber over in Jersey City, where I come from—her father couldn't send the two kids to the public school if Irene didn't help."

"Father—plumber! Why, she said he had been a rich Southern planter, or something-or-other, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and before the war had owned hundreds of slaves! The little ——"

"Well," grinned Jimmie, "that stuff is what all those girls pull. Her real name ain't Irene neither, nor St. Claire; it's Mary Ann Smith. But she's all right either way. She's a sure peacherino. And, by the way, she says she thinks you ought to see the show, being as how, in a way, you're responsible for her and me goin' to be married. So she sent you this for to-morrow night and said she hoped you'd use it and enjoy the show."

"Thanks," I answered, putting the ticket in my wallet. "I shall certainly use it and I've no doubt I shall enjoy the show immensely."

That is how, when the curtain went up on the next to the last night of The Purple Monkey, I could have been seen sitting in the front row, and—by a delicately humorous touch on the part of Irene—in the fourth seat from the right, the seat erstwhile occupied by the supposed English Johnny, who hadn't materialized.

It was fully as rotten a performance as she had declared it to be. It was dismally inane and fatuous and the other girls performed their duties in a bored and perfunctory manner. Not so Irene. Even in the tawdry clothes with which she was bedecked, and in the heavy paint of her make-up, she looked and walked like the young goddess that she was.

You may call me a sentimental old man, but there was a quality and a fineness about her acting—if such it can be called—that elevated her above her miserable employment and stamped her as something other than she was advertised to be—as something very near a real lady, whether from the Eastern Shore of Maryland or from Jersey City. I thought of what that otherwise rascally Billings had said; that she was, by the lights of her picture, "the Typical American Girl—Uncle Sam's Daughter—the Goddess of Liberty!"

And then I had another rush of sentiment. You see, I owed the girl, whatever she was, something for letting me out of that young-lord business so quietly. And "Fate had thrown us together" somehow, had it not? Anyhow, in the first long intermission I went across Broadway to that "We-never-close" florist and bought her a big bunch of orchids, and sent it to the stage entrance with a note asking her to have supper with me—and to bring Jimmie—signing it, "Fourth from the right." Irene came out wearing the orchids on her breast and nodded to me with grateful, happy eyes. Poor old Roscoe playing at grandpapa!

And when the show was over, Roscoe joined Jimmie at the little side door and waited for Irene to come out. It was a clear, frosty night, and the laughter of the girls as they trooped down the iron stairs rang out merrily above the clang of the surface cars on the dry, cold air. Came, thus, among them, Irene, the paint washed from her face, her black eyes snapping amid her imitation furs, clasping her orchids in both hands.

"Hurrah!" she cried to us. "Only one night more!"

We seized and hurried her across the tangled tracks of Longacre Square to a celebrated midnight hostelry, where a benign head waiter wafted us sententiously to a secluded table. There were more flowers on that table, and there were also lobsters and champagne. Poor old Roscoe intended to do the thing up to the handle if he did it at all, so that there should be no reflection on him as a host at any rate. There were many attractive faces there, but none more charming than Irene's.

"And will you believe it?" she laughed. "Nobody ever sent me flowers before or invited me to supper! And no one ever slipped me a single piece of jewelry—not even glass. I never was in a swell restaurant; and, on my word, this is the first time I've ever tasted champagne."

"And I trust it will be the last, my dear," admonished poor, silly old Roscoe. "But this is a sort of bachelor dinner and wedding breakfast all in one; so here's to The Purple Monkey!"

"Say!" she confessed later as she finished her third lobster. "Do you know I told you a whole lot of lies that day in your office?"

"You weren't the only liar," admitted Roscoe. "Don't forget about that young English lord!"

"Pouf!" she answered, making a little face at me. "One of those London Johnnies? Well, I've never met one; but there isn't any English lord alive I'd swap Jimmie for!"

And as I sat benignly and watched the two of them through the smoke of my cigar I realized that they possessed all the most blessed of life's gifts—health, youth and love—and that nothing else much mattered.

"You're right!" I replied. 'Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood.'"

"All the same," retorted Irene a shade resentfully, "my family was descended from William the Conqueror!"

"And so was mine!" asserted Jimmie.

Where to see and order the *"Handy Volume"* issue of the **ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA**

At any of the stores listed below, you will find on exhibition complete sets in the various styles of bindings.

NEW YORK
GIMBEL BROTHERS, Broadway and 33d St
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 597 Fifth Ave
HENRY MAY KANN, 47 Broadway
WASHINGTON, S. KANN SONS & CO.
PHILADELPHIA GIMBEL BROTHERS
BALTIMORE
THE NORMAN, REMINGTON CO.
308 North Charles St
BOSTON, W. B. CLARKE, 26 Tremont St
SOMERVILLE (MASS.)
THE GORDON'S DEPARTMENT STORES
NEWARK, HAHNE & CO.
PITTSBURGH, JOSEPH HORNE CO.
BUFFALO, THE WM. HENGERER CO.
ROCHESTER, SCRANTOM, WETMORE & CO.
CLEVELAND
THE BURROWS BROS. CO., 633 Euclid Ave
CINCINNATI
STEWART & KIDD CO., 121 E. 5th St
DETROIT
JOHN V. SHEEHAN & COMPANY
260 Woodward Ave
INDIANAPOLIS
THE KAUTZ STATIONERY CO.
116 N. Pennsylvania St
CHICAGO, THE FAIR
MILWAUKEE, GIMBEL BROTHERS
ST. PAUL
ST. PAUL BOOK AND STATIONERY CO.,
55 E. 6th St
ST. LOUIS
BUXTON & SKINNER PRINTING AND STATIONERY CO., Fourth St. between Olive and Locust Sts
KANSAS CITY
BARNETT & DOUGLAS BOOK AND STATION-ERY CO., 922 Grand Ave
OMAHA, J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS
LOUISVILLE
DOBSON'S INCORPORATED
4 South 4th St
BIRMINGHAM, ROEBUCK-JOSEPH & LOEB
NEW ORLEANS, MAISON BLANCHE
DALLAS, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. of Texas
801-809 Arnold St
PORTLAND, THE J. K. GILL CO., 116 Third St
SAN FRANCISCO
"THE WHITE HOUSE"
RAPHAEL WEILL & CO., INC.
LOS ANGELES
J. HAMBURGER & SONS, INC.
SEATTLE
ROWMAN & HANFORD CO., 616-618 First Ave
TORONTO
McAINSH & CO., 4-12 College St.

You can see sets in the business offices of any of the following newspapers:

HARTFORD (CONN.) COURANT
MERIDEN (CONN.) RECORD
NEW LONDON (CONN.) DAY
ATTLEBORO (MASS.) SUN
FALL RIVER (MASS.) HERALD
LYNN (MASS.) ITEM
NORTHAMPTON (MASS.) DAILY HERALD
NASHUA (N. H.) TELEGRAPH
UNION HILL (N. J.) HUDSON DISPATCH
NEW BRUNSWICK (N. J.) HOME NEWS
PATERSON (N. J.) PRESS-GUARDIAN
AUBURN (N. Y.) CITIZEN
ELMIRA (N. Y.) STAR-GAZETTE
LOCKPORT (N. Y.) UNION-SUN AND JOURNAL
MIDDLETOWN (N. Y.) DAILY ARGUS
LONG ISLAND CITY (N. Y.) STAR
MT. VERNON (N. Y.) DAILY ARGUS
NIAGARA FALLS (N. Y.) GAZETTE
FOTTSVILLE (PA.) REPUBLICAN
DU BOIS (PA.) DAILY EXPRESS
BUTLER (PA.) CITIZEN
WARREN (PA.) EVENING TIMES
HARRISONBURG (VA.) NEWS-RECORD
STAUNTON (VA.) DAILY NEWS
GREENSBORO (N. C.) NEWS
ROCKY MT. (N. C.) TELEGRAM
CHARLOTTE (N. C.) NEWS
PARKERSBURG (W. VA.) NEWS
ALTON (ILLS.) DAILY TIMES
ENID (OKLA.) DAILY EAGLE
FORT SMITH (ARK.) TIMES-RECORD
MONROE (LA.) NEWS-STAR
HELENA (MONT.) INDEPENDENT
COMANCHE (TEXAS) VANGUARD
BERKELEY (CAL.) DAILY GAZETTE
SAN DIEGO (CAL.) SUN
SAN BERNARDINO (CAL.) EVENING INDEX
SANTA BARBARA (CAL.) DAILY NEWS
WALLA WALLA (WASH.) UNION

The Extraordinary Success *of the "HANDY VOLUME" issue of the new* ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA—

which we are now offering for
$1.00 down and small monthly payments—
compels us to give the following

Notice to the Public

WE shall be able to make prompt delivery of sets of our new "Handy Volume" issue of The Encyclopaedia Britannica for only a short time longer. The demand has been so enormous as to exceed all calculations. We are making deliveries from our warehouses in different cities over the country. But the stocks on hand are being rapidly exhausted, and we must beg the indulgence of our customers if they find their orders delayed.

We began advertising the remarkable offer which we are making on this new issue of The Encyclopaedia Britannica between the 10th and 14th of January, and within a week the orders were almost 700 per day, and long before this notice can be printed, will probably be

1,000 sets per day

Packing and delivering a thousand sets a day of a 29-volume encyclopaedia, every volume of which must be packed so as to come to the purchaser in perfect condition, is in itself a task of some magnitude. But a much more serious matter is that these shipments will very rapidly exhaust our stock of the bound sets.

Rush orders were immediately placed with the binders to push deliveries at all possible speed, working night and day shifts.

We Had 50,000 Sets Ready

After we had made arrangements for this remarkable sale, we did not begin advertising until the publishers had on hand 50,000 sets printed on India paper.

These are, we believe, the largest single orders for printing ever made. They alone make it possible to furnish our customers with the complete new Eleventh edition of The Encyclopaedia Britannica printed on the same lovely India paper as the high-priced Cambridge University issue at one-third the cost of the higher priced issue.

We undertook the sale of the new "Handy Volume" issue because we are always seeking real bargains to offer our customers; something of superlative quality; something that everyone needs; something that lends itself to economical manufacture in large quantities; something that reflects lasting credit upon our institution and means permanent satisfaction to our customers; something that can be sold at a price that, considered with its known quality, will instantly identify it as a BARGAIN.

For this reason, we arranged with the publishers to sell this issue on the narrowest margin of profit, both to themselves and to us, and to offer the complete work, the entire 29 volumes, unabridged and unchanged, for a first payment of a single dollar.

We put behind every order our absolute guarantee that this is the complete, authorized, unabridged Eleventh edition of The Encyclopaedia Britannica, which cost more than a million and a half dollars for its editorial preparation alone.

And we further guarantee that any subscriber who is not completely satisfied with his purchase when he receives the volumes, may send them back to us, at our expense, and we return the dollar he has paid.

In other words, we take all the risk and you take none.

UNITED States Senator James E. Martine of New Jersey, under date of January 31, 1916, compares the Cambridge issue (in big volumes) and the Handy Volumes, which cost one-third as much:

"I believe, had the 'Handy Volume' size been on the market and I had the choice to make between it and the Cambridge issue, I should have selected the former regardless of price."

And the same opinion has been given by many others who were surprised and pleased to find the "Handy Volume" set as handsome as the Cambridge issue and so much more usable.

ONE of the early subscribers to the "Handy Volume" issue, Wilson S. Patterson, 2116 Mt. Royal Terrace, Baltimore, on January 27th, 1916, wrote as follows:

"The 'Handy' Encyclopaedia came to hand Monday in perfect condition, and they are *even more than you claim for them*,—have been reading ever since they arrived and cannot stop."

This letter is typical. We have received many others equally enthusiastic. *You* will be just as well pleased as Mr. Patterson was. Send in your order to-day.

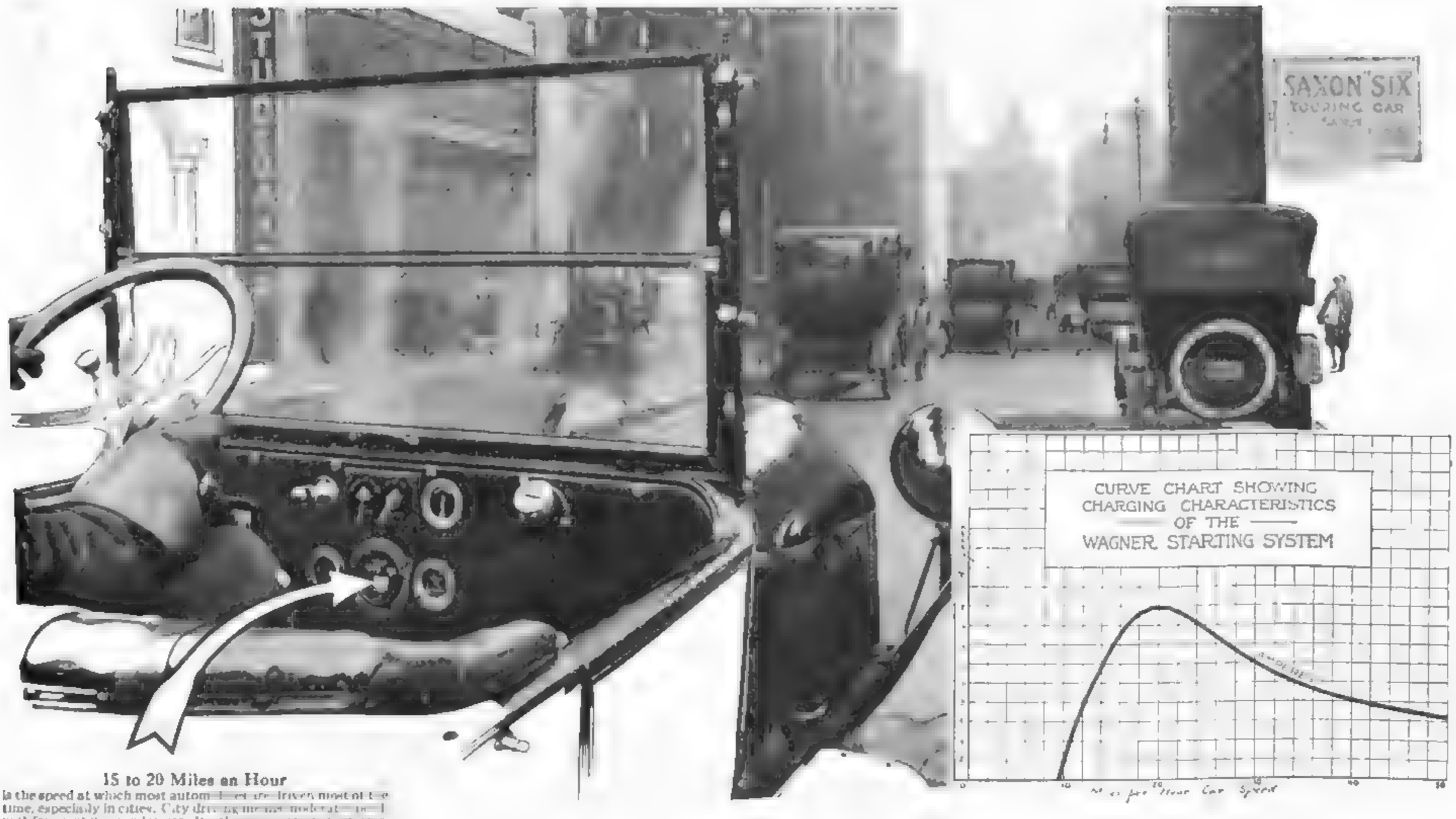
Sears, Roebuck and Co.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS—CHICAGO

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO., CHICAGO

Please send me Order Form, which I will sign on receipt. Reserve one set for me. I enclose $1 as first payment.

Name

Address



15 to 20 Miles an Hour
is the speed at which most automobiles are driven most of the time, especially in cities. City driving means moderate speed with frequent stops and starts. It is at this speed that the

Maximum battery charging at city speeds

The Wagner Starter is designed to generate its maximum current when the car is driven at a speed of 15 to 20 miles an hour. As the speed increases above 20 miles, the charge into the battery decreases. The faster the car goes, above 20 miles, the less current is generated. Thus overcharging is impossible, and ample charging is provided for cars driven at the moderate speed customary in city service.

The Wagner Starter

The Starter that is built to order

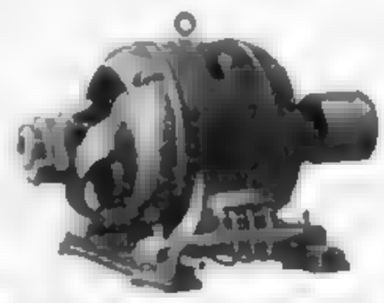
is the only starter which has such generating characteristics. This manner of charging means unfailing service, and long life for the battery. Not only does the Wagner Starter have a full battery to draw from, but its high starting torque causes a quick getaway and a minimum draw from the battery. If the engine is stiff and cold the high starting torque and full battery provide ample energy to crank the car and to keep it turning as long as necessary.

Wagner engineers, with 25 years' experience in developing electrical machinery, have succeeded in building an automobile starter that combines small size, light weight, great power, positive and quick cranking, light battery drain and safe and sure battery charging. The Wagner Starter is always built to order for the car when the car itself is built — never afterwards. It is perfectly suited to the car for which it was built.

★ ★ ★ ★

The name Wagner on motors, both single phase and polyphase, transformers, converters, generators, rectifiers, and electrical instruments of precision is the best possible guarantee of satisfactory service. For 25 years the Wagner Company has been manufacturing and developing electrical machinery. The starterless type of polyphase motor was originated and is exclusively manufactured by the Wagner Company. It is a distinct advance in the art of polyphase motor building. An ordinary line switch is all that is needed to start it. In case of line failures, this motor will resume operation when current is restored, without attention or excessive current demand. Wagner polyphase motors have high starting torque, high efficiency, and are conservatively rated. They are rugged and reliable. Made in all sizes, from 3 H. P. up to 50 H. P.

If you are interested in the service you will get out of electrical apparatus, investigate Wagner, Quality. The nearest Wagner branch will gladly show you.



Wagner Electric Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Factory Branches and Service Stations: Boston, Springfield, Mass., New York, Montreal, Philadelphia, Syracuse, Buffalo, Toronto, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Denver, Los Angeles, Seattle

Selling Agencies: Memphis, New Orleans, Sioux City, Dallas, Salt Lake City, London, Eng.

"Wagner Quality" the Sterling Mark of the Electrical Industry

THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH

Continued from Page 5

"Why shouldn't they say it? It will be exactly true," responded Foy quietly, "and you're authorized to say so. I'm learning some sense now; I'm getting to own quite a mess of property; I'm going to be married soon; and I don't want to fight anyone. Besides, quite apart from my own interests, other men will be drawn into it if I shoot it out with Marr. No knowing where it will stop. No, sir; I'll go punch cows till Marr quiets down. Maybe it's just the whisky talking. Dick isn't such a bad fellow when he's not fighting booze. Or maybe he'll go away. He hasn't much to keep him here."

"Say, I could get a job offered to him out in San Simon," said Applegate, brightening.

His eye rested on the clock over the long mirror. He stepped over to the show case, clipped the end from a cigar and obtained a light from a shapely bronze lady with a torch. When he came back he fell in on Foy's left; at Foy's right Creagan leaned his elbows on the bar.

"Well, I'm obliged to you, boys," said Foy. "This one's on me. Come on, Joe—have a hoot."

"Thanks, no," said Espalin. "I not dreenkin' none theese times. Eef I dreenk some I get ful, and loose my job maybe."

"Very," said Foy. "Take something yourself, Max."

As Mr. Max poured the drinks an odd experience befell Mr. José Espalin. His tilted chair leaned against the casing of the billiard-room door. As Max filled the first glass Espalin became suddenly aware of something round and hard and cold pressed against his right temple. Mr. Espalin felt some curiosity, but he sat perfectly still. The object shifted a few inches; Mr. Espalin perceived from the tail of his eye the large, unfeeling muzzle of a sixshooter; beyond it, a glimpse of the forgotten elderly stranger, Mr. Pringle.

Only Mr. Pringle's fighting face appeared, and that but for a moment; he laid a finger to lip and crouched, hidden by the partition and by Espalin's body. Mr. Espalin gathered that Pringle desired no outcry and shunned observation; he sat motionless accordingly; he felt a hand at his belt, which removed his gun.

"Happy days!" said Foy and raised his glass to his lips

Creagan seized the uplifted wrist with both hands, Applegate pounced on the other arm. Pringle leaped through the doorway. But something happened swifter than Pringle's swift rush. Foy's knee shot up to Applegate's stomach. Applegate fell, sprawling. Foy hurled himself on Creagan and bore him crashing to the floor. Foy whirled over; he rose on one hand and knee, gun drawn, visibly annoyed and considerably astonished at the unexpected advent of Mr. Pringle. Applegate lay groaning on the floor. Pringle kicked his gun from the holster and set foot upon it; one of his own guns covered the bartender and the other kept watch on Espalin, silent on his still-tilted chair.

"Who're you?" challenged Foy.

"Friend, with the countersign. Don't shoot! Don't shoot me, anyhow."

Foy rose from hand and knee to knee and foot. This rescuer, so opportunely arrived from nowhere, seemed to be an ally. But, to avoid mistakes, Foy's gun followed Pringle's motions, at the same time willing and able to blow out Creagan's brains if advisable. He also acquired Creagan's gun quite subconsciously.

"Let me introduce myself, gentlemen," said Pringle. "I'm Jack-in-a-Pinch, Little Friend of the Under Dog—see Who's This? page two-thirteen! My German friend, come out from behind that bar—hands up—step lively! Spot yourself! My Mexican friend, join Mr. Max. Move, you poisonous little spider—jump! That's better! Gentlemen—be seated! Right there smack, slapdab on the floor. Sit down and think. Say! I'm serious. Am I going to have to kill some few of you just because you don't know who I am? I'll count three: One! two! That's it. Very good hold that register anticipation! I am a worldly man," said Pringle with emotion, "but this spectacle touches me—it does indeed!"

"I'll get square with you!" gurgled Applegate as fiercely as his breathless condition would permit.

"George—may I call you George? I don't know your name—you may get square with me, George—but you'll never be square with anyone. You are a rhomboid-inaltitudinous isosohedronal catawampus, George!"

George raved unprintably. He made a motion to rise, but reconsidered it as he noted the tension of Pringle's trigger finger.

"Don't be old fuss-budget, George," said Pringle reprovingly, "because—I forgot to tell you—I've got my gun now—and yours. You won't need to arrest me, though, for I'm hitting the trail in fifteen minutes. But if I wasn't going—and if you had your gun—you couldn't arrest one side of me. You couldn't arrest one of my old boots! Listen, George! You heard this Chris-gentleman give his reasons for wanting peace? Yes? Well, it's oh-so-different here. I hate peace! I loathe, detest, abhor and abominate peace! My very soul with strong disgust is stirred—by peace! I'm growing younger every year, I don't own any property here. I'm not going to be married. I ain't feeling pretty well anyhow, and if you don't think I'll shoot, try to get up! Just look as if you thought you wanted to wish to try to make an effort to get up."

"How—who——" began Creagan, but Pringle cut him short.

"Ask me no more, sweet! You have no speaking part here. We'll do the talking. I just love to talk. I am the original tongue-tide man; I ebb and flow. Don't let me hear a word from any of you! Well, pardner?"

Foy, still kneeling in fascinated amaze, now rose. Creagan's nose was bleeding profusely.

"That was one awful wallop you handed our gimlet-eyed friend," said Pringle admiringly. "Neatest bit of work I ever saw, Sir, to you! My compliments!" He placed a chair near the front door and sat down. "I feel like a lion in a den of Daniels," he sighed.

"But how did you happen to be here so handy?" inquired Foy.

"Didn't happen—I did it on purpose," said John Wesley. "You see, these four birds tipped their hand. All evening they been instructing me where I got off. They would-ed I had the wings of a dove, so I might fly far, far away and be at rest. Now, I put it to you, do I look like a dove?"

"Not at present," laughed Foy.

"Well, I didn't like it—nobody would. I see there was a hen on, I knew the lay of the ground from looking after my horse. So I clomped off to bed, got my good old Excalibur gun—full name X. L. V. Caliber—sapped off my boots, tippytoed down the back stairs like a Barred Rock cat, oozed in by the side door—and here I be! I overheard their pleasant little plan to do you. I meant to do the big rescue act—but you mobilize too quick for me. All the same, maybe it's as well I chipped in, because—take a look at them cartridges in your gun, will you? Your own gun—the one they borrowed from you."

Foy twisted a bullet from a cartridge. There was no powder. The four men on the floor looked unhappy under his thoughtful eye.

"Nice little plant—what? Do we kill 'em?" said Pringle cheerfully. "I don't know the rules well enough to break 'em. What was the big idea? Was they vexed at you, son?"

"It would seem so," said Foy, smiling. "We had a little war here a spell back. I suspect they wanted to stir it up again for political effect. Election this fall."

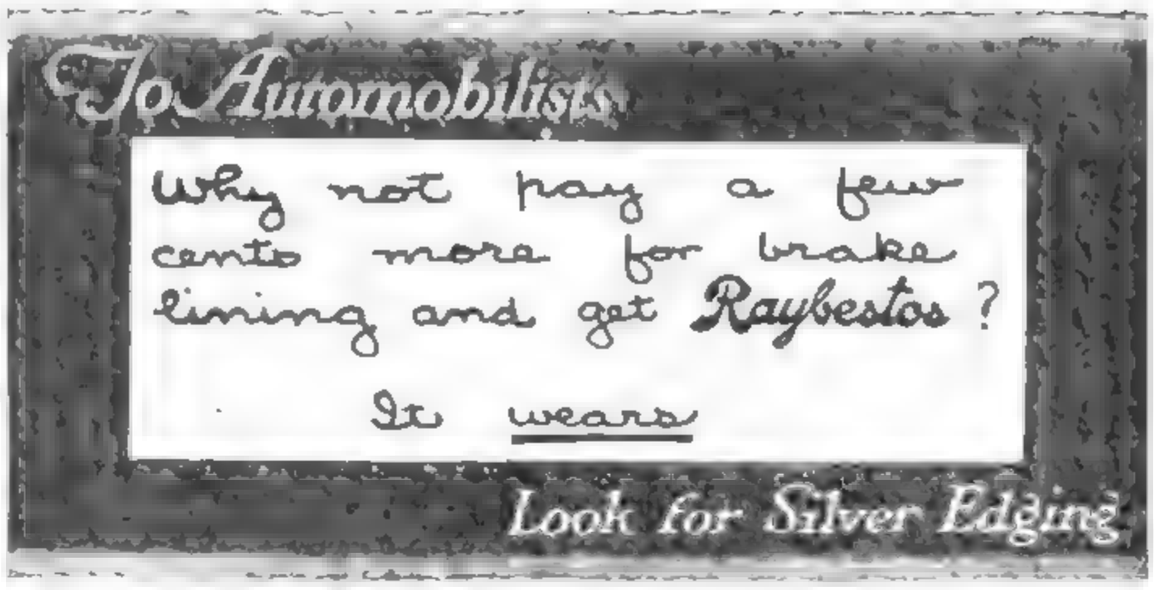
"And you were not in their party? I see!" said Pringle, nodding intelligently. "Well, they sure had it fixed to make your side lose one vote—fixed good and proper. The Ben-boy was to let your right hand loose and the Joe-boy was to shoot you as you pulled your gun. Why, if you had lived to make a statement your own story woulda mighty near let them out."

"I believe that I am greatly obliged to you, sir."

"I believe you are," said Pringle. "And—but, also, I know the two gentlemen you were drinking with should be very grateful to you. They had just half a second more to live—and you beat me to it. Too bad! Well, what next?"

Foy pondered a little.

"I guess I'll go up to the Bar Cross wagon, as I intended, till things simmer down. The Las Uvas warriors seldom ever bother the Bar Cross Range. My horse is



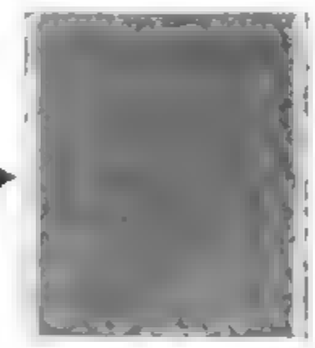
Will it WEAR? Every desirable quality in brake lining depends on **WEAR.**

WEAR in a lining demands materials which **WEAR.** Raybestos materials are chosen for **WEAR.** Raybestos is solid-woven for **WEAR.** An exclusive compound makes it a hard, solid unit—for **WEAR.**

And Raybestos *does* **WEAR.** It isn't mere *surface* **WEAR.** Raybestos **WEARS** on top. It **WEARS** in the middle. It **WEARS** right down to the last strand.

Raybestos has been imitated in appearance. It has *not* been imitated in **WEAR.** Raybestos **WEAR** is Raybestos **WEAR.** If you want Raybestos **WEAR,** you want Raybestos—the *original* asbestos brake lining.

Beware of Substitutes



Look for the Silver Edging

A lining that *looks* like Raybestos can't travel far on looks.

If you want **WEAR**—not looks or doubts—you want Raybestos.

Be sure you have the name right—**RAYbestos.** Come out strong on the **"RAY."**

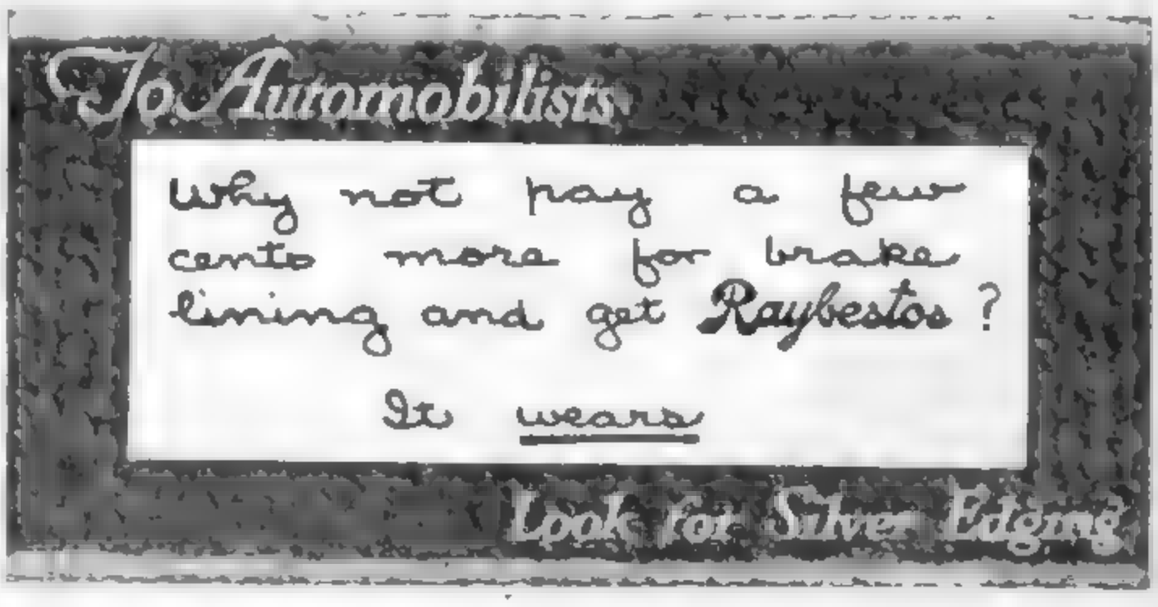
The better garages and supply houses call your attention to the Raybestos silver edging. They show the name Raybestos Both identifying marks appear on every foot of genuine Raybestos

The Royal Equipment Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

Raybestos

BRAKE LINING

Sold by all first class garages and supply houses.



Listerine Corrects
Acid Condition of the Mouth

Saliva is alkaline and is Nature's mouth bath. Fermentation of food particles usually is the cause of acid mouth; and this condition may best be corrected by natural alkaline saliva.

Alkaline preparations only temporarily correct acid conditions of the mouth and even such temporary correction is artificial because alkalies retard, rather than stimulate, the activity of the salivary glands. Acid mouth treated by alkaline or neutral preparations soon again becomes acid mouth.

LISTERINE
The Safe Antiseptic

can quickly and effectively relieve this condition, which is the chief cause of tooth decay, for these two reasons:

1—Listerine being liquid and antiseptic can resist the processes of fermentation and be used to rinse the mouth and the spaces between the teeth where food particles usually lodge.

2—Listerine being saturated with that mild mineral antiseptic—boracic acid—causes an increased amount of saliva by stimulating the activity of the salivary glands. Listerine thus assists Nature to complete the correction of acid mouth.

Ask for Listerine in the original bottle and be assured of the genuine by the appearance of the package—round bottle—brown wrapper.

Four Sizes: 15c, 25c, 50c, $1

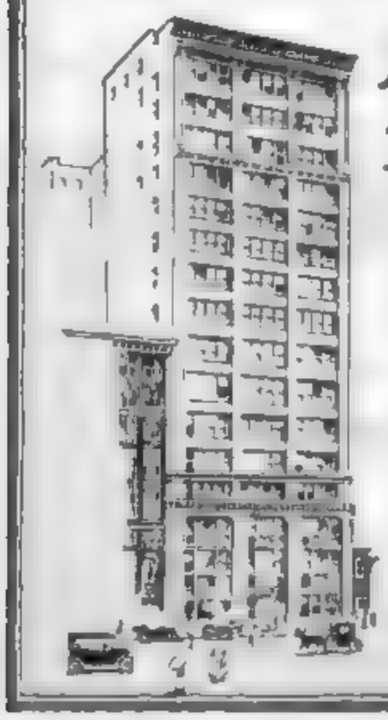
Manufactured only by

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Mo. Toronto, Can.

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

Our large Capital and Surplus, State Supervision, and well known conservative management afford unquestioned security for every dollar deposited with this bank.
There are many strong arguments in favor of our method of Banking by Mail which are fully set forth in our Booklet "M," sent free on request.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
ASSETS OVER 50 MILLION DOLLARS



A New York Office for $50. a year

The New York Headquarters Company offers this service.

A suite of offices fully equipped with telephone, stenographer and office boy service, reception room, private offices and board room, in charge of a discreet and capable manager, is at the service of any business house outside of New York having trade in New York City.

This office staff represents you in your absence, and places a well equipped suite at your service during your visits to New York.

The service costs fifty dollars a year, with an additional charge of from ten to fifty dollars a month for private offices during their actual occupancy.

Forwarding mail, showing goods, and answering inquiries, are part of the service furnished for the original fifty-dollar subscription.

Write for illustrated booklet and full particulars.

The New York Headquarters Company
Cuyler Building, 116-120 West 32nd Street, New York

hitched up the street. How'd you like to go along with me, stranger? You and me would make a fair-sized crowd."

"I'd like it fine and dandy," said Pringle. "But I got a little visit to make to-morrow. Maybe I'll join you later. I like Las Uvas," stated John Wesley, beaming. "Nice, lively little place! I think I'll settle down here after a bit. Some of the young fellows are shy on good manners. But I can teach 'em. I'd enjoy it. . . . Now, let's see: If you'll hold these lads a few minutes I'll get my boots and saddle up and bring my horse to the door; then I'll pay Max my hotel bill and talk to them while you get your horse; and we'll ride together till we get out in the open. How's that for a lay?"

That was a good lay, it seemed; and it was carried out—with one addition: after Foy brought his horse he rang Central and called up the sheriff.

"Hello! That you, Mr. Lisner? This is Kitty Foy," he said sweetly. "Sheriff, I hate to bother you, but old Nueces River, your chief of police, is out of town. And I thought you ought to know that the police force is all balled up. They're here at the Gadsden Purchase. Bell Applegate is sick seems to be indigestion; Espalin is having a nervous spell; and Ben Creagan is bleeding from his happiest vein. You'd better come see to 'em. Good-by!"

Pringle smiled benevolently from the door.

"There! I almost forgot to tell you boys. We disapprove of your actions oh-very-much! You know you were doing what was very, very wrong—like three little mice that were playing in the barn though the old mouse said: 'Little mice, beware! When the owl comes singing "Too-whoo" take care!' If you do it again we shall consider it deliberately unfriendly of you. . . . Well, I'll toddle my decrepit old bones out of this. Eleven o'clock! How time has flown, to be sure! Thank you for a pleasant evening. Good-by, George. Good-by, all! Be good little boys—go nighty-nighty!"

They raced to the corner, surveyed down the first side street, turned again, and slowed to a gallop. Pringle was in high feather; he caroled blithesome as he rode:

"So those three little owls flew back up in the barn—
Inky, dinky, doodum, day!
And they said, 'Those little mice make us feel so nice and warm!'
Inky, dinky, doodum, day!
Then they all began to sing, 'Too-whit! Too-whoo!'
I don't think much of this song, do you?
But there's one thing about it—'tis certainly true—
Inky, dinky, doodum, day!"

They reached the open; the gallop became a trot.

"I go north here," said Foy at the cross-roads above the town. "Which way for you?"

"North too," said Pringle. "I don't know just where, but you can tell me. I go to a railroad station first—Aden. Then to the Vorhis place."

"Vorhis? I'm going there myself!" said Foy. "You didn't tell me your name yet."

"Pringle."

"What? Not John Wesley Pringle? Great Scott, man! I've heard Stella talk about you a thousand times. Say, I'm sure glad to meet you! My name's Foy—Christopher Foy."

"Why, yes," said Pringle. "I think I've heard Stella speak of you too."

III

BEING a child must have been great fun—once. Nowadays one would as lief be a Strasburg goose. When you and I went to school it was not quite so bad. True, neither of us could now extract a cube root with a stump puller, and it is sad to reflect how little call life has made for duodecimals. Sometimes it seems that all our struggle with moody verbs and insubordinate conjunctions was a wicked waste—poor little sleepy puzzleheads! But there were certain joyous facts which we remember yet. Lake Erie was very like a whale; Lake Ontario was a seal; and Italy was a boot.

The great Chihuahuan desert is a boot too; a larger boot than Italy. The leg of it is in Mexico, the toe is in Arizona, the heel in New Mexico; and the Jornado is in the boot-heel.

El Jornado del Muerto—the Journey of the Dead Man! From what dim old legend

(Continued on Page 61)

PREST-O-LITE
FOR MOTORCYCLES

Brilliant Light that Stands the Jolts

Prest-O-Lite enables you to drive safely on any road, never fails you in emergencies.

Furnishes you ideal riding light—yet costs less to buy and less to use than any other system for brilliant lighting.

Prest-O-Lite gives you the utmost in practical convenience and reliability. It is as sturdy as your motorcycle itself—requires but slight attention, and that such as you yourself can give, easily and quickly.

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed

Use Prest-O-Lite on your machine. Give it every test in your daily riding. Then, if you're not satisfied, you get your money back.

In Any "Complete" Equipment Get Prest-O-Lite

The combination of "complete equipment" most popular with experienced riders is "Prest-O-Lite, a lamp and a mechanical horn." You can get this from your dealer on any make of machine, at a very attractive price.

Get our booklet on motorcycle lighting. Your name and address on the margin of this page will bring it to you. Write today.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., Inc.
The World's Largest Makers of Dissolved Acetylene
612 Speedway, Indianapolis, Ind. Canadian Office and Factory, Merritton, Ontario
Prest-O-Lite Exchange Agencies Everywhere

Your Time; Our Money

IF YOU will give us the former we will pay you the latter. We should like to have you look after local subscription renewals and new orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, and will pay you liberally in commission and salary for so doing.

If you are sufficiently interested in the idea to want to know about it, send us a line of inquiry.

Address Box 270, Agency Division

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Airedale Terriers
The "ONE-MAN" Dog

Most popular, [illegible] country. Fearless [illegible] loves children. Matchless hunter [illegible] stock, poultry farm [illegible] Puppies, grown dogs, pairs, bred bitches for sale. Splendid thoroughbreds. Safe delivery, satisfaction. Imported stud [illegible]
VIBERT AIREDALE KENNELS, Box 3a, Weston, N. J.

Stewart PHONOGRAPH

Everybody Can Now Have Music in Their Own Home

You can now have a beautiful, practical, up-to-date phonograph for the modest sum of $5.

No longer need you depend on your neighbor for the greatest fun, pleasure and entertainment in the world!

No longer need your home be barren of music, laughter and dancing.

The introduction of the Stewart Phonograph at $5 changed all this over night.

It placed within everyone's reach—yours—a phonograph at a price you can easily afford.

Think what this means!

All the latest music in your own home—all the time.

You can have dancing parties and musicals. You can hear all the great operatic singers, all the big bands, all the musical comedy selections, all the latest catchy songs, all the best dance music.

You can fox trot and one step right in your own living room.

The Stewart Phonograph plays the highest priced and the lowest priced records—the largest and the smallest records.

Its reproduction is perfect. The tones are rich, mellow and absolutely true to life. You can scarcely tell its reproduction from the living voice.

This phonograph is a beautiful ornament. It is made of metal—finished in solid dull black with highly polished nickel plated trimmings. It will harmonize with the furnishings of the finest homes.

The Stewart name is established all over the world. Millions of dollars are back of it. Stewart products are found on practically every automobile. Everyone knows the Stewart Speedometer, the Stewart Tire Pump, the Stewart Vacuum System. It is estimated that 95% of all automobiles carry one or more Stewart products. In a very short time millions of families will be enjoying a Stewart Phonograph.

Dealers, Attention!

Phonograph, Music, Dry Goods, Hardware, Drug Dealers and Novelty stores can do a big, profitable business selling Stewart Phonographs. We want dealers of all kinds in every city and town in the country

REMEMBER—*A very attractive proposition to those who write immediately.*

The motor is of the latest design and is one of the most costly made. It will play two records with one winding

There is a novel brake and time control device which is not surpassed by anything on the market.

Get a Stewart Phonograph at once and every evening let the world's greatest artists and comedians entertain you, your family and friends, with superb music, good cheer and gaiety.

Order your Stewart Phonograph immediately. If the dealer in your town cannot supply you, use the coupon or write a letter.

The Stewart Phonograph Corporation
323-325-327-331-333 Wells Street
Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

Use this coupon or write a letter

Coupon for Order
30 Days' Trial

The Stewart Phonograph Corporation
323-333 Wells Street
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find $5 (currency, check, draft or money order) for which please ship me one Stewart Phonograph immediately (shipping charges prepaid).

It is understood that if I am not satisfied with the phonograph at the end of thirty days I can return it (shipping charges collect) and get my money back immediately.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

Let Your Battery Shift The Gears

The same power that cranks your motor will shift the gears of your automobile at the touch of a button. The Cutler-Hammer Magnetic Gear Shift has been called the greatest improvement in automobiles since the electric self-starter. It makes the shifting of gears as easy as starting the engine—push button easy.

"She" can handle the big gas car as easily as she did her electric. Clashing or stripping of gears is impossible. The old gear shift lever disappears, leaving a clear floor board in front from door to door. Instead of reaching for the troublesome "in-the-way" lever you find the gear shift buttons right under the edge of the steering-wheel—at your finger tips—out of the way of lap robe and overcoat.

Think of being able to handle your car in crowded traffic without constantly having to reach for the awkward gear shift lever. You get the power, speed, mileage and economy of gasoline plus the convenience of electric control. Several manufacturers have already approved the

C-H Magnetic Gear Shift

Two of these are now delivering touring cars, closed cars and roadsters equipped with the C-H Magnetic Gear Shift. See that your next car, the car you are going to buy this Spring, has the C-H Magnetic Gear Shift. Then, for the first time, you will know real driving comfort. Sit back at your ease, both hands on the wheel, both eyes on the road ahead, and shift gears with the speed of lightning.

Think of the pleasure—the comfort—of driving a gasoline car that is as easy to control as an electric.

A booklet describing in simple language the construction and operation of the C-H Magnetic Gear Shift will be sent on request.

This 80 ampere hour battery connected to a Cutler-Hammer Gear Shift shifted the gears 394,491 times without recharging.

Makes gear shifting as easy as switching on an electric light.

The C-H Magnetic Gear Shift is manufactured by The Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co., builders of electric controllers and magnetic apparatus. It is the largest company of its kind.

There is over $25,000,000 worth of Cutler-Hammer Magnetic products in daily use all over the world.

The Cutler-Hammer Lighting Switch for automobiles is standard equipment on many of the best known cars.

The greatest newspapers of the country use Cutler-Hammer Controllers on their presses.

The stage lighting effects of the leading theatres are secured by means of Cutler-Hammer dimmers.

Mines, steel mills and industrial plants of all kinds use Cutler-Hammer Controllers.

The Cutler-Hammer Magnetic Gear Shift is guaranteed by The Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co. to give service and satisfaction in the hands of the users.

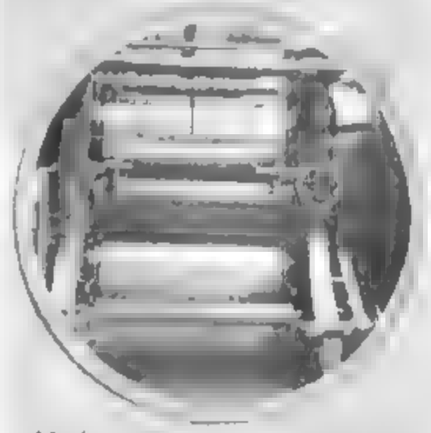
The Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Company

Electrical Controlling Apparatus For All Purposes

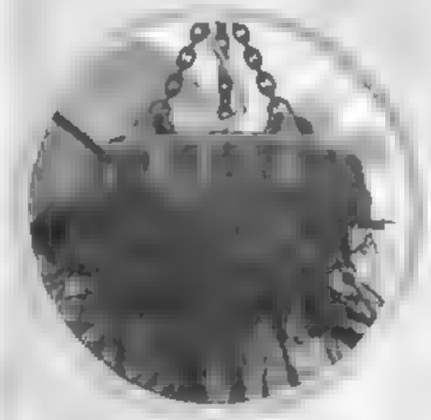
Main Offices: MILWAUKEE Factories: MILWAUKEE and NEW YORK

Branches: New York Boston Philadelphia Pittsburg Cleveland Cincinnati Chicago San Francisco

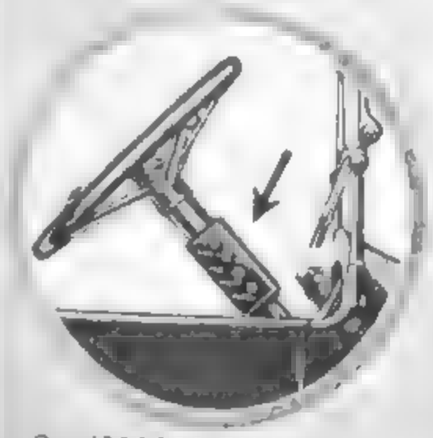
C-H Magnetic Control is used on U.S Warships & Submarines



Machines that make your Tires are C-H Magnetic Controlled



All Large Steel Plants use C-H Magnetic Apparatus



Over 1000000 C-H Automobile Lighting Switches in use

All Push Button Electric Light Sockets are a C-H Product

(Continued from Page 58)

has the name come down? No one knows. The name has outlived the story.

Perhaps some grim, hard-riding Spaniard made his last ride here; weary at last of war, turned his dead face back to Spain and the pleasant valleys of his childhood. We have a glimpse of him, small in the mighty silence; his faithful few about him, with fearful backward glances; a gray sea of waving grama breaking at their feet; the great mountains looking down on them. Plymouth Rock is unnamed yet. Then the mist shuts down.

The Santa Fé Trail reaches across the Jornado; tradition tells of vague, wild battles with Apache and Navajo; there are grave-cairns on lone dim ridges, whereon each passer casts a stone. Young mothers dreamed over the cradles of those who now sleep here, undreaming; here is the end of all dreams.

Doniphan passed this way; Kit Carson rode here; the Texans journeyed north along that old road in '62 -to return no more

These were but passers-by. The history of the Jornado, of indwellers named and known, begins with six Americans, as follows: Sandoval, a Mexican; Toussaint, a Frenchman; Fest, a German; Martin, a German; Roullier, a Swiss, and Teagardner, a Welshman.

You might have thought the Jornado a vast and savage waste or a pleasant place and a various. That depended upon you. Materials for either opinion were plenty; lava flow, saccaton flats, rolling sand hills, sagebrush, mesquite and yucca, bunch grass and shallow lakes, bench and hill, ridge and groundswell and wandering draw; always the great mountains round about; the mountains and the warm sun over all.

A certain rich man desired to be President to please his wife perhaps. He was a favorite son, sure of his home-state vote in any grand old national convention. He gave largely to charities and campaign funds, and his left hand would have been justly astonished to know what his right hand was about.

Those were bargain-counter days. Fumbling the wares, our candidate saw, among other things, that New Mexico had six conventional votes. He sent after them.

So the Bar Cross Cattle Company was founded; range, the Jornado. Our candidate provided the money and a manager, also ambidextrous, with instructions to get those votes and incidentally to double the money, as a good and faithful manager should.

He got the six votes, but our candidate never became president. Poor fellow, his millions could not bring him happiness. He died, an embittered and disappointed man, in the obscurity of the United States Senate.

The Bar Cross brand was the sole fruit of that ambition. Other ranches had dwindled or vanished; favored by environment the Bar Cross, almost alone, withstood the devastating march of progress. It was still a mark of distinction to be a Bar Cross man. The good old customs—and certain bad old customs too—still held on the Bar Cross Range, fifty miles by one hundred, on the Jornado. Scattered here and there were smaller ranches: among them the V H—the Vorhis Ranch.

Stella Vorhis and John Wesley, far out on the plain, rode through the pleasant afternoon. The V H Ranch was in sight now, huddled low before them; beyond, a cluster of low hills rose from the plain, visible center of a world fresh, eager and boundless.

The girl's eye kindled with delight as it sought the far horizons, the misty parapets gleaming up through the golden air; she was one who found dear and beautiful this gray land, silent and ensunned. She flung up her hand exultingly.

"Isn't it wonderful, John Wesley? Do you know what it makes me think of? This:

"'*Magic casements, opening on the foam*
Of perilous seas, in faëry lands forlorn!'

"Think, John! This country hasn't changed a bit since the day Columbus set out from Spain"

"How true! Fine old bird, Columbus—he saw America first. Great head he showed, too, getting himself named Christopher. Otherwise you might have said, 'the day Antony discovered Cleopatra'—or something like that. Wise old Chris!"

Stella's eyes narrowed reflectively.

"John Wesley, you've been reading! You never used to know anything about Mark Antony."

"I cribbed that remark from Billy Beebe and he swiped it from a magazine. I don't know much about Mark, now. Good old easy Mark!"

"That's the how of it. You've been absorbing knowledge from those pardners of yours. Your talk shows it. You're changed a lot—that way. Every other way you're the same old Wes!"

"Now that sounds better!" said Pringle in his most complacent tones. "I want to talk about myself, always, Stella May Vorhis; we've come thirty miles and I've heard Christopher Foy, Foy, Foy, all the way! It's exasperating! It's sickening!"

But Stella was not to be flustered. She held her head proudly.

"It's you that have been talking about him. I told you you'd like him, John Wesley."

"Yes, you did—and I do. He's a self-starter. He's a peppermist. He's a regular guy. It wasn't only the way he smashed those things—taken by surprise and all—but that he had judgment enough not to shoot when there was no need for it; that's what gets me! And then he went and spoiled it all."

"How?"

"Hiking on up to the ranch with the Major, without even waking you up. Why, if it was me, do you s'pose I'd leave another man—no matter how old and safe he was—to tell such a story as that his own way and hog all the credit for himself? That Las Uvas push is a four-flush—he needn't stir a peg for them. No, sir! I'd have stayed right there till you got ready to come—and every time I'd narrate that tale about the scrap it would get scarier and scarier."

"I know, without telling, what my Chris does is the brave thing, the best thing," said the girl, with softly shining eyes. "And he never brags—any more than you do, Wes. You're always making fun of yourself. And I'm afraid you don't know how serious a menace this Las Uvas gang is. It isn't what Chris may do or may not do. All they want is a pretext. Why, John, there are men down there who are really quite truthful—as men go—till they get on the witness stand. But the minute they're under oath they begin to lie. Force of habit, I guess. The whole courthouse ring hates Chris and fears him—especially Matt Lisner, the sheriff. In the old trouble, whenever he was outwitted or outfought, Chris did it. Besides ——" She paused; the color swept to her cheek.

"Besides—you. Yes, yes," grumbled Pringle. "Might have been expected. These women! Does the Foy-boy know?"

"He knows that Lisner wanted to marry me," said Stella. Neck and cheek were crimson now; but it was characteristic that her level eyes met Pringle's fearlessly. "But before that—he—he persecuted me, John. Chris must not know. He would kill him. But I wanted you to know in case anything happened to Chris. There is nothing they will stick at, these men. Lisner is the vilest; he hates Chris worst of all." She was in deep distress; there were tears in her eyes as she smiled at him. "And I wish—oh, John Wesley, you don't know how I wish you were staying here. Dear old friend!"

"As a dear and highly valuable old friend," said Pringle sedately, "let me point out how shrewd and sensible a plan it would be for you and your Chris to go on a honeymoon at once—and never come back."

"I am beginning to think so. Up to last night I had only my fears to go on."

"But now you know. We managed to make a joke of last night—but what that push had in mind was plain murder. I would dearly like," said John Wesley, "to visit Las Uvas—some dark night—in a Zeppelin."

At the corral gate the Major met them, with a face so troubled that Stella cried out in alarm:

"Father! What is it? Chris?"

"Stella—be brave! Dick Marr was killed at midnight—and they're swearing it off on Chris."

"But John Wesley was with him."

"That's just it. Applegate and Creagan tell it that they saw Chris leaving town at eleven o'clock, that he said he was coming up here, and that he made a war-talk about Marr. But not a word about Pringle or the fight at the hotel. Joe Espalin doesn't appear—no claim that he saw Foy at all."

"That looks ugly," observed Pringle.

"Ugly! Your testimony is to be thrown out as a lie made of whole cloth. Espalin and the barkeeper don't appear. They're afraid the Mexican will get tangled up, and Max

Make Your Old Ford a 1916 Model

A handsome, high quality windshield and cowl will bring your 1912, 1913, 1914 and early 1915 Ford car right up to date, and make it exactly like one of the newest models.

Conover Cowl Shields for Ford Cars are designed entirely along the lines of the greatest possible beauty and durability.

Shield is non-vision ventilating with best quality plate glass and equal to appearance to handsomest of high priced cars. Cowl is heavy steel stamping finished in dull stone gray and durable.

Conover Cowl Shields will add wonderfully to the appearance of your car, and besides you will have a shield that will not shake and rattle.

Conover Cowl Shields for Ford Cars

Combined Cowl and Shield, f. o. b. Adrian, Mich. $15.00

PAGE PRODUCTS

Universal Windshield for 1915-16 Cowl Dash Fords

This shield is designed to take the place of the plain folding windshield that comes with new Ford cars. It is a product embodying the well known PAGE qualities of workmanship, material and finish. Non-vision, ventilating — best quality plate glass is used. Shield is furnished complete with brackets, nuts, bolts and screws for attaching to Ford cowl.

Complete with brackets, f. o. b. Adrian, Mich. . . $10.00

Combined Dash and Shield, f. o. b. Adrian, Mich. $20.00

This Universal Shield gives you greatest comfort when driving in hot weather and is safe to clean. Upper section can be tilted to give clear view of the road. One of the fastest selling and most popular Ford accessories that we have ever marketed.

Special Cowl and Shield for Commercial Cars

This equipment is designed especially for all types of 1915 and 1916 Ford cars and trucks. Made of the best quality materials throughout. Can be furnished with or without windshield wings. Cowl is made of heavy steel stamping, finished in dull stone gray and durable. Shield is non-vision, ventilating, with best quality plate glass. Can be furnished with or without windshield wings.

FOR FORD CARS

Attention: Automobile Manufacturers

We are prepared to furnish quality windshields in any quantity for either pleasure cars or trucks. Our factory is equipped for rapid production. We are one of the largest and oldest manufacturers in the windshield industry, and our Mr. E. K. Conover has been identified with this industry since its inception. Let our engineering department confer with you on windshield requirements.

Filler Board Windshields

Complete with hardware and simple brace rods . . $10.00

Page Tire Savers

Light and strong. Pay for themselves by keeping weight of car off tires and tires off greasy floor. Will jack up car in one minute . . . $3.50 SET (Four)

Page Airpress Pump

for transferring oil, gasoline or other liquids from original barrel to storage tank. Attach foot pump to low pressure tire valve and pump up tire. $3.00

Page SafTsteer for Fords

Holds car straight when one wheel hits an obstruction. Automatically rights steering gear. Made of steel throughout and cannot break. No castings $2.50

NOTE—If you do not find above line at dealers', will ship direct

Page Woven Wire Fence Co.
Windshield Department
Adrian, Mich.

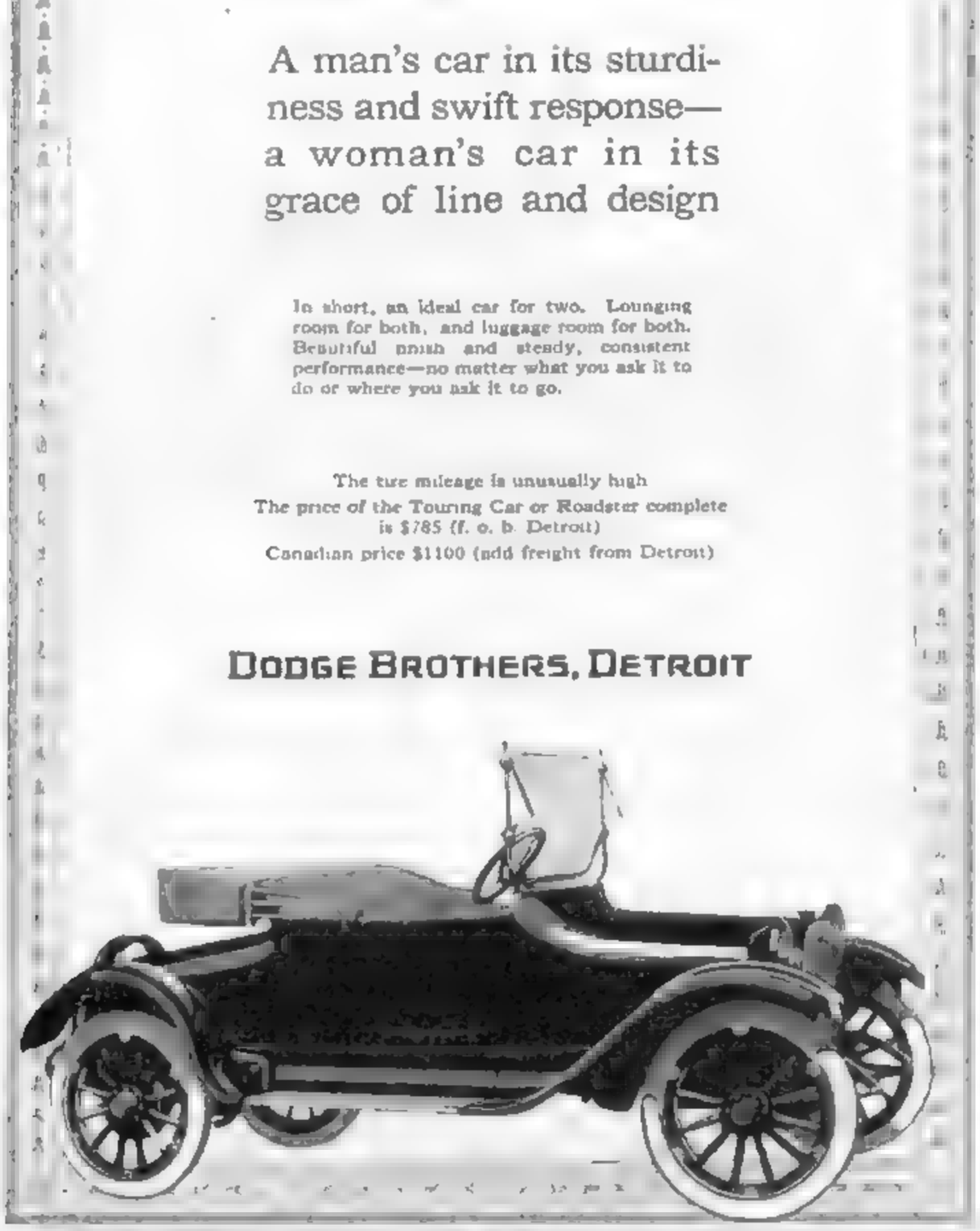
DODGE BROTHERS
ROADSTER

A man's car in its sturdiness and swift response—a woman's car in its grace of line and design

In short, an ideal car for two. Lounging room for both, and luggage room for both. Beautiful finish and steady, consistent performance—no matter what you ask it to do or where you ask it to go.

The tire mileage is unusually high
The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



This Canoe Brings a Summer Full of Fun

If you want to know what pleasure canoeing is—get an "Old Town." $30 up will buy an "Old Town Canoe" and you can't beat it at any price. It's safe, graceful and easy to paddle—won't leak or absorb water. 4000 "Old Town [illegible]

OLD TOWN CANOE CO. 593 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

"Old Town Canoe"

Send 10¢ for this useful metal box

[illegible]

Esterbrook Pens

Be Good to your Books

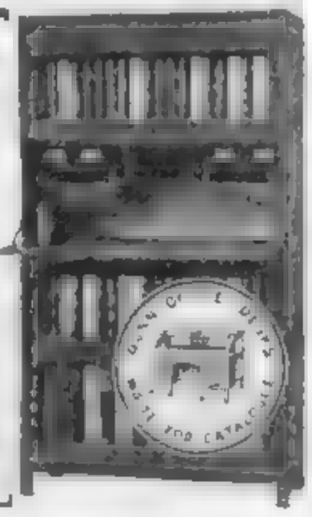
Protect them with a "Gunn"

You can start with one book section with top and base, at small cost, and add to it as you get more books. Doors are removable and non binding; no ugly iron bands; easy to set up or take apart; practically dust-proof; superb workmanship.

Gunn Sectional Bookcases were awarded the Gold Medal (highest award) at the Panama-Pacific Industrial Exposition

Send for the Gunn Sectional Bookcase at your dealer's or write for catalog, illustrated in colors, showing Colonial Mission, Sanitary Clawfoot and Standard designs in mahogany and oak to harmonize with their surroundings. Prices lower than others.

THE GUNN Furniture Co. Grand Rapids MICH 1800 Broadway



will swear he didn't see Chris at all. It's cut and dried. You are to be canceled. Marr was found this morning at the first crossroad above town. His watch was stopped at ten minutes to twelve—mashed, it seemed, where it hit on a stone. If they had told about the mix-up with you and Chris last night, I might have thought they really believed Chris killed Marr—or suspected it. As it stands, we know the whole thing is a black, rotten conspiracy."

"But where's Chris?" demanded Stella.

"We have none of us seen Chris—you want to remember that. You won't have to lie, Stella—you didn't see him. Pringle, I bank on you."

"Sure! I can lie and stick to it, though I'm sadly out of practice," said Pringle. "But hadn't we better fix up the same history to tell?"

"Unsaddle and I'll tell you. We've only got a few minutes. I saw the dust of them coming down from the north as I drove in this bunch of saddle horses. Some of them went up by train to Upham, you know. Hargis has gone to the round-up, and I'm just as well pleased. I'm not sure he can be trusted. We are to know not the first word of what has happened. We haven't seen Chris and haven't heard of the murder. Come in—we'll start dinner and be taken by surprise. Pringle, throw your gun over on the bunk. Stella, get that look off your face."

He started a fire. Stella set about preparing dinner.

"Who brought the news?" she asked.

"Joe Cowan—and a relay. Someone rode to Jeff Isaach's ranch as fast as ever a horse could go. Jeff came to Quartzsite; Dodd passed the word on to Goldenburg's and Cowan came here. At every ranch they drove all the fresh saddle horses out of the way, so a posse couldn't get a remount without losing time. Kitty Foy has got good friends, and they don't believe he'd shoot any man in the back."

"And Foy's drifted with Cowan?"

"He hadn't a chance to get clear," said the Major. "We had no fresh horses here. They've sworn in a small army of deputies. Nearly a hundred men are out hunting for him by this time. One posse was to go up the San Andres on the east, leaving a man at every waterhole. The sheriff wired for a special train, took a carload of saddle horses and dropped a couple of men off at every station. At Upham the rest of them were to unload and string out across the Jornado, so as to cut Chris off from the Bar Cross round-up at Alaman. It's some of that bunch I saw coming, I guess. And the others were to scatter out and come up the middle of the plain. They'll drag the Jornado with a fine-toothed comb."

"How's he to get away, then?"

"Cowan took Kit's horse and led his own, which was about give out. He turned back east, up a draw where he won't be seen unless somebody's right on top of him. Eight or ten miles out he'll turn Foy's horse loose; he'll carry the extra saddle on a ways and drop it in a washout. They'll find Foy's horse and think he's roped a fresh one. Then Cowan will start up a fresh bunch of mares and raise big dust. He will ride straight to the first posse he sees, claiming he's run his horse down chasing the mares. That'll let him out—maybe."

"And Foy?"

"We rode my horse double to the edge of the hills, to where he could walk on a ledge and leave no tracks," said the Major. "Then I went on. I rounded up this bunch of saddle horses and brought them back. He went up on Little Thumb Butte. It's all bluffs and bowlders there. Up on the highest big cliff, at the very top, is a deep crack that winds up in a cave like a tunnel. You know the place, Stella?"

"Yes. But, dad, they'll hunt out the hills the first thing."

"They will not!" said the Major triumphantly. "They'll read our sign; they'll see where four shod horses came up the road. I'll claim one of them was a horse I was leading. We all want to stick to that."

"But he's bigger than any of our horses," objected Pringle. "They'll know better by the tracks."

"Exactly! So they'll find a fresh-shod track going east—a track matching the fourth track we left on the road. They'll reason that we're trying to keep them from following that track. So they'll follow it up; they'll find Kit's give-out horse and then they'll know they're right."

"It seems to me," said Pringle reflectively, "that friend Cowan may have an interesting time if they get him."

The Major permitted himself a grin.

"He yanked the shoes off his horse before he left. Once he mixes his tracks up with a bunch of wild mares he'll be all right. They may think, but they can't prove anything. And Foy'll be all right—if only the posse follows the plain trail."

"It's too much to hope," said Stella. "They'll split up. Some of them will hunt out the hills anyway—to-morrow, if not to-day."

"That's my idea of it," said Pringle.

"They won't find the cave if they do," said Vorhis hopefully. "If he can get to the Bar Cross they'll see him through, once they hear his story. Not telling about that clean-up you and Kit made last night is a dead give-away."

"Any chance of Foy slipping out afoot?"

"Too far. But he could stand a siege till we could get word to his friends if, by any chance, the posse should find his cave. He took my rifle. He can see them coming, he'll have every advantage against attack; and there's another way out of the cave, up on top of the hill. There's just one thing against him. There wasn't even a canteen here. He took some jerky and canned stuff—but only one measly beer bottle of water. When that's used up it's going to be a dull time for him. We can't get water to him very handy without leaving some sign. We mustn't get hostile with the posse. Take it easy—you especially, Pringle. Stella and me, they know where we stand. But you're a stranger. Maybe they'll let you go on. If you once get away—bring the Bar Cross boys and they'll take Foy out of here in broad day."

"Very pretty; but there's four men in Las Uvas that know me—and three of them are police. Maybe they'll stay in the city though—being police?"

"No, they won't," said the Major gloomily. "They'll be along—deputized, of course. Maybe they won't be in the first batch though. Your part is to be the disinterested traveler wanting to be on your way."

"It won't work, Major. This is a put-up job."

The Major sighed. "That's so too. I'm afraid you're in for trouble."

"I'm used to that," said Pringle lightly. "Once, in Arizona ——"

"Don't throw it up to me, John," said the Major a trifle sheepishly. "I'll say this though: I wouldn't ask for a better man in a fight than you."

"Thanks so much!" murmured Pringle.

"One more point, John: You don't know Foy. I do. Foy'll never give up. He's desperate—and he's not pleased. There's no question of surrender and standing trial—understand that. He'd be lynched probably if they ever got him in Las Uvas. A trial, even, would be just lynching under another name. They don't want to capture him anyway—they want a chance to kill him."

"I wouldn't want the job," said Pringle.

"Hush!" said Stella. "I hear them coming. Talk about something else—the war in Europe."

The Major picked up a paper.

"What do you think about the United States building a big navy, John?" he asked casually.

Stealthy footsteps rustled without.

"Fine!" said Pringle. "I'm strong for it. We want dreadnoughts, and lots of 'em—biggest we can build. But that ain't all. When we make the navy appropriations we ought to set by about fifty-some-odd million and build a big multiple-track railroad, so we can carry our navy inland in case of war. The ocean is no place for a battleship these days."

"Stop your kidding!"

"I'm not kidding," said John Wesley.

"Shut up, you idiot! I want to read."

"Oh, very well, then! I'll grind the coffee."

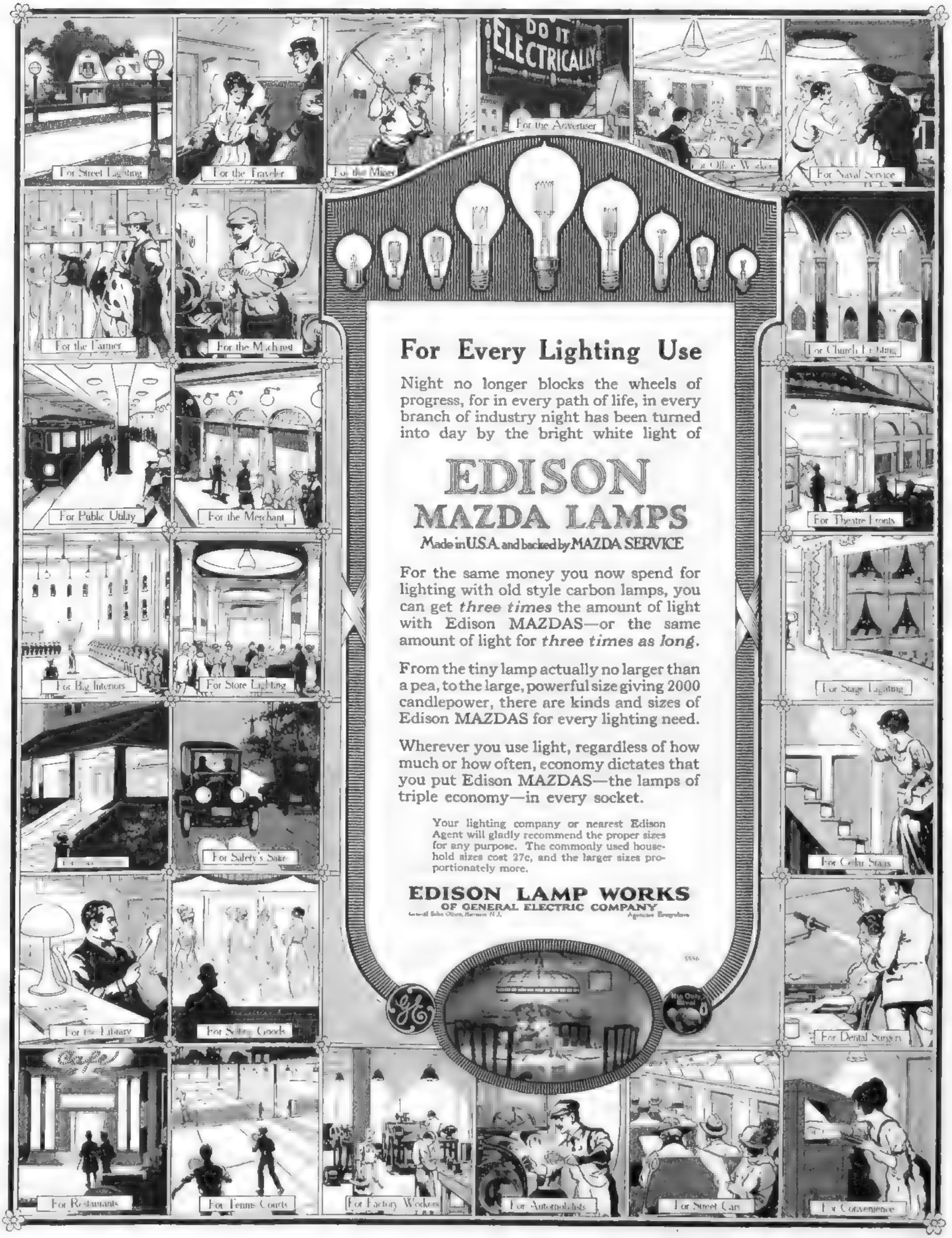
Men crept close to the open door on each side of the kitchen. Stella slipped a pan of biscuits in the oven; she laid the table briskly, with a merry clatter of tinware; her face was cheerful and unclouded. The Major leaned back in one chair, his feet on another; he was deep in the paper; he puffed his pipe. John Wesley Pringle twirled the coffee mill between his knees and began a merry tune:

"*There were three little mice, playing in the barn—*"

A shadow fell across the floor.

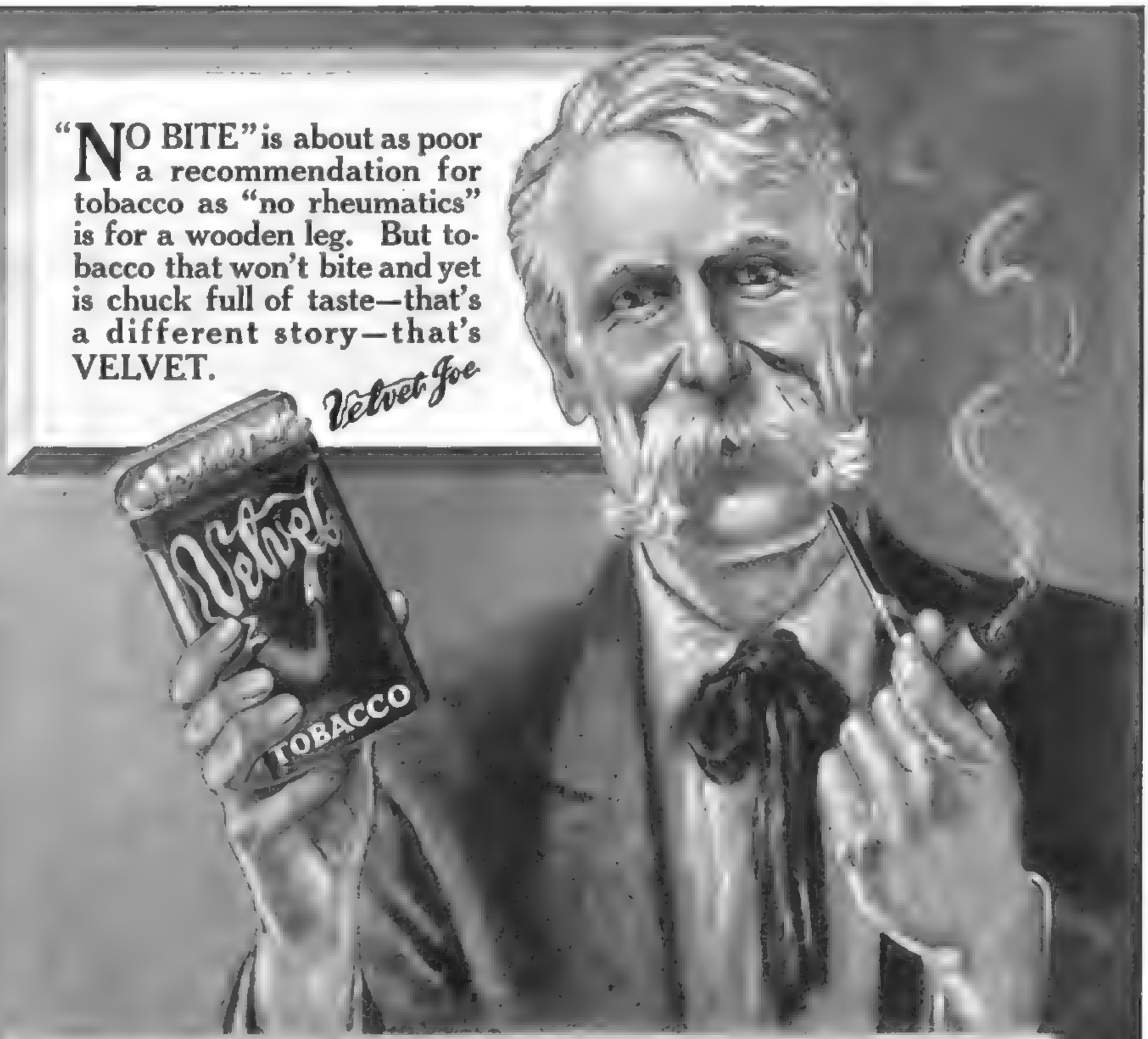
"Hands up!" said the sheriff of Dona Ana. "We want Chris Foy!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)


DO IT ELECTRICALLY
For Street Lighting
For the Traveler
For the Miner
For the Advertiser
For Office Workers
For Naval Service
For the Farmer
For the Machinist
For Church Lighting
For Public Utility
For the Merchant
For Theatre Fronts
For Big Interiors
For Store Lighting
For Stage Lighting
For Safety's Sake
For Color Shots
For the Library
For Sales Goods
For Dental Surgery
For Restaurants
For Tennis Courts
For Factory Workers
For Automobilists
For Street Cars
For Convenience
For Every Lighting Use
Night no longer blocks the wheels of progress, for in every path of life, in every branch of industry night has been turned into day by the bright white light of
EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS
Made in U.S.A. and backed by MAZDA SERVICE
For the same money you now spend for lighting with old style carbon lamps, you can get three times the amount of light with Edison MAZDAS—or the same amount of light for three times as long.
From the tiny lamp actually no larger than a pea, to the large, powerful size giving 2000 candlepower, there are kinds and sizes of Edison MAZDAS for every lighting need.
Wherever you use light, regardless of how much or how often, economy dictates that you put Edison MAZDAS—the lamps of triple economy—in every socket.
Your lighting company or nearest Edison Agent will gladly recommend the proper sizes for any purpose. The commonly used household sizes cost 27c, and the larger sizes proportionately more.
EDISON LAMP WORKS
OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
5986

"NO BITE" is about as poor a recommendation for tobacco as "no rheumatics" is for a wooden leg. But tobacco that won't bite and yet is chuck full of taste—that's a different story—that's VELVET.

Velvet Joe



VELVET is *good* tobacco, with an all 'round goodness. VELVET is smooth with an aged-in-the-wood smoothness given it by **two years' ageing** in wooden hogsheads. There are mild tobaccos, and fragrant ones, and some that are slow-burning. But there is only one VELVET, with these excellent smoking qualities, mellowed and improved ***naturally*** by ageing. There is only one smoking tobacco that ever received an Exposition Grand Prix. VELVET was given this award, the highest in the gift of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition "for its superior quality."

10c Tins 5c Metal-Lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

A WESTERN WARWICK

(Continued from Page 23)

infant industries right back in the incubator—poor children, they had been out in a cruel and unprotected world for almost four long and hungry years. It was a workmanlike job.

The bill was introduced in the House and weeks of dreary debate ensued, debate that profited nothing, for we had the votes to enforce our schedules and we enforced them. However, a certain amount of oratory must be spilled during the discussion of any great measure that is up in either branch of Congress, probably because the insistent spillers have no other way, except by making these inconclusive noises, of impressing their constituents back home that they are worthy of retention as tribunes of the liberties of those constituents. Finally the House passed the bill and it came over to the Senate.

I had kept close track of the bill and had studied it carefully. It had seemed to me that even a fuller measure of protection was supplied, in some instances—a good many, in fact—than the circumstances demanded. Those House leaders certainly had been lavish in their fostering of our producers. The Chinese wall was higher than I had imagined it would be; but that was a virtue, as my colleagues regarded it, rather than a fault. How, in politics, is it possible to get too much of a good thing? We made our changes, always in favor of our infant industries, and shoved our bill through, having our private struggles with some of our too greedy colleagues, and whenever we could, glozing over the rawness so it would not be too apparent. Still we were not deterred much by rawness. The bill was rather crude in spots, but it fulfilled our campaign pledges and we passed it. President Rogers signed it ceremoniously, and it was announced by our press agents that prosperity was now insured. Then we sat back and received congratulations. I was glad it was over, for if there is any pest more obnoxious than the office-seeking curculio it is the tariff caterpillar, and they had swarmed round the Capitol for months—special agents, attorneys, lobbyists, and all that gang of grafters who have little games of their own they want to promote.

There was the usual amount of soreness, but I thought little of it. We were finished, and the soreness must cure itself. I was fixing to go away for a vacation, and was at my committee room for the last time that summer when Canterbury came in.

"Hello, senator," he greeted me. "Getting ready to depart from the scenes of your triumphs?"

"Preparing to flee to that bourne where the job hunter will not venture and the tariff-grafter is unknown."

"Must be planning to descend into the Mammoth Cave then, and lock the door behind you."

"Or go up in a balloon."

"That wouldn't help any. Some chap would get a bigger balloon and drop on you via a parachute."

"You seem to know the ways of these creatures."

"I do, and the ways of others whom I, from my inconspicuous position, would never dare to call creatures."

I looked sharply at him. He was gay and smiling and his blue eyes were laughing at me.

"Meaning whom?"

"Oh, nobody in particular and many in general."

"Well, I hate to say it, Canterbury, but I'm busy. Not that I am not glad to see you, but I have a train and some trout to catch; and while the trout will wait, the train won't, even for a member of the greatest deliberative forum in the world."

"Arbitrary folks, those railroad men and others of their kind."

"So I've heard."

"Me too. Learned a lot about them lately."

I looked him over again, wondering what he had in mind.

"Nothing to their discredit, I hope?"

"Depends on how you look at it."

"See here, Canterbury," I said, rather sharply, "if you have anything to say to me, say it. I don't want to be discourteous, but I'm busy and I'm in a hurry."

"Don't let me detain you. I merely dropped in to give you a little friendly advice."

"To give me some friendly advice? About what?"

I know my astonishment showed in my voice.

"Incredible, isn't it?" And he laughed. "Preposterous, to think that so humble a citizen as myself would have the nerve to presume to do aught but take orders from the mightiest Roman of them all."

"Oh, stop that," I snapped. "What do you want to say?"

I watched him narrowly. He looked straight at me and laughed again.

"All right. I thought you liked it, judging from some of the stuff Limpton has put out about you."

I winced at that. This smiling person was rapidly getting on my none too steady nerves.

"Go ahead," I said rather savagely. "Let's hear what you have to say."

"I hate to disappoint those trout. They probably are yearning for the chance to grab those Royal Coachmans and Grizzly Kings and Parmachenee Belles of yours."

"Look here, Canterbury, I can't sit here to be joshed by you. Talk out or say good-by."

"Joshed? Me josh the Warwick of the Administration! Heaven forfend! What makes you think I am joshing you? Didn't I make the proper genuflexion when I came in, or haven't I shown sufficient reverence to the man behind the throne since I arrived? Pardon me for any remissness. It isn't that I do not feel my place and know it, be sure of that. I hereby make any obeisances I should have made. I crave your august pardon. I——"

I jumped up.

"Quit it!" I shouted. "Quit it! Good morning."

"Wait a minute, I'm not going yet. I've got something to say."

His laughing insolence made me see red.

"Well, say it then, and be damned quick about it."

He walked about the room and surveyed me from every side. I was almost angry.

"My, my," he commented as if to himself, "even the greatest of them all is subject to the human frailty of losing his temper. I hadn't supposed such a thing was possible."

I bit my lips. Clearly he was sticking pins into me for the pleasure of seeing me squirm. I couldn't imagine why, but I resolved to stop squirming. I lighted a cigar.

"Oh, well," I said, "if I am to be barbecued for your holiday I reckon I can stand it. When you have me trussed up to your satisfaction perhaps you will be so good as to explain to what I am indebted for the honor of this visit. Will you have a cigar?"

He took the cigar, thanked me, and spent a minute fussing to get off the band and to light it. He puffed reflectively on it two or three times, examined the burning end with great solicitude to make sure it was in process of proper combustion, tried to blow a ring of smoke, failed, tried again, made a good one, and as it floated lazily up impaled the ring with a long forefinger and demolished it.

"There," he said.

"There what?"

"Merely a little symbol. You believe in symbols, don't you?"

"No," I growled.

"Is it possible! I had an idea that that symbol commonly presented in the guise of a capital 'S' with two perpendicular lines drawn through it interested you greatly."

I began to see red again.

"Look here, Canterbury," I almost shouted, "I'm not going to stand any more of this nonsense. If you've got anything to say to me, say it or get out."

"Be calm," he soothed. "Be calm. It ill becomes a Warwick to fly off the handle in that way. It is undignified, and dignity is the first great requisite of statesmanship."

I couldn't think of anything to say. I asked myself dully why I didn't throw him out. I wondered at the quiet insolence of him. I wondered at a dozen other things, and always pounding in the back of my head was the thought: "What does he know? What is he after? What does he know?"

So I sat and glared at him.

"Senator," he said after he had blown another ring and had dissipated that with a finger, "we symbolists interpret the sign and allow the literal to gather the meaning. As I understand you, you are a rather literal person. Wherefore, I shall interpret to you, and trust to your high intelligence

"Make an oat food extra delicious—of large, luscious flakes alone."

An Idea That Won Millions

Years ago, in a little mill in Ohio, this idea was suggested:

"Let us make an extra-luscious oat food. Make it by flaking queen grains only, discarding all minor oats."

That idea was adopted, and this superfine grade was named Quaker Oats.

Today it has millions of users, scattered all the world over. Oat lovers of a hundred nations send to us to get it.

And no other brand commands an equal sale among any oat-bred peoples.

But, best of all, it has multiplied oat lovers. It has made them life-long users of this energizing, spirit-giving food.

Quaker Oats

The Favorite Vim-Food

A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of grains that are fit for Quaker. All others are discarded in this brand.

Thus Quaker Oats consists of large, delicious flakes. And those alone. Their flavor and aroma are distinctive and delightful. You are bound to prefer them—and demand them—when you know them.

And a pleasant fact is that this extra grade costs no extra price, anywhere in America. So every home can have it.

10c and 25c per package
Except in Far West and South

Aluminum Cooker

By Parcel Post

Aluminum Double Cooker Extra Large

This ideal cooker is made to our order, of heavy pure aluminum. Its cereal capacity is 2½ quarts.

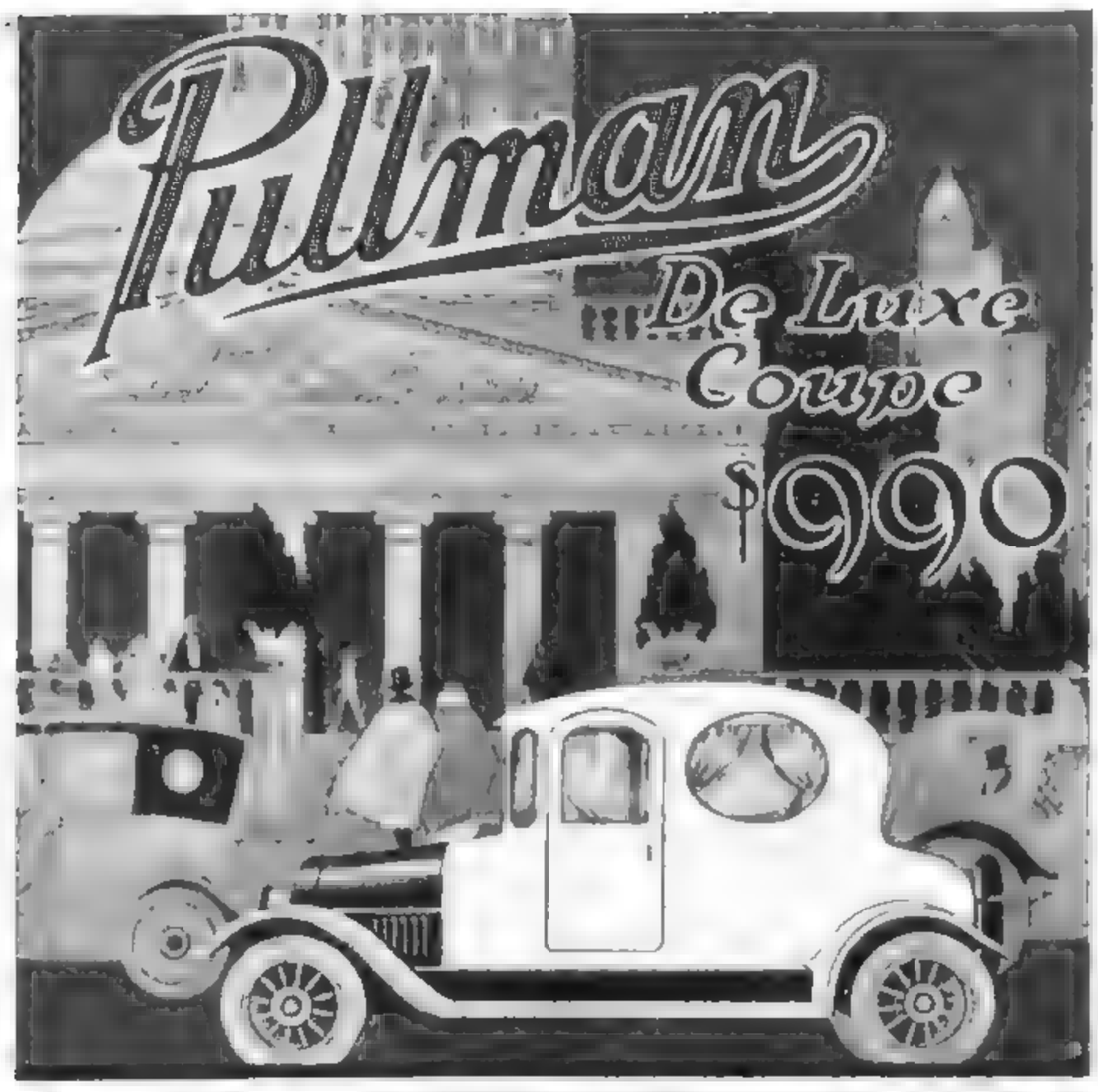
Quaker Oats are cooked perfectly in it, without loss of flavor or aroma. That is why we supply it. Over 700,000 homes are using our cookers now.

Send us our trademark—the picture of the Quaker—cut from the front of five Quaker Oats packages. Send one dollar with the trademarks and this ideal cooker will be sent by parcel post.

If you are a lover of Quaker Oats we want you to have this cooker. Address

The Quaker Oats Company
1708 Railway Exchange, Chicago

(1179)



The Beauty of the Coupe De Luxe is More than Paint Deep

It is built on the same sturdy chassis as the Pullman Two, Three and Five Passenger Models, powered with the same spirited, dependable motor. It represents the very latest vogue in automobile construction. Women instantly enthuse over its cozy luxury—its trim lines and faultless taste. Equipped with C-H Magnetic Gear Shift. Convenient push buttons take the place of an awkward gear lever. Anyone can operate the Coupe De Luxe.

SPECIFICATIONS 114-inch wheel base, 32 H. P. four-cylinder motor, Batavia non-skid tires on all four wheels cantilever rear springs, C-H Magnetic Gear Shift, independent electric starting and lighting systems, separate high-tension magneto honeycomb radiator; full floating rear axle

Two, Three and Five Passenger Models, $740
Write for Coupe De Luxe Brochure

PULLMAN MOTOR COMPANY, York, Penna.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

MONEY-MAKING POULTRY
H. M. JONES CO., Box 96, Des Moines, Ia.

Deaf?

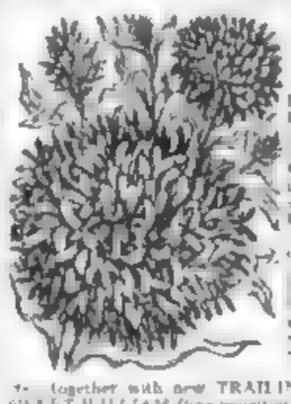
Write today for our 15 day FREE trial offer of the New Dictograph one tone model. Most people hear well enough to understand with it. Weight 12 ounces. Strength of sound adjustable.

Perfect Aid To Hearing

The Dictograph is the standard hearing device for deaf people. Over 75,000 in use.

Write for Free Book Write today for valuable book. It explains all. Sent free. If you have a deaf friend, don't fail to write for free book now. If convenient to New York call for free demonstration.

MEARS EARPHONE CO. Inc.
Dept 2352 45 West 34th St. New York, N. Y.



The Chinese Woolflower

Introduced by us last year has proved a great success. A delightful novelty. Colors in new form and easy to grow. Plants throw out long trailing vines bearing clusters of flowers in many colors. Blooms early and continues all summer. Flowers last well when cut. Grow 12 inches high.

Seed per pkt. 10 cts., 3 for 25 cts. together with new TRAILING PETUNIA and ANNUAL SWEET WILLIAM (one novelty each) free

Our Big Catalog of Flower and Veg. Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and rare new things for the garden is the most complete in the world of Giant Cut Flowers. Mailed free.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Inc., Floral Park, N.Y.

5¢ a Roll

A roll is divided into six parts for your convenience

The New Nut Candy

Selected Virginia Peanuts roasted to a crisp, tasty brown—combined with Chocolate Candy of delicious flavor and consistency.

Nut Tootsie Rolls

It is impossible to describe how good they really are. You must try them.

Made clean—Kept clean—Wrapped dustproof.

Sold wherever Candy is sold

THE STERN & SAALBERG COMPANY, N. Y.

to catch the purport of my remarks. Let me place your great party in the position of a man enjoying an expensive, well-flavored, fragrant cigar. He has just dined luxuriously on the choicest foods, has had his modicum of a precious vintage wine, is at peace with all the world, and full of the high and holy satisfaction that comes after a good dinner secured by good deeds faithfully performed. He lolls back in his chair, and he blows a ring of smoke that is round and perfect and that grows wider and wider and more beautiful as it floats to the ceiling. He sees in that ring of smoke a vision of things to come. By its perfect beauty, its constant increase in size, it typifies plans he has in mind. Then comes a puff of wind, and the ring disappears, is gone, vanished."

I listened eagerly.

"Well?" I said.

"Well, you symbolize the well-fed man; the ring of smoke is the plans you have in mind; I am the puff of wind."

"I don't understand you."

"I thought you wouldn't, but think it over. Contemplate the beauties and veracities of symbolism while you are enticing the trout from the shady pools. Think it over, senator. I wish you a pleasant vacation and a safe return. Good morning."

He went out. I sat at my desk for an hour. What the devil did the fellow mean?

XXV

BROAD and his associates had begun operations at the moment we came into power. Their plans were long perfected. The preliminaries were arranged, and their machinery so well oiled that tremendous flotation after tremendous flotation followed in quick succession. They formed trust after trust, capitalizing them for an incredible total sum, put industries together, cemented railroads regardless of whether they were competing lines or not. The country went trust crazy. No corporation was formed that was not capitalized for twice or three times its real asset value. They made gigantic sums in the underwriting. They sold bales and bales of bonds. They unloaded tons of watered stock.

They had a publicity organization that skillfully incited public investment by telling of fortunes that were to be made. They filled the newspapers with prospectuses and with stories of dazzling profits. They soon had the country in a frenzy of investing excitement. They let no dollar escape. It was the greatest clean-up thus far in the financial history of the country. The stock market was kept at the topnotch. The tales of prosperity to come were spread broadcast. The public clamored greedily for a chance to get in. No applicant who had money or collateral was overlooked. They started mills and opened factories. Everything was inflated. Railroads that had been wrecked in the hard times were reorganized, and every reorganization meant millions to the promoters through the sale of new securities and new bonds. The insiders wallowed in money. The more they secured the greater was their lust for it. They hesitated at nothing. Some of the cautious ones urged restraint, but the big men laughed at them. This was their harvest time. They had paid for the tilling of the field and for the seed, and now they were doing the reaping. Legality or illegality was not considered. The plan on which they operated was: Put them together, water them to the point of saturation, hold control and let the public have the surplus.

Sterry and Freeman and a few more of us, including the poverty-stricken Peletiah Mortor, were let in on various of the big underwritings. We drew down our profits complacently. The country was in a wild whirl of prosperity and we were the agents who were primarily responsible therefor. Hence we considered it our right to have our share, and we got it. Broad was generous in his way. He took care of his friends, arbitrarily but effectively. He was the despot. He decided who should participate and who should not, but the operations were so vast and so widespreading that a new crop of multimillionaires sprang out of the watered soil, and the steam-yacht and villa-in-France ostentation became as pronounced as it was vulgar.

Washington was complacent. This great era of prosperity, this tidal wave of inflation, was smugly set down to the beneficent influences of the Administration—I saw to that—and prospects were glowing. I spent a good deal of time in and about the White House, watching that institution and its chief

(Continued on Page 69)

Cheney Cravats

Buy neckwear that will keep its shape and look fresh and pleasing for the thirtieth time of tying. Cheney Cravats are made for the man who will not wear a scarf that must be tied in new places to hide the rumpled parts. They show their real quality in the crisis of your tugging against a non-skid collar-band. Look them over at your dealer's. They have this quality-mark in the neck-band:

CHENEY SILKS

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers, 4th Avenue and 18th Street, New York

PLAYS for AMATEURS If it's in print we have it

Largest stock in U.S. Write for free illustrated catalog that makes selection easy.

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY, 921 Filbert Street, PHILADELPHIA

PATENTS That Protect and Pay Send Sketch or Model for Search.
BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

"A Train Load of Books"

What Clarkson is Doing for the Book Buyer

IN several hundred thousand homes—almost every book was bought from me. WHY? Because, I have no agents and sell you just the books you want—all new—many at saving of from 50 to 90 per cent—you pay me direct—at my expense—and owe me nothing.

Sample Prices:

Regular Memorial edition, $1.50. My price $.45
Webster's Unabridged $12.00. My price $4.80
Encyclopedia Britannica, latest 32 vol. edition, $120.00. My price $42.00
Cyclopedia of American Literature, 2 vols. $6.00. My price $1.98
Century Atlas of the World, $15.00. My price $4.98
Cyclopedia of American Literature, 2 vols. $6.00. My price $1.98
Universal Standard Encyclopedia, 10 vols. $30.00. My price $9.80
Fishers' price, $2.00. My price $.45

Complete works of Hugo, Kipling, Thackeray, Scott and scores of others.

Get My Big, New Catalogue

My new catalog is ready for the asking, tells you how to save 50 to 90 per cent on thousands of books. It is a course in literature, etc. Hundreds of dates of birth and death of authors, etc. Hundreds of illustrations. Tells how I buy and sell them for less money—and sell them for less money—and guarantee to please you—or you can return them at my expense and get your money back.

David B. Clarkson, *The Book Broker*
250 Clarkson Building Chicago, Illinois

TIMKEN
AXLES & BEARINGS

Both Boosters

Timken puts highest quality and engineering skill, plus Timken experience, into every axle, regardless of size or price.

Both these men know that when it comes to human safety there should be but *one standard* for big car or little.

And they both *know* that though Timken Axles may differ in size, they all have the same substantial Timken quality—which never has been, and never will be, limited by pocket book considerations.

Motor cars will, of course, differ in price—and justly—according to their power, size and capacity, the number of their conveniences and the luxury of their appointments.

But both the buyer and the builder of any car, big or little, want—*and know that Timken gives them*—the utmost safety and long-service value in their car's foundations, the axles and bearings.

Whether a Timken front axle supports a light or heavy, medium priced or high priced car, it embodies the same precautions against any possibility of breaking at any point.

Whether a Timken rear axle is big or little, whether it is fixed hub type or full floating, whether it has helical bevel or worm drive, you can absolutely depend on it—for it has back of it all the engineering skill and manufacturing ability of a great organization of axle building specialists.

Every part and piece of every Timken-Detroit front or rear axle, large or small, is made of a steel selected with the same care, proved to be the best possible for its purpose, heat-treated by the same processes, machined to size, ground, gauged to the same limits, and assembled under the *same system* of continuous testing and inspection—followed by every member of the Timken organization with the same sense of responsibility.

Furthermore—in motor car axles certain broad principles of design have become established through Timken experience with motor cars of every size and type. Among these are the proper size and weight of front axle I-beams and steering knuckles for cars of various types, the tapering shank of the steering ball, the pressed steel housing of the rear axle, the splined ends of the axle shafts, and the curved teeth of the helical gear. These are but a few of many cases where Timken assures the car owner of the very best up-to-the-minute engineering practice in axle building

Finally—and this is worth noting—the Timken Axles in your car, no matter what its size or price, were selected and installed only after many conferences between Timken engineers and the engineers of the car builder. Every detail that could add to your security and satisfaction has been foreseen and provided for.

No motor car owner should ignore the part played by axles in good motor car values. The facts make mighty interesting reading and are yours for the asking. Write for the Timken Primer A-3 "On Axles," sent free, postpaid, with a list of Timken equipped cars, on request to either address below.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.
THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO

SUCH words as "cool," "sweet" and "fragrant" do not perfectly describe the flavor of Edgeworth Tobacco.

Also, we hesitate at trying to tell you how well you will like it, because we don't know.

Instead, we prefer to offer you a free gift of a generous trial quantity and allow you to judge for yourself whether or not Edgeworth is *your* kind of tobacco.

For you to try one pipeful of Edgeworth will prove its quality to you better than anything we could say. That's why we invite you to send for our free package.

The two Edgeworths shown here are the same smoking tobacco in different forms.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is made up in flat cakes or plugs. These plugs are then placed under keen, thin blades that slice them into oblong slices.

These slices are packed tightly together and preserve the order of the tobacco just as a solid fruit cake holds its flavor and moisture for months. The slices must be rubbed up in the palms of the hands and reduced to bits before filling the pipe.

There is no smoking tobacco made anywhere that is exactly like this in either looks or flavor. That is why the smokers who like Edgeworth like it very much, and no other tobacco can take its place with them

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is ready for the pipe. It has been warmly welcomed by the smokers who liked the Edgeworth flavor but did not care to take the trouble to rub up the Plug Slice.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Plug Slice are 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is 10c for the pocket size tin, 50c for large tin and $1.00 in humidor packages.

Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply, but except in a few localities all dealers have the two Edgeworths.

You may have a sample of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed, by simply sending your name and address on a postal.

It will be a favor if you also mention the name of your tobacco dealer.

For the free samples write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 S. 21st St., Richmond, Va. Besides Edgeworth they make several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton, of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed, by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

(Continued from Page 66)

occupant and helping him perfect that executive machine. I suppose I shouldn't say it, but we introduced some improvements there that will be of great value to the succeeding tenants.

The White House is the clearing house for troubles. Many earnest citizens who have political or civic or economic woes write to the president about them. His mail is enormous. Hundreds send him great quantities of much-needed advice, outline policies for him, counsel him expertly, and berate him soundly if he does not act in accordance with their views. Hundreds send remedies for each of the ills that affect the body politic. There are scores of crank letters, and many letters giving the president religious and health counsel. Each letter is marked "Strictly Personal," and each writer expects that the president will give to him his individual attention. Why not? He is the servant of the people, isn't he?

We devised a series of form letters, covering, in a soothing manner, most of the subjects ordinarily broached. There were some thirty or forty of them. Then we discovered a chirographic marvel in a clerk who could imitate signatures, and he prepared the form letters, each of which was neatly and freshly rewritten on White House paper, and he signed most of those requiring the President's signature and most of those requiring Talbot's signature. Treasured about this country there are an innumerable number of autograph letters from the President that the President—any president—never saw. But that makes them no less valuable to their possessors. The recipient thinks they are autograph letters and that is sufficient. The system was so perfect that I never knew whether I had a presidential communication or a form, unless it was holograph.

We may not have invented but we perfected the reply-to-a-query-addressed-to-the-President-by-a-prominent-citizen. One night I was sitting with the President in his study.

"Senator," he said, "there is a point I want to make before the people on this reciprocity business, and the way to do it puzzles me. I am not so sure of the medium I should use. I do not want to dignify it with a message to Congress, and I want it to come with greater authority than the usual inspired statement in the newspapers, where my language is not directly used. I do not care to give an interview. Can you suggest some method?"

"Why not write a letter?"

"But to whom?"

I thought it over.

"Reciprocity, you say? Why, write it to Dobbins. He is of importance enough to have a personal communication from you."

"But Dobbins hasn't written to me."

"What difference does that make? Call Talbot."

"Talbot," I said, when the secretary came in, "you write a letter from Ephraim J. Dobbins, of Boston, to the President, asking the President for an expression of his views on the pending reciprocity matter. Say for Mr. Dobbins that he is deeply interested and desires to be informed on the points enumerated."

The President told Talbot the points he wanted to touch upon, and in half an hour Talbot came back with a letter from Mr. Dobbins that did that distinguished citizen proud. I handed it to the President.

"Now, Mr. President," I said, "here is your inquiry, and you can answer it as you see fit."

"But how about Dobbins?"

"Oh, I'll attend to him."

I put Pliny Peters on the midnight train and sent him to Boston. Next afternoon that dignified Boston citizen was much surprised to be informed by Pliny he had written a letter to the President of the United States, and was pleased to sign it. Pliny wired he had the signature. The letter and the President's reply it incited were given to the newspapers by Talbot, and another wrinkle in publicity was scientifically established. We used various distinguished citizens for our mediums, and they always were gratified to see their names in print—all puffed up. It made a citizen important in his community to have it known the President wrote to him on national affairs. Some of them are living on that importance yet.

We understood the value of publicity. The President saw the newspaper correspondents frequently and kept on excellent terms with them. Talbot knew the game, and he arranged that most of our important announcements were given out on Sunday evening, because the Monday morning papers usually need news and we always got greater display on that day. The files were marvels. There is no place of which I have any knowledge where the documents in the case are so scrupulously retained as at the White House. Nothing is allowed to get away that has even the remotest bearing on a decision made, and especially is this true of indorsements for positions. Many a time we confronted a protesting statesman with his own signatures on petitions and letters that led to an appointment he later came to disapprove. Also we developed, although not to the high state of efficiency that came later, the plan of having a letter in the files to meet any criticism or emergency that might arise. This reacted on me once or twice.

One morning at the Senate I was visited by a number of delegates from an organization with which I had made a bargain in the campaign. They had demanded certain things for their support. I had promised them, and I sent a note to the White House reminding the President of my promise and asking him to perform. Then I dismissed the matter from my mind. Next day when I opened my mail I was surprised to find a letter from the President, regretting that any such promise had been made, and announcing his opposition to bargains of this sort. He felt very keenly that the exigencies of the situation made it necessary for me to send such a request to him, deprecated it to the length of a hundred words or so.

I read that letter twice. Then I went out, took a cab and drove up to the White House. As I came in the room he smiled at me.

"Mr. President," I said, "I have your letter of yesterday. Of course you know that this promise must be kept. You must do this thing."

"Certainly! Shall we do it now?"

"But," I said, taken off my feet, "this letter—how about this letter?"

"Why, William," he replied, smiling at me again, "have you so soon forgotten your counsel to have letters in the files to meet any protest that may be made? What was that term we used in our army days? I have passed you the buck, William. Do you understand?"

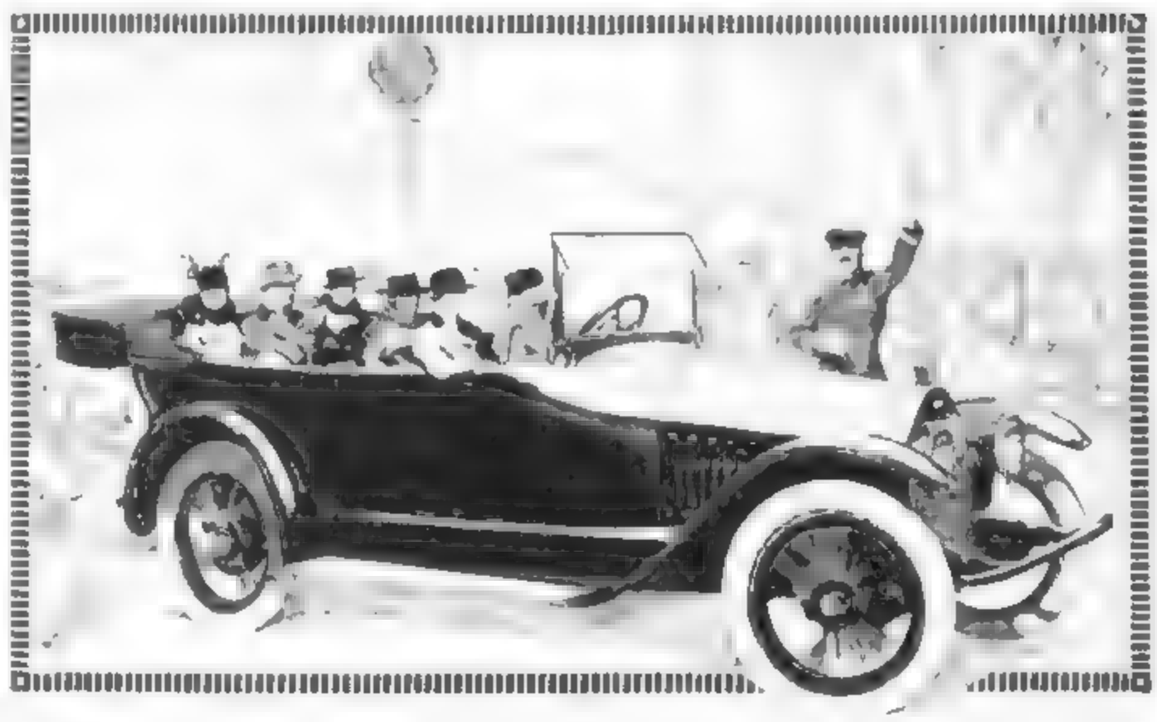
I understood. He was an apt pupil, that President of mine.

Passing the buck! There you have, in three words of the vernacular, the whole theory and practice of official Washington. Shift the responsibility. Let the other fellow hold the bag. It permeates every place and every phase of official conduct, from the scrubwomen to the Cabinet members. Never assume accountability; shove it along. Get from under yourself, and devil take the next one. It comes from the feverish, pathetic effort to hold positions, and keep records clear so that unspotted merit may be rewarded with promotion and recognition. In the first place, nearly every appointive official is scared over losing his job, and he will take no chances; and in the second place, every civil-service Washingtonian is frightened lest he, or she, may do something that will mar records or cause demotion. So every last one of them does as little as possible.

They slide you along from one place to another, and unless you are unusually fortunate you never can pin any one of them down to anything. It is a system, passing the buck. Many a newly appointed Cabinet officer, coming in with high ambitions, is turned into a pathetic, powerless, useless person, with his subordinates passing every buck and evading all responsibilty, and toadying to him for favors in the way of promotion. Nobody in Washington, except in rare instances, accepts any responsibility. They pass it along and keep themselves impeccable; but everybody grabs strenuously at credit. If a thing fails they have no connection with it; but if it succeeds they originated it.

The pressure for office continued unabated, and the clamor and intrigue for patronage. One day when I was at the White House the Secretary of the Navy came in.

"Mr. President," he said, "I am at a loss to understand what has happened to our personnel bill up in the Senate. It is buried in committee without reason, so far as I can see. I can't get it out and I can get no explanation of why it is pigeonholed. They simply will not report it. I have done the best I can with it, and as I know you are interested I thought it best to tell you about it."



Quick as a flash on the "get away"

You're off with the officer's whistle—*quickly*, silently, smoothly, powerfully.

But "responsiveness" is only one of the many distinctive features that will make you thrill with pride when you drive this big—beautiful—powerful—dependable Mitchell—"the Six of Sixteen."

See the Mitchell "Six"—the graceful, sweeping lines of its long, beautiful, roomy, full five or seven passenger body. Drive it. Feel the *power* that answers to your will—power to carry you at 60 miles an hour on the straightaway—to climb the fiercest grade or, throttled, creep at a 2-mile gait—all on high. That's the test that tells.

See this marvelous Mitchell—examine it with a "show me" attitude. Match the Mitchell on merit. Make it *perform*. Don't take anything for granted—let it sell itself to you. We welcome a chance to let the Mitchell—"the Six of Sixteen"—stand or fall in meeting all tests—against *any* car.

There is a Mitchell man near you—he'll prove our claims any time and place you say. If you don't know him, write us for his name.

Specifications

Instrument Board
Wheelbase
Motor 4¼ by 5 High-speed, Small-bore long stroke, 3 1/2 x 5 inches
Gasoline System
Springs
Chrome-Vanadium Steel
Construction
Brakes
Tires
Body
Finish
Equipment

Don't buy any car until you know the

Mitchell

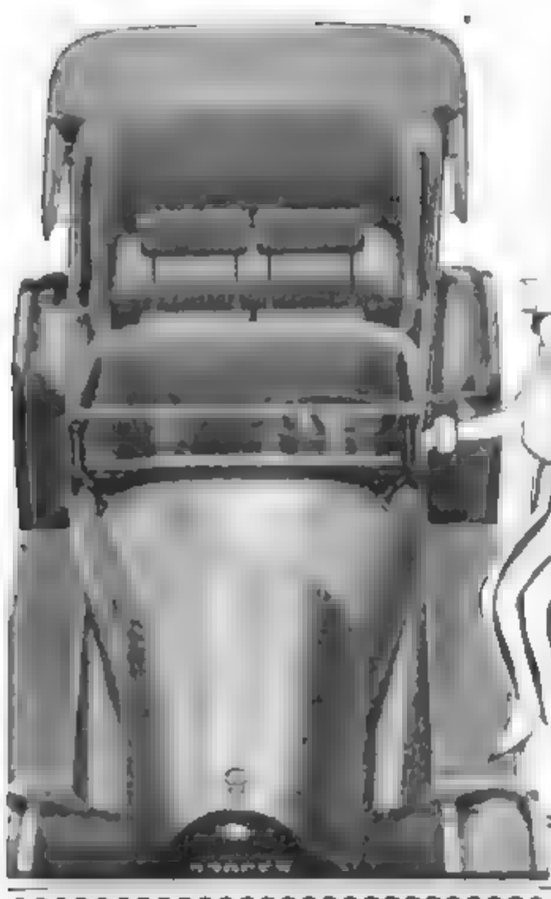
EVERY CAR SELLS ANOTHER

"THE SIX of '16"

$1250

for 5 passenger Touring or roomy 3 passenger Roadster
7-passenger body $35 extra.
Demountable Sedan Top $165 extra.
All Prices F. O. B. Racine, Wis.

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.
Racine, Wis., U.S.A.
Over 80 Years of Faithful Service to the American Public



Seat Cover Prices Greatly Reduced

Globe Seat Covers cost materially less than most other makes. Now add distinction, smartness and comfort to your car and save the upholstering.

Overland Seat Covers Now Only $16

—Buicks $15; Hudsons $20, Chalmers $20, Packards $30—a few examples of Globe low prices. Compare them with highest priced makes and note the Globe perfect fit and quality. We sell direct at factory prices. We buy material in tremendous lots, secure the lowest prices and give you the benefit. Globe Seat Covers are guaranteed to fit perfectly.

Beauty—Luxury—Comfort

Every car should have them to save the upholstery, to hide worn, unsightly leather and to protect the clothes against soiling. They are easily cleaned—easily attached.

Write for Samples

Send name, model and year of car for 15 fabrics, our low prices and free Seat Cover Book. We send Globe Seat Covers on approval—you pay only if satisfied.

GLOBE SEAT COVER CO.
34 Hamilton Ave. Racine, Wis.
World's Largest Exclusive Seat Cover Mfrs.

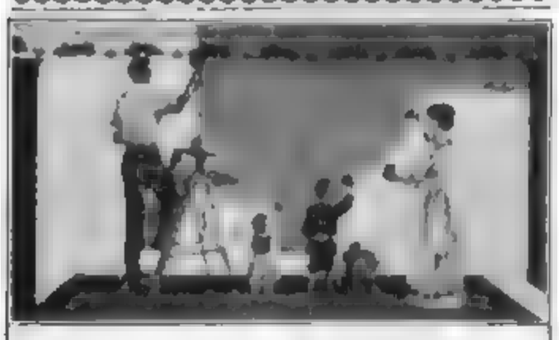
ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes

and dissolve in the Foot Bath. Makes tight shoes or new shoes feel easy. For 25 years Allen's Foot-Ease has been the Standard Remedy for Tired, aching, swollen smarting, tender feet. Nothing rests the feet so quickly and thoroughly. It takes the friction from the Shoe, the sting out of Corns and Bunions and makes walking a delight. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it TODAY. Sold everywhere, 25 cts. Don't accept any substitute.

"Oh, What Rest and Comfort"

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address
ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.



Save the Cost of Wall Paper

The fact that the whole family can use

SMOKY CITY CLEANER

and save the cost of new wall paper, fresco, calcimine and whitewash by using it instead. Smoky City cleans by absorbing all smoke, dust and dirt—it's powerful and aseptic. No longer a reason to say "Smoky City" unused. Don't try to clean with cloth or cracked dirt. Get Smoky City. Directions for use in all paper hanger, Dye and Paint Books. Sold by paint, drug, department, grocery and general stores. Varnishes, stains and hardware stores. Write for free literature. Manufactured by

Sanitary Chemical Co.
Dept. 11, Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A.

"Easy to Fill"
PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
Self Filling
Safety
Fountain Pen

NEW YORK RETAIL STORE WORLWORTH BLDG.

The Well-Dressed Man Usually Wears

KADY SUSPENDERS

GIVE your trousers the proper hang. Adjust to every motion. No straining or pulling when you stoop or lean. Buy a pair today—wear them a week—and if you are not satisfied—take them back and get your money. Every pair sold under a positive guarantee.

Be sure you get the genuine with the name "KADY" on the buckles. At leading dealers'—50 cents.

THE OHIO SUSPENDER CO., Mansfield, Ohio

This Man's Spare Time Is Worth $276.00 a Month

His name is Sidney Eckley; he lives in Ohio. A year ago he answered an advertisement like this one.

We told him how, like thousands of other men and women, he could earn money in his spare time. He met us half-way. His efforts netted him only $7.00 during his first month, but opened his eyes to the possibilities ahead. During his third month he earned $276.00.

During this period his regular business as Public Accountant increased because his "side line" created new acquaintances and opened up new lines of approach.

If you are interested, meet us half-way. We will coach you, for the sooner we can help you to become a $276.00 man, the more quickly we shall benefit through your services. Address

AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 273
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

"Who is responsible for the delay?" the President asked.

"Senator Holder seems to be the chief objector."

"Holder? Holder? Why, what's the matter with Holder?"

"I don't know, unless it is because we refused to jump that relative of his in the navy over the heads of a lot of worthy seniors, and make him a rear admiral."

"What's that?" I asked.

"He has a cousin or something in the navy whom he wants jumped to the top."

"Do you think that can be the reason, William?" the President asked me.

"Nothing else."

"Well, what can we do about it?"

"If I were you I'd make the promotion. Holder will fight forever if you don't."

The President sighed.

"Make out the commission, Mr. Secretary," he said, "and I'll sign it and send it in."

He sighed again.

"What was that we used to hear about the power of the President of the United States?" he asked, turning to me.

A few days later the President sent for me.

"William," he said, "will you explain to me why it is that I am continually requested by Senator Brighton, as the price of his support in the Senate, to order the discontinuance of actions brought by the United States district attorney in his state?"

"No, I can't," I replied; "but I'll find out."

I sent Pliny Peters to Brighton's home state and he moused round for two weeks. Then he came back and reported.

"It's this way," said Pliny: "Brighton, before he went into the Senate, was a member of a big law firm. When he was made senator he ostensibly retired, but he didn't get out financially. He cuts up with the rest of them. Now this district attorney is a tool of his. Get it?"

"Not yet."

Pliny looked commiseratingly at me.

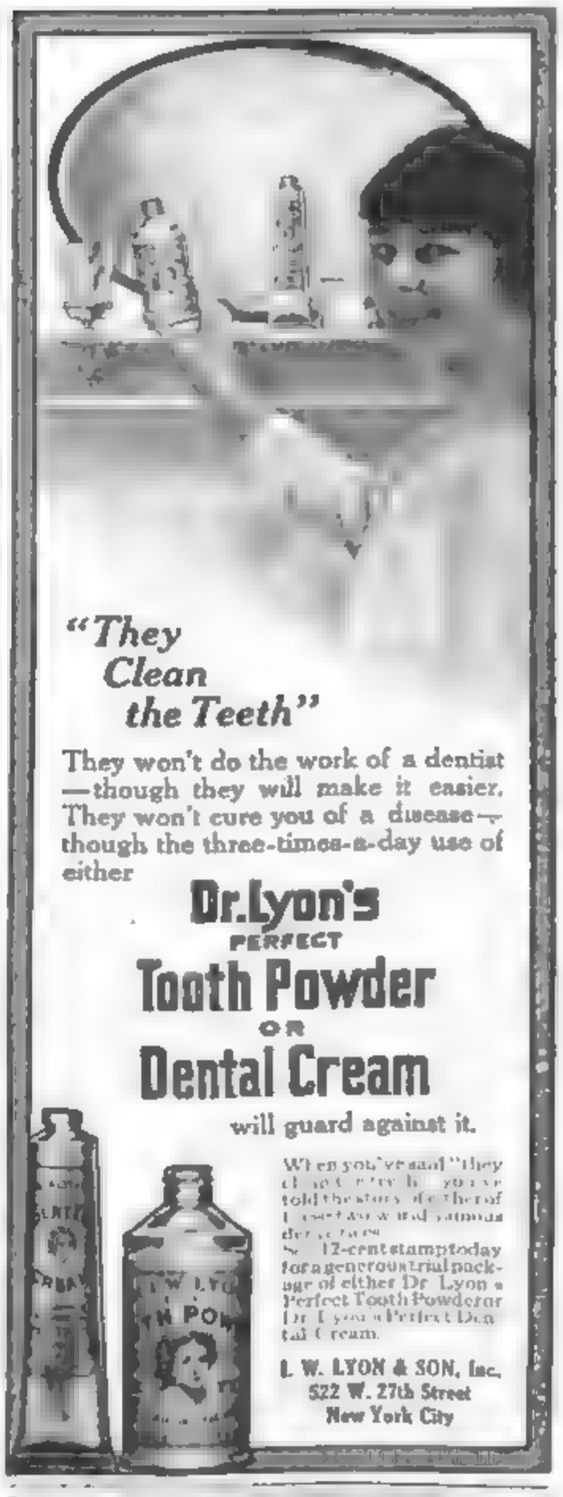
"Simple as drinking water," he said. "Brighton's district attorney starts these actions. He presses them a bit. Then by an odd set of circumstances Brighton's law firm is retained by the accused corporation. Always the case. Brighton has nothing to do with suggesting the retainer, of course, but after his firm is retained Brighton is the boy who gets the settlement, or quash, by virtue of his political influence, and there you undeniably are."

Another interesting and irritating presidential accumulation is the bosom friend. Of course the president can have no presidential bosom friend, for if he had the chief occupation of that person would be to induce the president to unbosom himself not of the friend, but of information and largess. However, there has been no president within my knowledge who has not suffered from these impositions: persons who assume to be away on the inside of the inner circle, to have influence, to give noteworthy, unselfish, unbiased, candid service, to keep a reassuring hand on the tiller.

I recall ours, a man who contributed a few thousand dollars to the campaign fund, which his press agent magnified by tens, but who really did perform a valuable service in another way. He had unimpeded entrance for a time. His specialty was in finding out what the president intended to do, and recommending that; allowing it to be known mysteriously that he was responsible, the actuating impulse, and pointing with modest pride after the event. He gained great celebrity because he said nothing. He was a pose in discretion—it seemed. If he ever had opened his mouth publicly the people would have discovered him before he had spoken ten sentences. His favorite observation was: "I am the telephone, that's all. I hear and transmit—merely the instrument, you understand."

No man does anything for nothing in professional politics, and every man gets the highest possible payment for whatever service he renders, whether small or great. The greed for patronage, for pap, for all that goes with the money end of it, is incredible to those who have not seen the dismal struggle at first hand. Money, or its equivalent—patronage, and the power of it, is a strong incentive in any phase of human activity; but in politics it is the foundation, the superstructure, the roof and cellar. The people want the plums, and as the president is the tree with the largest crop, he is the tree that is hardest clubbed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"They Clean the Teeth"

They won't do the work of a dentist—though they will make it easier. They won't cure you of a disease—though the three-times-a-day use of either

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

will guard against it.

When you've said "they clean the teeth" you've told the story of the two of Lyon's world famous dentifrices.

Send 2-cent stamp today for a generous trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dr. Lyon's Perfect Dental Cream.

L. W. LYON & SON, Inc.
522 W. 27th Street
New York City

Knights of Dunlap Signet Stars

An order of childhood chivalry, blending high moral teaching with commerce, ennobles children and rewards accomplishments with magnificent Shetlands from Dunlap Pony Empire of 1100 acres. Urge retail merchants in every line to become Patrons. Trade only with Patrons whose liberality inspires youth to noble deeds and presents a pony to every Knight who accomplishes certain things.

SALESMEN WANTED

With records for achievement and honesty who can mingle with best people, enthuse children with ambition for character and business training and sell a trade stimulator imbued with novelty and irresistible power. Novices and back numbers save postage.

DUNLAP PONY COMPANY, Box 30, Greenfield, Ohio

CUT THE COST OF FURNITURE

Shipped in natural, knock-down state from factory to you. Saving 40% to 50% on any piece. Over 100 designs—everything for the home, office or club.

Home Exhibitors Wanted

Exceptional opportunity for [illegible]. FREE CATALOG with full particulars.

BROOKS MFG. CO.
2802 Bant Avenue, Saginaw, Mich.
Largest Plant of Its Kind in the World

50 x 63 x 15 in.

Desk and Bookcase
Value $60. Price $29.75

National Amateur WIRELESS ASSOCIATION

JOIN The Third Line of National Defense

Secretary Daniels, U. S. Navy, requests us to register with him all wireless amateurs who desire to aid the President in his plans for preparedness. You may be [illegible] a copy of Secretary Daniels' letter and a sixteen-page pamphlet, with information.

NATIONAL AMATEUR WIRELESS ASSOCIATION
450 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Nathan Flexible No-Metal Arch Supports

give immediate relief to tired aching feet. [illegible] feet. Write for booklet and FREE 10-day Trial Offer.

View of arch cut with knife

Fits any shoe

Nathan Anklet Support Co., 90-C Reade St., N. Y.

He used to stand out in the storm and crank the car. Now, with a Stewart Starter on his Ford, he realizes what a pleasure it is to get in, merely push a pedal, and have the engine start instantly. $40

Since equipping their cars with this Stewart Starter, Ford owners have done away with the worst trouble of driving a car—that of cranking the engine by hand, a laborious and dirty job at any time. Now all cranking by hand is eliminated. You merely sit in the car, press a pedal with your foot, and instantly your engine starts.

It is now possible for wives and daughters to thoroughly enjoy driving a Ford car, for with the Stewart Starter, they never have that most disagreeable, dirty work of cranking by hand.

The Stewart Starter uses compressed air. And engineering authorities acknowledge compressed air to be the most satisfactory principle upon which a starter should be built. A pressure of 200 lbs. is automatically maintained in the tank at all times.

The Stewart Starter is "always on the job." It always turns the engine over in all weathers. Below zero weather, when you want it most, it is right there every time. The Stewart Starter turns the engine over exactly as you would spin it by hand. It is mounted in the same place and applies its power to the crank shaft at the same point as you would with a crank handle—the proper place to start an engine.

The Stewart Starter weighs only 40 lbs. and this is evenly carried in center of car. Doesn't destroy the "balance" or running qualities of the car. Doesn't make steering hard. Doesn't put a bad strain on one side of car. Weighs only a third as much as other starters.

The Stewart Starter was built with the idea that once on your car it could be forgotten. There is nothing to replenish. To install it you do not have to change any part on your Ford car. Every part is made to fit without cutting out or changing any part of your Ford.

The Stewart Starter also supplies air for your tires. No more tough, dirty job of pumping tires with a hand pump. To inflate tires you merely connect the hose (furnished as part of equipment) with the air supply tank, and your tires are blown up in a few seconds while you stand and look on.

Saves buying a tire pump. Saves you money on your tires by always keeping them fully inflated. Properly inflated tires make your car ride easier, and make tires last longer.

The Stewart Starter on your Ford car places it, from the standpoint of convenience and ease in operation, in the class of the highest priced automobiles.

Buy a Stewart Starter TODAY—get immediate relief from the last bugbear of driving a car, that of having to crank it by hand.

30 days' Trial Offer

Money cheerfully refunded if not thoroughly satisfied after 30 days' trial on your car.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Cor'n
Chicago, U. S. A.

Branches and Service Stations in 60 Cities and Towns.

Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System
Insures a positive, automatic, even flow of gasoline to the carburetor under all conditions . . $10
Stewart Hand-operated Warning Signal
Its long, penetrating warning blast "Makes them pay attention." It clears the road . . $3.50
Stewart Motor-driven Warning Signal
Not a "vibrator" or "buzzer," but contains a real motor such as is found in signals priced as high as $35 . . . . $6
Stewart Speedometer for FORD Cars
The Magnetic Type Speedometer is used by over 1 00 000 car owners on their cars every day $10
Stewart Motor-driven Tire Pump
Don't pump your tires by a back straining hand pump any longer, buy the Stewart Motor Driven Tire Pump $12
Stewart Products

57

HEINZ

FIFTY-SEVEN VARIETIES

Foods · Sauces · Relishes · Condiments

Pure · Clean-made · Appetizing

The Workers and Their Work

There is more than the raising of seeds, the scientific cultivation of fruits and vegetables and the maintenance of model kitchens in securing the perfection of Heinz products.

There is that pride in making the best—a loyal devotion to the Heinz idea by all the workers in the "Home of the 57."

Heinz excellence comes from enthusiastic, cheerful work and love of achievement as well as from superior materials and facilities.

HEINZ
India Relish

An unequaled sweet pickle relish for meats. Prepared from finely chopped vegetables and highly seasoned.

HEINZ
Baked Beans

have that rich, nutty flavor found only in genuine oven-baked beans, while selected pork and delicious tomato sauce give them the real home-baked quality.

HEINZ
Cream of
Tomato Soup

Real cream, fresh, sweet and pure, gives quality to Heinz Cream Soups. Every taste reveals the quality. No meat stock is used. The finest spices grown add flavor. But the real secret of their good taste is the Heinz method of preparation.

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

A rich purée of fresh, ripe tomatoes produces Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup.

CREAM OF PEA SOUP

From fresh green peas, selected and picked over, comes Heinz Cream of Pea Soup.

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP

Crisp, white, full-flavored celery is the basis of Heinz Cream of Celery Soup.

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are made in Canada

HEINZ
Tomato Ketchup

Made from fresh tomatoes ripened on the vines, and filled hot from kettles directly into the bottles. Its flavor is simply perfect.

HEINZ
Spaghetti

(A l'Italienne). Cooked ready to serve with rich cheese and a sauce of red-ripe tomatoes, skillfully spiced and seasoned.

A Heinz Tomato Farm

A course in any school or college is made possible for you by the Curtis Scholarship Plan.

J. Thomas Longthorpe left school when a boy. After filling several small positions he joined the navy. One day he determined to stop drifting and decided to enter the ministry.

Only then did Mr. Longthorpe realize the need of specialized training which can be had only by study.

A friend told him about the Curtis Scholarship Plan and he tried it. In eight days he secured enough subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* to give him $70.00 toward a scholarship. Today Mr. Longthorpe is assured of a full college course.

Have you been drifting from one job to another? Do you want the sort of education which will enable you to be somebody in the great world?

You can earn a course in any college, musical conservatory, business school or agricultural college in return for work done in leisure hours.

For details about the Curtis Scholarships, and how they have been secured by more than a thousand young people, address

Educational Division, Box 274
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

WHAT IS COMING

(Continued from Page 25)

Under an individualistic system you may sell to the highest bidder, and anyone with money from anywhere may come in and buy. Great supplies of colonial ores were found to be cornered by seminational German syndicates. Supplies were held up by these contracts against the necessities of the empire. And this was but one instance of many which have shown that while industrial development in the Allied countries is still largely a squabbling confusion of little, shortsighted, unscientific, private profit-seeking owners, in Germany it has been for some years increasingly run on far-seeing collectivist lines. Against the comparatively little and mutually jealous British or American capitalists and millionaires Germany pits itself as a single great capitalist and competitor. She has worked everywhere upon a comprehensive plan. Against her great national electric combination, for example, only another national combination could stand. As it was, Germany—in the way of business—wired and lit—and examined—the forts at Liége. She bought and prepared a hundred strategic centers in individualistic Belgium and France.

So we pass from the fact that individualism is hopeless muddle to the fact that the individualist idea is one of limitless venality. Who can buy may control. And Germany in her long scheming against her individualist rivals has not simply set herself to buy and hold the keys and axles of their economic machinery. She has set herself—it must be admitted, with a certain crudity and little success but with unexampled vigor—to buy the minds of her adversaries. The western nations have taken a peculiar pride in having a free press; that is to say, a press that may be bought by anyone. Our press is constantly bought and sold in gross and detail by financiers, advertisers, political parties, and the like. Germany came into the market rather noisily, and great papers do to a large extent live in glass houses; but her efforts have been sufficient to exercise the minds of great numbers of men with the problem of what might have happened in the way of national confusion if the German attack had been more subtly conceived.

It is only a partial answer to this difficulty to say that a country that is so nationalistic and aggressive as Germany is incapable of subtle conceptions. The fact remains that in Great Britain at the present time there are newspaper proprietors who would be good bargains for Germany at ten million pounds a head, and that there was no effectual guaranty in the individualistic system, but only our good luck and the natural patriotism of the individuals concerned, that she did not pick up these bargains before trading with the enemy became illegal.

Dangers of the English System

It happened, for example, that Lord Northcliffe was public-spirited. That was the good luck of Great Britain rather than her merit. There was nothing in the individualistic system to prevent Germany from buying up the entire Harmsworth press, Times, Daily Mail and all, five years before the war, and using it to confuse the national mind, destroy the national unity, sacrifice the national interests and frustrate the national will. And if the failure of the Germans to grip the press of the French and English speaking countries has been conspicuous, she has been by no means so unsuccessful in—for example—Spain. At the present time the thought and feeling of the Spanish-speaking world is being "educated" against the Allies. The Spanish mind has been sold by its custodians into German control.

Muddle and venality do not, however, exhaust the demonstrated vices of individualism. Individualism encourages desertion and treason. Individualism permits base private people to abscond with the national resources and squeeze a profit out of national suffering. In the early stages of the war, for example, some bright minds conceived the idea of a corner in drugs. It is not illegal; it is quite the sort of thing that appeals to the individualist frame of mind as entirely meritorious. As the New Statesman put it recently: "The happy owners of the world's available stock of a few indispensable drugs did not refrain from making, not only the various governments but also all the sick people of the world, pay double, and even tenfold, prices for what was essential to relieve pain and save life. What fortunes were thus made we shall probably never know, any more than we shall know the tale of the men and women and children who suffered and died because of their inability to pay, not the cost of production of what would have saved them, but the unnecessarily enhanced price that the chances of the market enabled the owners to exact."

A New Empire in the Building

And another bright instance of the values of individualism is the selling of British shipping to neutral buyers just when the country is in the most urgent need of every ship it can get, and the deliberate transfer to America of a number of British businesses to evade paying a proper share of the national bill in taxation. The English who have gone to America at different times have been of very different qualities; at the head of the list are the English who went over in the Mayflower, at the bottom will be rich accessions of this war. And perhaps a still more impressive testimony to the rottenness of these "business men," upon whom certain eccentric voices call so amazingly to come and govern us, is the incurable distrust they have sown in the minds of labor. Never was an atmosphere of discipline more lamentable than that which has grown up in the factories, workshops, and great privately owned public services of Western Europe. The men, it is evident, expect to be robbed and cheated at every turn. I can only explain their state of mind by supposing they have been robbed and cheated. Their scorn and contempt for their employers' good faith is limitless. Their morale is undermined by an invincible distrust. It is no good for Mr. Lloyd George to attempt to cure the gathered ills of a century with half an hour or so of eloquence. When Great Britain in her supreme need turns to the workmen she has trained in the ways of individualism for a century, she reaps the harvest individualism has sown. She has to fight with that handicap. Every regulation for the rapid mobilization of labor is scrutinized to find the trick in it.

And they find the trick in it as often as not. Smart individualistic "business experience" has been at the draftman's elbow. A man in an individualistic system does not escape from class ideas and prejudices by becoming an official. There is profound and bitter wisdom in the deep distrust of British labor for both military and industrial conscription.

The breakdown of individualism has been so complete in Great Britain that we are confronted with the spectacle of this great and ancient kingdom reconstructing itself perforce while it wages the greatest war in history. A temporary nationalization of land transit has been improvised, and only the vast, deep-rooted political influence of the shipowners and coalowners has staved off the manifestly necessary step of nationalizing shipping and coal. I doubt if they will be able to stave it off to the end of the long struggle which is still before us if the militarism of Germany is really to be arrested and discredited. Expropriation and not conscription will be the supreme test of Britain's loyalty to her Allies.

The British shipowners in particular are reaping enormous but precarious profits from the war. The blockade of Britain by the British shipowners is scarcely less effective than the blockade of Germany by Britain. With an urgent need of every ship for the national supplies, British ships are at present carrying cheap American automobiles to Australia. These British shipowners are a pampered class with great political and social influence, and no doubt as soon as the accumulating strain of the struggle tells to the extent of any serious restriction of their advantage and prospects we shall see them shifting to the side of the at present negligible group of British pacifists. I do not think one can count on any limit to their selfishness. But I do not believe that any interest or group of interests in Great Britain can stand in the way of the will of the whole people to bring this struggle to a triumphant finish at any cost. I do not believe that the most sacred ties of personal friendship with influential people can save either shipowners or coalowners or army contractors to the end. There will be no end until these profit-makings are arrested.

The necessary conscriptions of property must come about in Great Britain because there is no alternative but failure in the war, and the British people will not stand failure. I believe that the end of the war will see not only transit, but shipping, collieries, and large portions of the machinery of food and drink production and distribution no longer under the administration of private ownership, but under a sort of provisional public administration. And a very large part of the British factories will be in the same case. Two years ago no one would have dared to prophesy the tremendous rearrangement of manufacturing machinery which is in progress in Britain to-day. Thousands of firms of engineers and manufacturers of all sorts, which were flourishing in 1914, exist to-day only as names, as shapes, as empty shells. Their staffs have been shattered, scattered, reconstructed; their buildings enlarged and modified; their machinery exchanged, reconstituted or taken. The reality is a vast, interdependent, national factory that would have seemed incredible to Fourier.

It will be as impossible to put back British industrialism into the factories and forms of the pre-war era as it would be to restore the Carthaginian Empire. There is a new economic Great Britain to-day, emergency-made, jerry-built no doubt, a gawky, weedy giant, but a giant who may fill out to such dimensions as the German national system has never attained. Behind it is an idea, a new idea, the idea of the nation as one great economic system working together, an idea which could not possibly have got into the sluggish and conservative British intelligence in half a century by any other means than the stark necessities of this war. Great Britain cannot retrace those steps even if she would, and so she will be forced to carry this process of reconstruction through. And what is happening to Great Britain must, with its national differences, be happening to France and Russia. Not only for war ends but for peace ends, behind the front and sustaining the front, individualities are being hammered together into common and concerted activities.

Industry After the War

At the end of this war Great Britain will find herself with this great national factory, this great national organization of labor, planned indeed primarily to make war material, but convertible with the utmost ease to the purposes of automobile manufacture, to transit reconstruction, to electrical engineering and endless such uses. France and Russia will be in a parallel case. All the world will be exhausted, and none of the Allies will have much money to import automobiles, railway material, electrical gear, and so on, from abroad. Moreover, it will be a matter of imperative necessity for them to get ahead of the Central Powers with their productive activities. We shall all be too poor to import from America, and we shall be insane to import from Germany. America will be the continent with the long purse, prepared to buy rather than sell. Each country will have great masses of soldiers waiting to return to industrial life, and will, therefore, be extremely indisposed to break up any existing productive organization. In the face of these facts will any of the Allied powers be so foolish as to disband this great system of national factories and nationally worked communications? Moreover, we have already risked the prophecy that this war will not end with such conclusiveness as to justify an immediate beating out of our swords into plowshares. There will be a military as well as a social reason for keeping the national factories in a going state.

What more obvious course, then, than to keep them going by turning them on to manufacture goods of urgent public necessity? There are a number of modern commodities now practically standardized—the bicycle, the ordinary tradesman's delivery automobile, much electric lighting material, dynamos, and so forth. And also, in a parallel case, there is shipbuilding. The chemical side of munition work can turn itself with no extreme difficulty to the making of such products as dyes. Either the state must go on with this production, as it can

Don't Let the Price Prejudice You

WHIT-LEATHER Hosiery is in a class by itself. It is pre-eminently and indisputably *the hosiery of quality*, sold at a *popular price*. It incorporates every *good feature* of standard styles of hosiery. It carries a guarantee which proves its durability. Millions have adopted Whit-Leather hosiery *permanently* because they have found it a phenomenal value. It is now available everywhere at three prices—

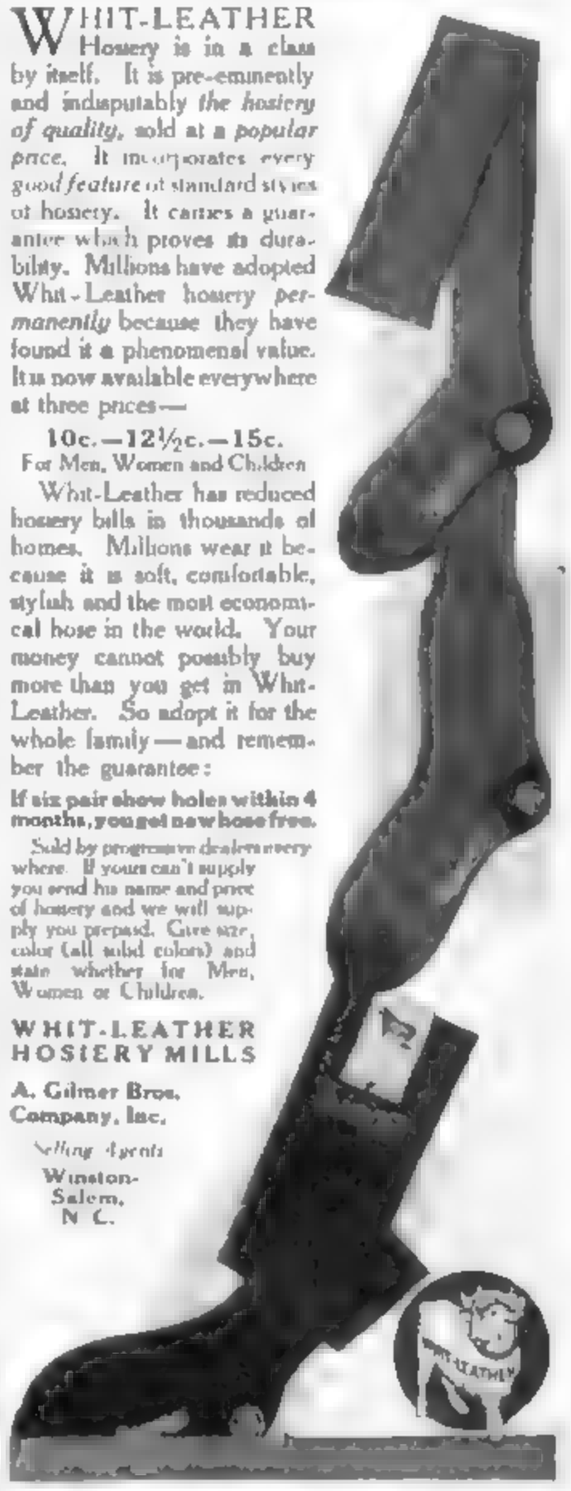
10c.—12½c.—15c.
For Men, Women and Children

Whit-Leather has reduced hosiery bills in thousands of homes. Millions wear it because it is soft, comfortable, stylish and the most economical hose in the world. Your money cannot possibly buy more than you get in Whit-Leather. So adopt it for the whole family—and remember the guarantee:

If six pair show holes within 4 months, you get new hose free.

Sold by progressive dealers everywhere. If yours can't supply you send his name and price of hosiery and we will supply you prepaid. Give size, color (all solid colors) and state whether for Men, Women or Children.

WHIT-LEATHER HOSIERY MILLS
A. Gilmer Bros. Company, Inc.
Selling Agents
Winston-Salem, N. C.



WHAT you don't know about white lead doesn't hurt, so long as your painter continues to use it on your house.

Dutch Boy White Lead

protects many a house whose owner thinks of it only as "mighty good paint my painter [illegible]."

It's an absorbing story, though.

Paint Tips No. 122 tells it.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Cincinnati Cleveland
Buffalo Chicago San Francisco St. Louis
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia)
(National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh)

Here is the latest Glove creation for the motorist—

The last word in motoring gloves

Speedway

Comfortable, handsome gloves—made of our splendid velvet Coltskin. Designed especially for motoring.

No [illegible] to Speedway gloves in [illegible] outlasting. Wash them as often as you like. Wear them in the rain—they shrink, harden, crack or peel, because they are—

Grinnell Gloves

Best for every purpose

We originated the famous "Limp-Kuff," "Grip-Tite," Ventilated Backs and "Rust-Fit" styles.

Constant study of the requirements of wearers of gloves has resulted in the Grinnell reputation of always producing exactly the right thing—and "Speedway" again proves it.

Grinnell quality is back of every glove—whether for dress, driving, motoring or work. It is your guarantee of style, fit and wear.

There are Grinnell dealers everywhere. If your dealer does not yet have Grinnell Gloves, send us his name, and ask us for our new booklet, "Glove Styles."

Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Co.

(Established 1856)

25 Broad Street, Grinnell, Iowa

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

1916 Model

and *freight prepaid* on the new 1916 "RANGER" bicycle. Write at once for our [illegible] special offer.

Improved Models, prices reduced. Extraordinary new offers. *You cannot afford* to buy without getting our *latest propositions.* WRITE TODAY.

Be a "Rider Agent" and make big money taking orders for bicycles and supplies. Get our *liberal terms* on a sample to introduce the new "RANGER."

TIRES, equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line half usual prices. A few second-hand bicycles $3 to $8.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. C-55, CHICAGO

BOYS GET THIS GREAT TELEGRAPH SET $1.00

THE TELE-SET—Telegraphs two ways. The outfit includes instruments for two stations with keys, sounders, Morse Code Chart, [illegible] battery. Send 4c for catalog.

THE ELECTRO SET CO.,
Dept. 123. 1874 East Sixth Street. Cleveland, O.

ASK FOR and GET

HORLICK'S

THE ORIGINAL

MALTED MILK

Cheap substitutes cost YOU same price.

$1 Felt Crusher

In Black, Steel gray, Brown, Navy blue, Myrtle green, Tan, White [illegible] Leather sweatband [illegible] Worth $2.00. Mailed anywhere on receipt of $1.00. Money back if not satisfied.

Style book of Felt and Panama hats FREE.

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 303 Mercer Street, New York City

POULTRY SECRETS

[illegible] etc. Illustrates improved incubators. Write today Model Incubator Co., 30 Henry St. Buffalo, N. Y. Also 39 Barclay St., N. Y. City

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

do, straight off from the signing of peace, converting with a minimum of friction, taking on its soldiers as they are discharged from the army as employees, with a minimum waste of time and a minimum of social disorder and a maximum advantage in the resumption of foreign trade, or there will be a dangerous breakup of the national factory system, a time of extreme chaos and bitter unemployment until capital accumulates for new developments. The risks of social convulsion will be enormous. And there is small hope that the Central Powers, and particularly industrial Germany, will have the politeness to wait through the ten or twelve years of economic embarrassment that a refusal to take this bold step into scientific socialism will entail.

Class Suspicion Prevalent

But the prophet must be on his guard against supposing that because a thing is highly desirable it must necessarily happen, or that because it is highly dangerous it will be avoided. This bold and successful economic reconstruction upon national lines is not inevitable merely because sound reason points us in that direction. A man may be very ill, a certain drug may be clearly indicated as the only possible remedy, but it does not follow that the drug is available, that the doctor will have the sense to prescribe it, or the patient the means to procure it or the intelligence to swallow it. The experience of history is that nations do not take the obviously right course but the obviously wrong one. The present prophet knows only his England, but so far as England is concerned he can cover a sheet of paper with scarcely a pause, jotting down memoranda of numberless forces that make against any such rational reconstruction. Most of these forces, in greater or less proportion, must be present in the case of every other country under consideration.

The darkest shadow upon the outlook of European civilization at the present time is not the war; it is the failure of any coöperative spirit between labor and the directing classes. The educated and leisure classes have been rotten with individualism for a century; they have destroyed the confidence of the worker in any leadership whatever. Labor stands apart, intractable. If there is to be any such rapid conversion of the economic machinery as the opportunities and necessities of this great time demand, then labor must be taken into the confidence of those who would carry it through. It must be reassured and enlightened. The stride to economic national service and socialism is a stride that labor should be more eager to take than any other section of the community. And the first step in reassuring labor must be to bring the greedy private owner and the speculator under a far more drastic discipline than at present exists.

The property-owning class is continually accusing labor of being ignorant, suspicious and difficult; it is blind to the fact that it is itself profit-seeking by habit, greedy, conceited and half educated. Every step in the mobilization of Great Britain's vast resources for the purposes of the war has been hampered by the tricks, the failures to understand, and the almost instinctive disloyalties of private owners. The raising of rents in Glasgow drove the infuriated workmen of the Clyde district into an unwilling strike. It was an exasperating piece of private selfishness, quite typical of the individualist state of mind, and the failure to anticipate or arrest it on the part of the government was a worse failure than Scapa Bay. And everywhere the officials of the ministry of munitions find private employers holding back workers and machinery from munition work, intriguing to have all sorts of manufactures for private profit recognized as munition work, or if that contention is too utterly absurd, then as work vitally necessary to the maintenance of British export trade and the financial position of the country.

It is an undeniable fact that employers and men alike have been found far readier to risk their lives for their country than to lay down any scale of profits to which they have grown accustomed.

This conflict of individualistic enterprise and class suspicion against the synthesis of the public welfare is not peculiar to Great Britain; it is probably going on with local variations in Germany, Russia, Italy, France, and indeed in every combatant country. Because of the individualistic forces and feelings, none of us, either friends or enemies, are really getting anything like our full possible result out of our national efforts. But in Germany there is a greater tradition of subordination, in France there is a greater clarity of mind, than in any other countries. Great Britain and Russia in this as in any other matters are at once close kindred and sharp antithesis. Each is mentally crippled by the corruption of its educational system by an official religious orthodoxy, and hampered by a court which disowns any function of intellectual stimulus. Neither possesses a scientifically educated class to which it can look for the powerful handling of this great occasion, and each has acquired under these disadvantages the same strange faculty for producing sane resultants out of illogical confusions. It is the way of these unmethodical powers to produce unexpected, vaguely formulated, and yet effective cerebral action apparently from their backbones.

As I sit playing at prophecy, and turn over the multitudinous impressions of the last year in my mind, weighing the great necessities of the time against obstacles and petty-mindedness, I become more and more conscious of a third factor that is neither need nor obstruction, and that is the will to get things right that has been liberated by the war. The new spirit is still but poorly expressed, but it will find expression. The war goes on, and we discuss this question of economic reconstruction as though it was an issue that lay between the labor that has stayed behind and the business men—for the most part old men with old habits of mind—who have stayed behind. The real life of Europe's future lies on neither side of that opposition. The real life is mutely busy at present, saying little because of the uproar of the guns, and not so much learning as casting habits and shedding delusions. In the trenches there are workers who have broken with the old slacking and sabotage, and there are prospective leaders who have forgotten profits.

The men between eighteen and forty are far too busy in the blood and mud to make much showing now; to-morrow they will be the nation.

Beginning of a New Order

When that third factor of the problem is brought in, the outlook of the horoscope improves. The spirit of the war may be counted upon to balance and prevail against this spirit of individualism, this spirit of suspicion and disloyalty, which I fear more than anything else in the world. I believe in the young France, young England and young Russia this war is making, and so I believe that every European country will struggle along the path that this war has opened before it, to a far more completely organized state than has ever existed before. The Allies will become state firms, as Germany was indeed already becoming before the war, setting private profit aside in the common interest, handling agriculture, transport, shipping, coal, the supply of metals, the manufacture of a thousand staple articles, as national concerns. And in the face of the manifest determination of the Central Powers to do as much, the Allies will be forced also to link their various state firms together into a great allied trust, trading with a common interest and a common plan with Germany and America and the rest of the world. Youth and necessity will carry this against selfishness, against the unimaginative, against the unteachable, the suspicious, the old fool.

But I do not venture to prophesy that this will come about as if it were a slick and easy deduction from present circumstances. Even in France I do not think things will move as lucidly and generously as that. There will be a conflict everywhere between wisdom and cunning, between the eyes of youth and the purblind, between energy and obstinacy. The reorganization of the European states will come about clumsily and ungraciously. At every point the sticker will be found sticking tight, holding out to be bought off, holding out for a rent or a dividend or a share, holding out by mere instinct. At every turn, too, the bawler will be loud and active, bawling suspicions, bawling accusations, bawling panic, or just simply bawling. Tricks, peculation, obstinacies, vanities—after this war men will still be men. But I do believe that through all the dust and din the great reasons in the case, the steady constructive forces of the situation, will carry us. I believe that out of the ruins of the nineteenth-century system of private capitalism that this war has smashed forever, there will arise, there does even now arise, in this strange scaffolding of national munitions factories and hastily nationalized public services, the framework of a new economic and social order, based upon national ownership and national service.

Let us now recapitulate a little and see how far we have got in constructing a picture of the European community as it will be in fifteen or twenty years' time. Nominally it will be little more of a socialist state than it is to-day, but as a matter of fact the ships, the railways, the coal and metal supply, the great metal industries, much engineering and most agriculture will be more or less completely under collective ownership, and certainly very completely under collective control. This does not mean that there will have been any disappearance of private property, but only that there will have been a very considerable change in its character.

Careers in Public Service

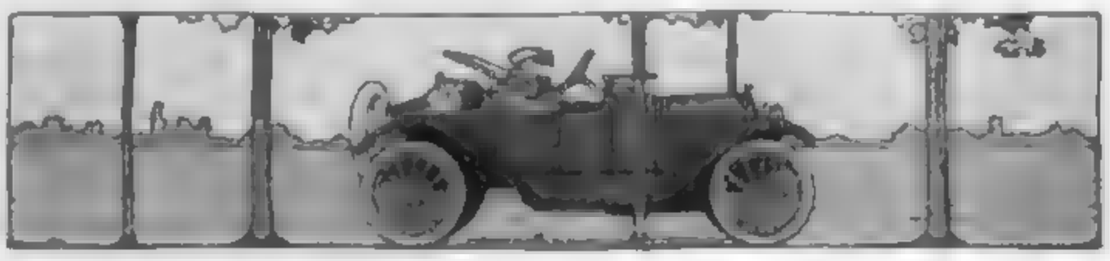
The owner will be less of a controller but more of a creditor; he will be a *rentier* or an annuitant. The burden of this class upon the community will not be relatively quite so heavy as it would otherwise have been, because of a very considerable rise in wages and prices.

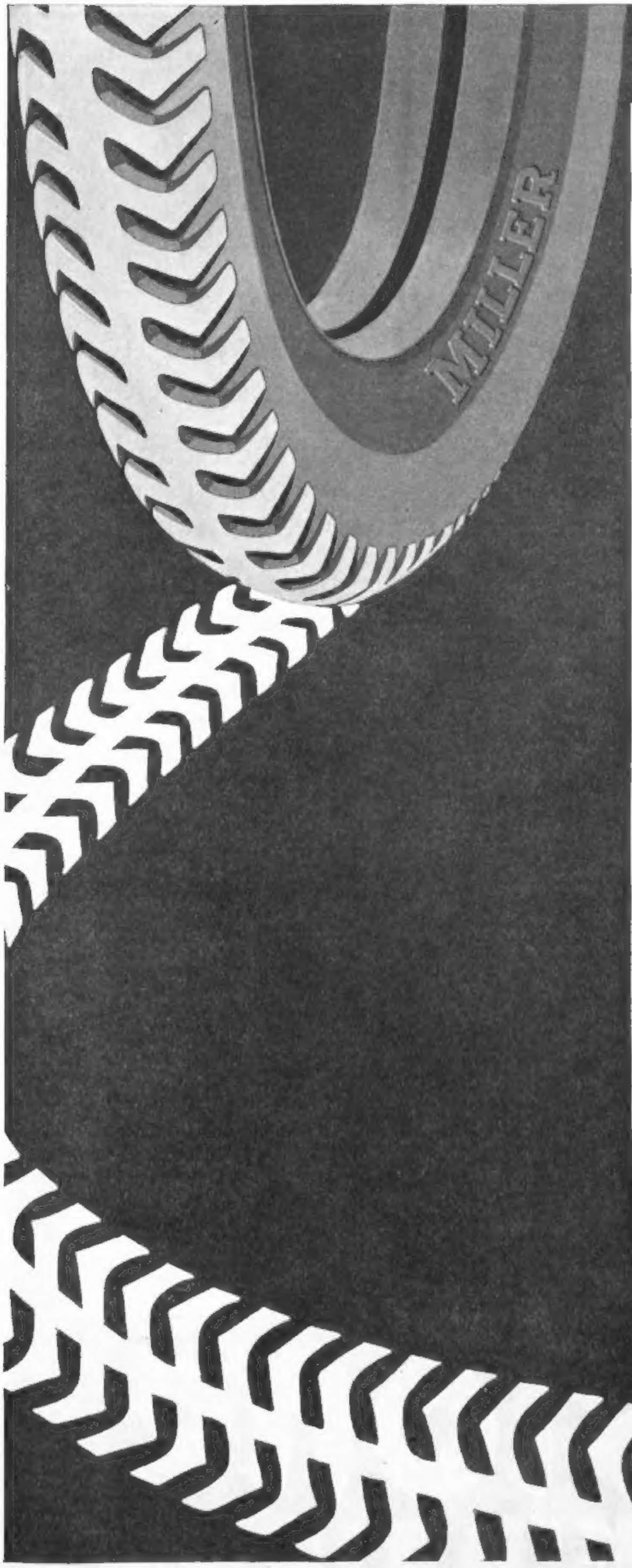
In a community in which all the great initiatives have been assumed by the state, the importance of financiers and promoters will have diminished relatively to the importance of administrative officials; the opportunities of private exploitation indeed will have so diminished that there will probably be far less evidence of great concentrations of private wealth in the European social landscape than there was before the war. On the other hand there will be an enormously increased *rentier* class, drawing the interest of the war loans from the community and maintaining a generally high standard of comfort. There will have been a great demand for administrative and technical ability and a great stimulation of scientific and technical education.

By 1926 we shall be going about a world that will have recovered very largely from the impoverishment of the struggle; we shall tour in state-manufactured automobiles upon excellent roads, and we shall live in houses equipped with a national factory electric light installation, and at every turn we shall be using and consuming the products of nationalized industry—and paying off the national debt at the same time, and reducing our burden of *rentiers*. Our boys will be studying science in their schools more thoroughly than they do now, and they will be learning Russian instead of Greek or German. More of them will be going into the public service and fewer thinking of private business, and they will be going into the public service not as clerks but as engineers, technical chemists, manufacturers, state agriculturalists, and the like. The public service will be less a service of clerks and more a service of practical men. The ties that bind France and Britain will have been drawn very much closer.

So much of our picture we may splash in now. Much that is quite essential remains to be discussed.

So far we have said scarcely a word about the prospects of party politics and the problems of government that arise as the state ceases to be a mere adjudicator between private individuals, and takes upon itself more and more of the direction of the general life of the community.





"They're Brim Full of Mile-Muscle"

EVERY ounce of cotton fabric and rubber contains a definite amount of strength or "Mileage" when built into a tire.

Just how much of this strength is retained for wear on the road, depends upon the method of vulcanizing in the tire factory.

So the tire builders' big problem is to retain all the native toughness and vitality of the rubber; to hold all the strength of endurance that is inherent in cotton.

Miller
GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD
Tires

are brim full of Mile-Muscle. Because the "Miller Process" does not burn or cook the life and vitality out of either rubber or cotton fabric.

In Miller tires this rubber and cotton are formed into a rugged mileage unit. They come from the vulcanizing pits lusty with vigor, full of brutal strength and with road-resisting stamina.

Miller "GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD" Tires not only give you excess mileage—but safety by the *inch*: for your car skids by inches—not by miles. They co-operate with the steering wheel and the brake, give you car control on slippery streets, and carry you and your passengers with safety and comfort.

Miller Tires have nation-wide distribution. If you don't know the Miller dealer in your neighborhood, drop us a card and we'll gladly advise you.

The Miller Rubber Co.
AKRON, U. S. A.

You don't care how *many* we make—but we want you to know we make them *good*

"Word of Honor"

WHEN a man puts his name on a product he gives a pledge to the public which only Quality can make good.

The value in a well-established name, therefore, is in the honor and good faith for which it stands.

On every Firestone tire there is stamped the name of the founder of the world's largest exclusive tire company—H. S. Firestone, the president of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.

In the new color combination, red and black, Firestone builders add elegant appearance to "Most Miles per Dollar."

Red Side Wall —Black Tread
The Distinctive Firestone Trade-Mark

Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"
Akron, Ohio
Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Firestone
NON-SKID TIRES

The Hovering Peril

Danger is ever waiting—lurking—watching for its victims—

—every day, every hour—yes, every minute—he somewhere collects his ghastly toll.

—he follows the gliding ship across the sea—the speeding train upon the rails—the auto spinning along the quiet country road or darting through the crowded city streets.

Wherever man may be—***there, too, ever is Danger, or "The Hovering Peril."***

Yet some men laugh at peril—they do not seek to avoid danger—and they have no fear because they have no prudence.

Strange, is it not, that they imagine folly is bravery—that they do not distinguish between cowardice and caution—and when disaster comes as the punishment of their imprudence, they, with blind superstition, believe that it was "fate."

They do not see "The Hovering Peril"—yet it is no phantom—***it is a reality!***

Men who have reasoning brains take precaution to avoid danger—not through any cowardly fear—but because they know that "The Hovering Peril" ever threatens their safety.

—it ever threatens ***you!***

You who motor over muddy roads and wet, slippery pavements with ***Foolish Dependence Upon Bare Rubber Alone***—when a false turn—a sudden meeting at a corner—a slip—***or a skid!***

—May mean your instant death!

You who are now so full of life—of ambition and the joy of living—may then pay the supreme penalty of your carelessness.

Why not take precaution ***now?*** You ***know*** the folly—the danger—the peril there is in driving a car over slippery roads and pavements without Weed Chains. You ***know*** that ***Weed Anti-Skid Chains make skidding Utterly Impossible***—then why don't you get them today?

Sold for ALL Tires by Dealers Everywhere

American Chain Company Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Sole Manufacturers of Weed Anti-Skid Chains

Manufactured for Canada by Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada

Each 5c cake of Fairy Soap—in purity, convenience, and real cleansing satisfaction—represents a value that is not excelled by any other soap at any price.

FAIRY SOAP

For toilet and bath

is a pleasure to use, because of its gentle, refreshing, cleansing quality, its floating properties, and the convenient oval cake.

Fairy Soap is white and pure, made with expert skill from the most carefully selected materials.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home"